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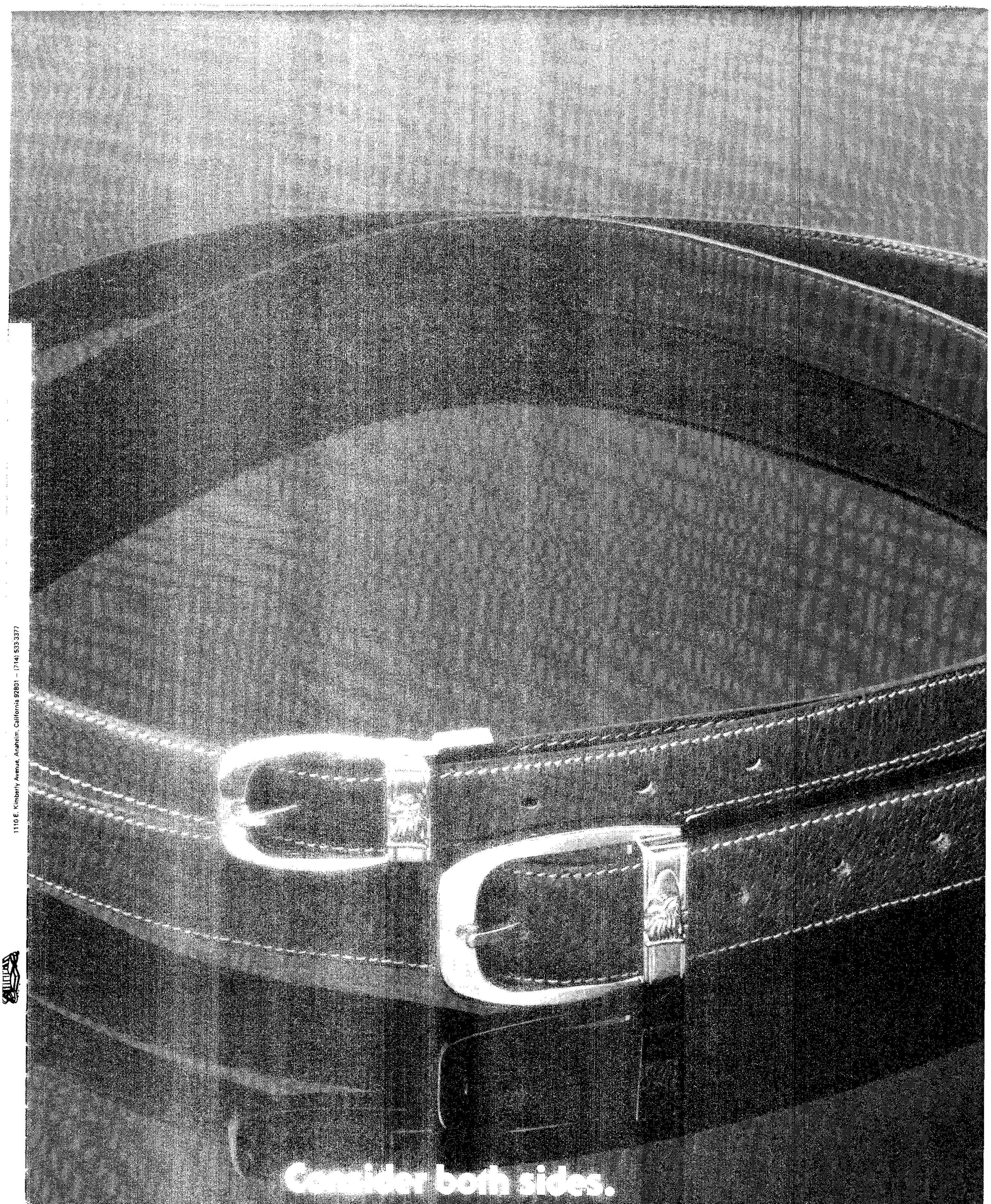

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual morning newspapers, you can get tickets and other last-minute information by calling 869-3010.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Dance Machine—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—The interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee, in the nineteen-forties and -fifties, was indeed deplorable, and so is this production based on that interrogation. The impersonations, for one thing, are so inept that people who were not bores are made to seem bores. Rosemary Murphy (through Sunday, Nov. 5; after that, Phyllis Newman) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre for the New City, 162 Second Ave. 254-1109. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 12.)

The Crucifer of Blood—A very skillful parody of Arthur Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. Sherlock Holmes is splendidly embodied by Paxton Whitehead, and John Wulp's settings are sensational. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A stunning cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a wonderful evening in the theatre. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Shakespeare's **a midsummer night's dream** is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 5. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-five and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

First Monday in October—A comedy about what would happen backstage at the United States Supreme Court if, in "the imaginary now," the President should appoint the first woman Justice. With Henry Fonda, Jane Alexander, and Larry Gates. (10/16/78) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sun-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 35
"ONE ORDER OF BLINTZES, AND HOLD THE FLIMFLAM" . . . . . *S. J. Perelman* 40
"AN INFLUX OF POETS" . . . . *Jean Stafford* 43
A REPORTER AT LARGE (MASHPEE, MASSACHUSETTS) . . . . *Paul Brodeur* 62
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 151
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 151
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . *Kennedy Fraser* 159
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 165
REFLECTIONS (UNITED STATES-SOVIET RELATIONS) . . . . *William Pfaff* 172
"A DOG" (POEM) . . . . *Jonathan Aaron* 178
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 179
"FOR THE STRANGER" (POEM) . . . . *Carolyn Forché* 183
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 184
"WOODSMOKE" (POEM) . . . . *Brendan Galvin* 186
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 187
CONCERT RECORDS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 190
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 198
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 200
BRIEFLY NOTED 214

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, as are all the other parts, under the direction of Jon Jory. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 5.)

Glorious Morning—A dismal drama about a woman who is dying of cancer at her cottage in the Catskills. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 19.)

Gorey Stories—The artist and writer Edward Gorey is a master of the *faux-macabre*. Eighteen of his brief stories have been woven into an "entertainment with music," for which the author has provided suitable Edwardian settings and costumes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Grinding Machine—A play by Annalita Marsili Alexander. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8, and Thursday at 6:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 5.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Inspector General—Gogol's extremely funny play doesn't need tampering with, but the tamperings in this production are so pleasing that one has to forgive them. Theodore Bikel, Max Wright, Bob Balaban, and Helen Burns head the cast. (10/2/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 19.)

King of Hearts—A grotesquely overblown musical-comedy version of the pleasant little French movie of a decade ago. (10/30/78) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at 3.)

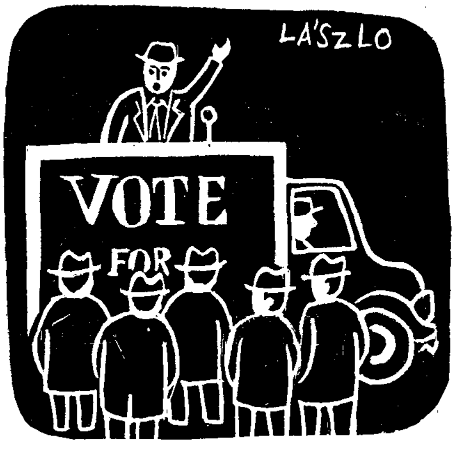
Laugh a Lifetime—An Israeli-Yiddish musical, with Shimon Dzigan and Ben Bonus. (Norman Thomas Theatre, Park Ave. at 33rd St. 686-3535. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Lesson—A depressing revival of Ionesco's one-acter, preceded by a deeply depressing documentary movie about the Nazi Party in California. (10/30/78) (Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE** is the first in this season's series of fifteen productions. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

On the Twentieth Century—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)



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			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

St. Mark's Gospel—As Mark, Alec McCowen gives an incomparable solo performance that never dwindles into recitation. The words are from the King James Version. Tickets are scarce. (9/18/78) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 12.)

The Tennis Game—An evocation, in words, music, and movement, of the behavior and conversational styles of the smart set during three eras. When George W. S. Trow, the playwright, is at his best he sounds like a fantastical Saki. The production (seen here earlier this year as a work in progress) is exquisite—staging by Timothy S. Mayer and music by William Schimmel. With Linda Hunt, Leora Dana, and Jon Huberth, among other good actors. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 1, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 26. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Tribute—A comedy by Bernard Slade upon an unlikely subject—the attempt of a dying man to establish an affectionate relationship with a priggish son. Jack Lemmon, in the leading role, gives an extraordinary performance. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHAPTER TWO:** Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DRACULA:** The five hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,696 performances so far (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE GIN GAME:** An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall. (Golden, 252 W 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Beckett Festival—Fifteen television films (English, French, German, American) of ten Beckett works in continuous showing; stage productions at the Performing Garage; exhibition of books, manuscripts, and such. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. Daily, noon to 10. Free, except for the stage productions.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Moves," "Pas de Deux," "A Bridegroom Called Death" (première), and "Rodeo."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Kettentanz," "As Time Goes By," "Pas de Deux," and "N. Y. Export: Op. Jazz."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "After Eden," "Pas de Deux," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Interplay," "A Bridegroom Called Death," "Pas de Deux," and "N. Y. Export: Op. Jazz."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Reflections," "Pas de Deux," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 7:30: "Interplay," "Chopin Preludes," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "As Time Goes By," "A Bridegroom Called Death," "Pas de Deux," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Pas de Deux," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Interplay," "Chopin Preludes," "Pas de Deux," and "Wedding Bouquet."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 26.)

San Francisco Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, Nov. 1, and Thursday evening, Nov. 2: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, Nov. 3-4: "Songs of Mahler," "Divertissement d'Auber," "Mobile," "Stravinsky Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra," and "Con Amore."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 5: "Beethoven Quartets," "Stravinsky Pas de Deux," "Shinju," "Q. a V. (Quattro a Verdi)," and "Il Distratto." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Dance Umbrella—Final performances of a four-week season. **MEL WONG DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday evening, Nov. 1, and Saturday matinée, Nov. 4.... **PEARL LANG DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday through Saturday evenings, Nov. 2-4, and Sunday matinée and evening, Nov. 5.... **ANNABELLE GAMSON:** Tuesday evening, Nov. 7; Thursday evening, Nov. 9; Saturday evening, Nov. 11; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 12.... **MAY O'DONNELL CONCERT DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday evening, Nov. 8; Friday evening, Nov. 10; Saturday matinée, Nov. 11; and Sunday evening, Nov. 12. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Parthenon Dancers of Greece—A company of forty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3 and 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Tenor saxophonist Ken Simon leads his quartet through Saturday, Nov. 4; on Tuesday, Nov. 7, pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** will bring in his threesome. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. While the walls shake, Byard leaps up from his elevated piano and runs around yelling at his musicians, goading them on. (Byard's years in the classroom, at Boston's New England Conservatory, seem to have taught him a good deal about showmanship.) Music from ten.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. French singer Yvonne Constant, backed by pianist Stan Free's trio, will be here through Saturday, Nov. 4. On Tuesday, Nov. 7, vocalist Portia Nelson and pianist Steve Ross will commence a two-week tribute to Cole Porter. Shows are at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—The music corner here is in the sidewalk picture window, so you can check out the musicians on your way in. **GEORGE COLEMAN,** a hard-bop tenor saxophonist, directs a quintet featuring pianist-singer **NINA SHELDON** through Saturday, Nov. 4. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 8-11, saxophonist **SONNY STITT** will work with Miss Sheldon. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: Tom Scott, a television composer and a King Curtis-derived saxophonist, will head up his well-rehearsed band Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 2-4; Monday, Nov. 6, singer and guitarist Jon Mark and saxophonist Johnny Almond—the principals of what is known as the Mark-Almond Band—will be onstage opposite David Sancious, an electronic-age keyboard wizard; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 7-8, **DR. JOHN** will bring in his swamp-rock band to play Cajun jungle music; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 9-11, rock guitarist Rory Gallagher will pilot a band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. **JIMMY ROWLES,** who seems to be the house favorite, is at the keyboard through Saturday, Nov. 11. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of Rio, but without the crowds one would encounter on Copacabana and Ipanema beaches or at Carnival, and there is no rainy season. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and a vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who can play some of the hottest chord solos on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, heads up a dance trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** has moved his court, which includes his aides bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE,** back into the Café Carlyle. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining.... **BARBARA CARROLL,** a strong bebop pianist, works in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER,** who is in her eighties and still going strong, isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter, who still writes blues songs, recently wrote the score for a Robert Altman movie. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, which features New Orleans-style food and Bourbon Street-tourist music. Trombonist Vic Dickenson is in charge of a trio that plays during dinner Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Red Balaban (who owns the place), and Ed Polcer are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Nov. 7, trombonists Jack Gale and George Masso will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Nov. 5, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, guitarist **JOE PUMA** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER,** and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; O'Brien and Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sundays. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS,** and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON,** one of the few things in life one can count on, is playing lovely, fulfilling blues with his quartet. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** the resident legend, performs with assistance from drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, and clarinettist Joe Muranyi. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**JUNIOR MANCE,** an insistently bluesy pianist, is ensconced in this bar and restaurant, which, if it weren't for the cutesy Azuma posters of old New York on the walls, would look like an old-fashioned dining room

"Light released into darkness"

Thus might one describe the point-engraved works of Laurence Whistler—artist, writer, and England's leading exponent of the art of glass engraving.

An ancient technique, point engraving is employed to produce images that reflect light.

In "Sun Worship," finely engraved sunflowers appear to bend and reach for the sun as the solid crystal prism rotates on its turntable base (not shown).

Examples of Whistler's works have been exhibited by both the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, and the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh.

See "Sun Worship" and others of his designs in crystal on view October 27 through November 18 at the Steuben Gallery, Fifth Ave. at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. (For the new 1978-1979 Steuben Catalogue of Gifts, send $3.00.)

Steuben is a part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

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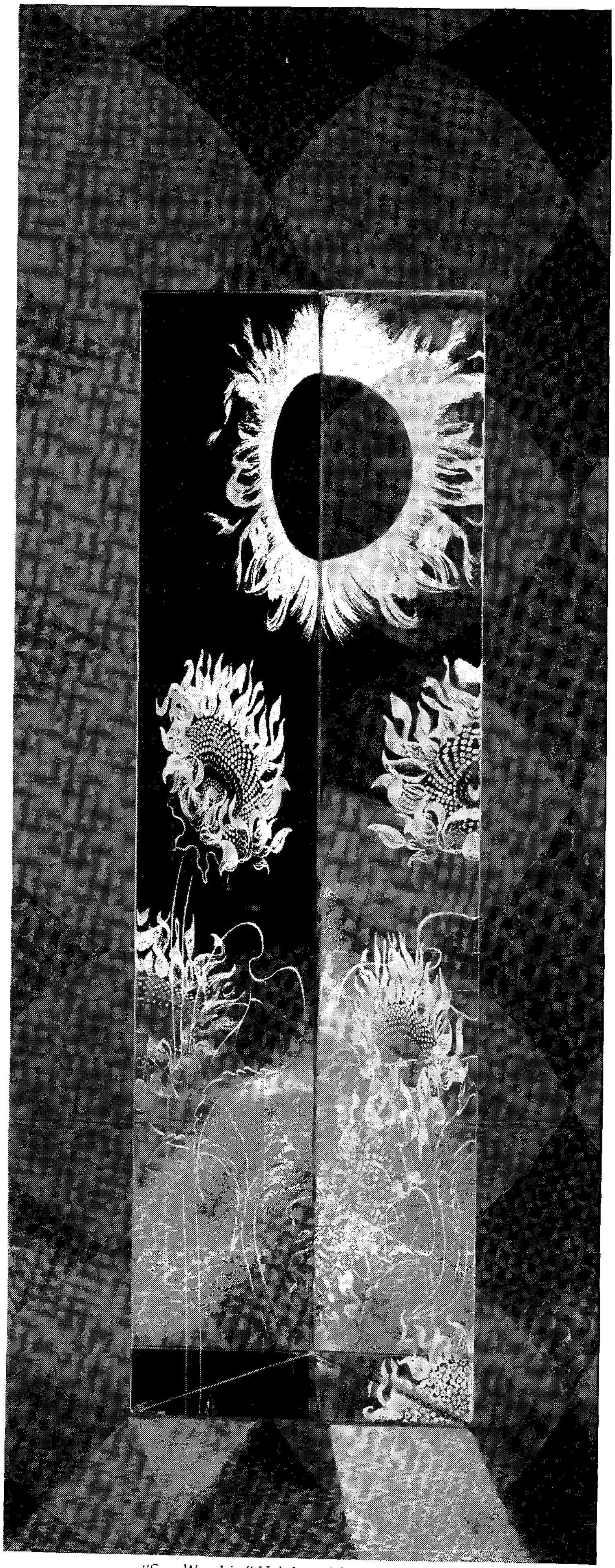
GLASS



"Sun Worship." Height, with base, 16 inches.
Designed and engraved by Laurence Whistler. Limited to a single example.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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in an old-fashioned hotel. Mance and bassist **GENE TAYLOR** labor Tuesdays through Sundays from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Excellent non-anemic Tex-Mex chili, and music by Texans and non-Texans and country-rock, blues, and folkie performers. The current schedule includes Ronee Blakley Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 5-7; Kinky Friedman on Wednesday, Nov. 8; and Chuck McDermott and Wheatstraw Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**SYLVIA SYMS** has moved in to sing songs that Fred Astaire used to sing, and it's hard to imagine a better choice for this tribute than Miss Syms, who has a relaxed, understated, floating voice. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. On Tuesday, Nov. 7, singer-pianist Freddy Cole will come in. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where one can run across the likes of Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Lew Soloff, Cornell Dupree, or Bernard Purdie—and their respective groups—on the bandstand at one time or another. Disco singers Van McCoy and Faith, Hope & Charity and bassist **GORDON EDWARDS**' band will take over the stage Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 2-4. Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—In a city chock-full of cabarets, this club stands out as the best of the last of the sixties Village coffeehouses. The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed, but the club now has a liquor license, and brings in non-folkie performers now and then. Through Saturday, Nov. 4, **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI**, the vibrant seventy-year-old hot-jazz violinist, will perform with his quartet; Tuesday, Nov. 7, will be turned over to guitarist Baird Hersey and his group; the Robert Benjamin rock band will be on hand Wednesday, Nov. 8; and folksingers **TOM PAXTON** and Bob Gibson will alternate Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 9-11. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **SY OLIVER** orchestra soars Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be put off by the blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Barbara Cook sings tunes from her musical-comedy roles on Broadway, established standards, and songs by seventies songwriters through Sunday, Nov. 5. Pop singer Laura Branigan arrives on Tuesday, Nov. 7. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—What do successful studio musicians do with their profits? Randy and Mike Brecker, who are brothers and who are sought after for their trumpet and saxophone skills, respectively, opened this pleasant club (along with a third partner) recently, and so far they've managed to round up a lot of worthwhile music. Denny Morouse's combo will play through Sunday, Nov. 5; on Thursday, Nov. 9, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will begin a four-night visit with his group. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist **RON CARTER** and his quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**—are here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sunday and Monday, Nov. 5-6, Japanese trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** will perform with his group. Music from ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Seventy-second Street may not be Laurel Canyon Boulevard, but this showcase club features a lot of West Coast-influenced rock bands every night except Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate, bluesman **LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS** will have the floor Friday and Saturday, Nov. 3-4, from nine-thirty. Sundays, from seven to eleven, Bob January is in charge of a fifteen-piece dance band. Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Sunday, Nov. 5, saxophonist **JIMMY** and bassist **PERCY HEATH** will play with pianist **STANLEY COWELL** and a quintet; on Tuesday, Nov. 7, trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will descend the stairs with his very fine quintet. Mondays are now owned by tenor saxophonist and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** and his twelve-piece organization. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; **HARRIS SIMON** is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat also lures in famous swing musicians. Tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will be present Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 1-5, and on Tuesday, Nov. 7; trumpeter Ed Lewis and his band will drop in on Wednesday, Nov. 8; clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE'S** quartet will perform Ellington compositions Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 9-12; and on Mondays stride pianist **BROOKS KERR** plays solo piano. Music from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SALUTE TO GREAT AMERICAN SONGWRITERS—A series of free concerts. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 1-2, at 6: Brooks Kerr performing the songs of Fats Waller. . . . ¶ Monday through Thursday, Nov. 6-9, at 6: Sandy Stewart performing the songs of Alan Jay Lerner (with Burton Lane and Frederick Loewe). (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St.)

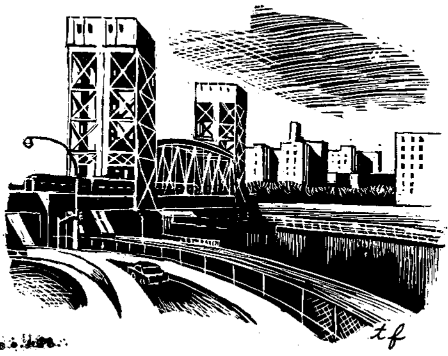
LEO KOTTKE—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8.

VAN MORRISON and **THE DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

DONNA SUMMER—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 2-3, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8.

JOE COCKER and **JAY BOY ADAMS**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8.

CHUCK BERRY and **THE SQUIRRELS**—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday Nov. 3, at 8. For information about tickets call 977-9020.



COSMOLOGY—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.

WEATHER REPORT—Beacon Theatre, Broadway a 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, Nov 3-4, at 8.

JANIS IAN—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.

PAUL MOTIAN TRIO and **JAMES NEWTON QUARTET**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350 Friday, Nov. 3, at 9:30 and midnight.

ANITA SHEER—A benefit flamenco concert, with assisting artists. (New School, 66 W. 12th St 741-5687. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2.)

PETER GABRIEL and **JULES & THE POLAR BEARS**—Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8.

MITCH RYDER—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Nov. 4 at 8.

ARTHUR BLYTHE and **ABDULLAH**—Public Theatre Saturday, Nov. 4, at 9:30 and midnight.

PARLIAMENT/FUNKADELIC—Palladium. Sunday Nov. 5, at 8.

BILLY FALCON'S BURNING ROSE and **NEON**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center Monday, Nov. 6, at 8.

PAUL KNOPF—With Lisle Atkinson and others (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MARSHALL TUCKER BAND and **FIREFALL**—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100 Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.

AL STEWART—Palladium. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.

JULIUS HEMPHILL ENSEMBLE and **THE RAN BLAKE/RICKY FORD DUET**—Public Theatre. Friday Nov. 10, at 9:30 and midnight.

CHICO FREEMAN and **CHARLES SULLIVAN**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 9:30 and midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HORST ANTES—Paintings and colored etchings by a German artist whose enigmatic figures evoke the Mayans and Aztecs. Through Nov 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

DINA GUSTIN BAKER—Recent abstract oils Through Nov. 15. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

WILLI BAUMEISTER (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Dec. 29 (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

HARRY BERTOIA—Forty metal sculptures, in various sizes and shapes, which, when touched, emit musical sounds. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ELIZABETH DE CUEVAS—Steel or bronze sculptures: stylized head-shaped forms are hollowed out, and abstractions of facial features are inserted. Also drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

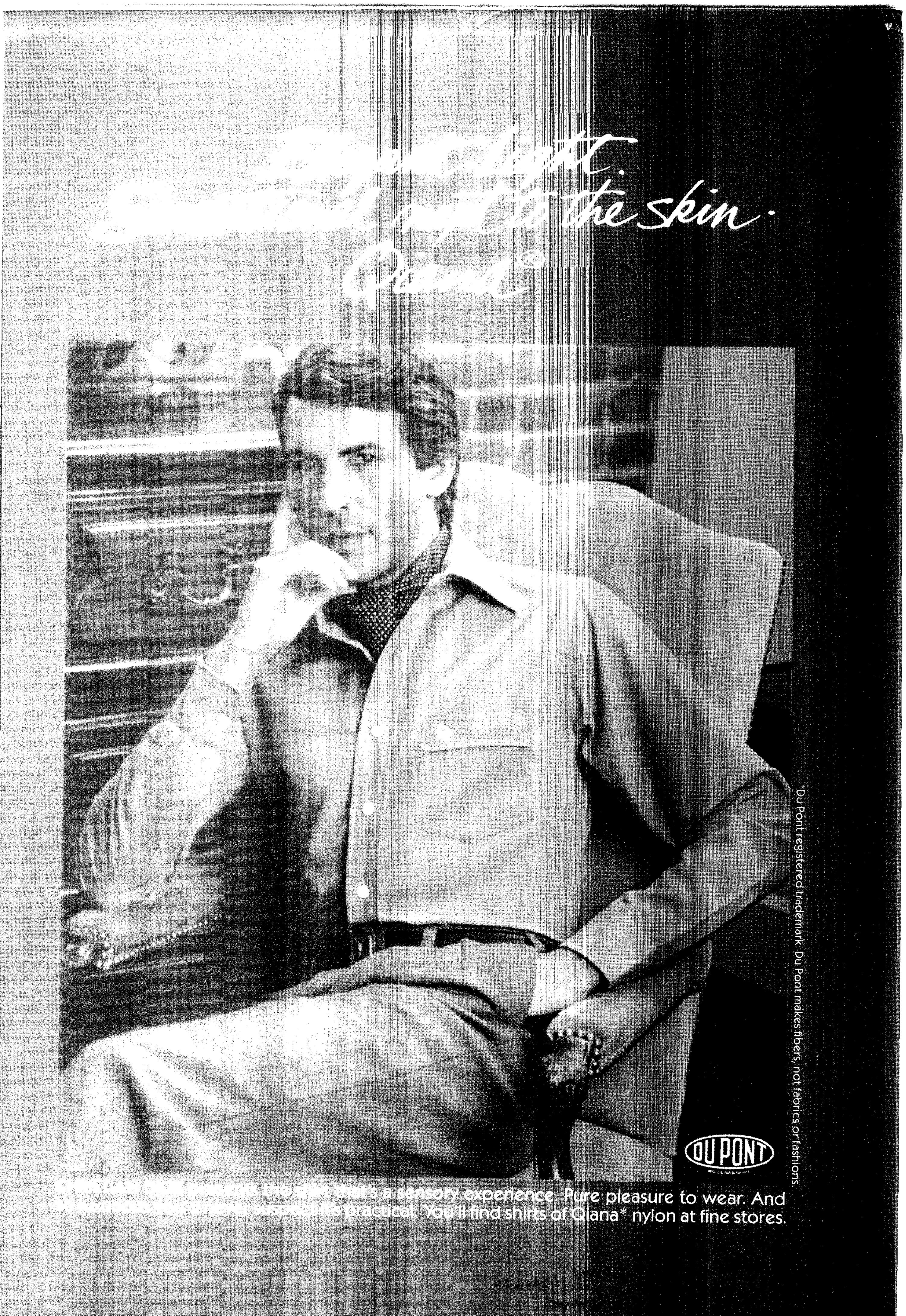
EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917)—A benefit loan show of fifty-four works, including studies of dancers and horse-racing scenes. Through Dec. 2. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

JOSÉ DE RIVERA—Continuous bands of stainless steel which revolve on a base. Through Nov. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

OTTO DIX (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Dec. 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Drawings from the last three decades by an artist whose career has taken many stylistic (abstract, figurative, minimal) turns. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

CARL HOLTY (1900-73)—Abstract paintings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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11

from the forties. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Elaine Hyman—Semi-abstract figures carved into blocks of alabaster, quartz, and marble. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings, lithographs, woodcuts, and four small sculptures. Through Nov. 18. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid—Joint works by two artists whose previous collaborations satirized Soviet society (they emigrated from Russia to Israel in 1977). Portraits of Carter, Begin, and Sadat are included in the current show. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Harry Marinsky—Bronzes, including a series of cyclists. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Agnes Martin—Small, delicate ink-and-wash drawings, all on a grid pattern and done in the sixties, before this artist retired to New Mexico, took an eight-year break, and emerged with her celebrated stripe paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Roger Mühl—Landscapes done in the South of France in soft colors that are laid on the canvas like icing on a cake; also, edible-looking still-lifes of cherry pies and tarts. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alice Neel—A retrospective of her drawings and watercolors. Through Nov. 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Joseph Piccillo—Black-and-white drawings of figures on paper and canvas. Through Nov. 18. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Antoine Poncet—Large, graceful free-form whorls of marble or bronze, plus a polished granite specimen nine feet tall that is too big for the gallery and stands outside on the corner. Through Nov. 15. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings from the thirties by an artist who worked in Purist- and Cubist-derived styles. Through Nov. 18. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Hap Tivey / Abbie Zabar—What appear to be forthright abstract paintings involving simple rectangular forms turn out to be constructions in which aluminum cutouts can be seen, pale and dim, beneath a translucent fabric. / This artist makes small paper collages that are landscapes but are nevertheless reminiscent of Wayne Thiebaud's pastries. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Large paintings done in pale colors and with meticulous care, in which doves, other birds, and three-dimensional geometric forms are arranged in grid patterns—a remarkable shift from his recent (1976) depictions of lower East Side savagery. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jerome Witkin—Portraits of the artist and his friends. Through Nov. 18. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jack Zajac—Semi-abstract sculptures, most of them representing struggling rams and goats. The indoor pieces, done in bronze and marble, are at the Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through Saturday, Nov. 4), and the outdoor pieces are at Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus (through Feb. 28).

Group Shows—At the KERR, 49 E. 82nd St.: Nineteenth-century landscapes by Martin Johnson Heade, Fitz Hugh Lane, John Frederick Kensett, and others whose light-filled nature scenes have been given the term Luminism. Through Nov. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: One of Rouault's beefy judges and a splendid small gouache of a woman's head by Picasso are among the items of special interest in this group show of Modern Masters. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. . . . REED, 120 E. 78th St.: A benefit show of paintings and works on paper by current and former faculty members of the Yale School of Art, among them Josef Albers, Willem de Kooning, Alex Katz, Mel Bochner, and James Rosenquist. Through Nov. 18. (Opens at 1.) . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: The development of the landscape genre in Europe between the seventeenth century and the early nineteenth century is the basis of a benefit loan exhibit here. The paintings and drawings are by Ruisdael, Corot, Turner, and others. Through Nov. 22. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Joel Bass—Abstract collages made of metal foil and snippets of painted metal which all seem to have been flattened out with an electric iron. Through Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Bellows (1882-1925) **and Joseph Golinkin** (1896-1977)—Lithographs by two artists who looked to sporting events and street scenes for their subjects. Through Dec. 1. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Paintings from the thirties and forties, the years in which this preëminent watercolorist hit full stride. Several small drawings and a number of oils are also included. Through Nov. 25. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Marischa Burckhardt—Indian cotton painted in startling colors and sometimes folded and cut into simple collage patterns. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro / Kenneth Noland—Six new steel sculptures, most of them outdoor pieces. Through Nov. 15. / No target paintings; instead, works evolved from wet rag-paper pulp. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—New Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Franco Ciarlo—This artist transfers the patterns from frescoes he has made to canvas, and, in the same manner, he has transferred an impression of a wall of an abandoned lower East Side building to a wall in the gallery. Through Nov. 25. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Charles Coiner—Bucks County landscapes, among others. Through Dec. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

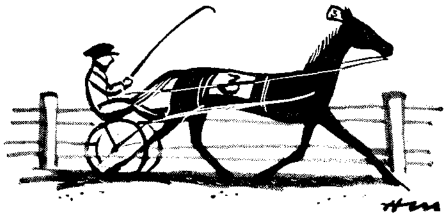
Dominic L. Di Mare—Small, mystical constructions, less than a foot high, made of hawthorn twigs, silk, and handmade paper by this artist, who lives on the California coast. The works have the look of primitive sacred objects. Through Nov. 25. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

John Dobbs—Drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Jackie Ferrara—Six new constructions, more or less pyramidal in form, consisting of hundreds—probably thousands—of sugar-pine tiles stacked together. There are also drawings of the works. Through Thursday, Nov. 9. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Emil Ganso (1895-1941)—Woodcuts, lithographs, and intaglio etchings of nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through Nov. 18. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Recent paintings, some of them taking on the challenging job of portraying both the peacefulness and the turbulence of the night sky, by this veteran abstract artist. Through Nov. 16. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



Ira Joel Haber—Boxes that contain houses set in harsh environments of boulders and scrubby trees. Also works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Susan Hall—Paintings. Through Nov. 25. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—New paintings based on Biblical and mythological themes, and a huge one evocative of the Lascaux caves, all done in the fresh colors and free-form sort of drawing that are characteristic of her work. Through Tuesday, Nov. 7. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tom Holland—Large sculptures cut from sheet aluminum and fibre glass, bolted together like collages and painted with resins. Some are freestanding, and others hang on the wall. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—This artist mounts his canvas on fibre board, cakes it with layers of oils and acrylics, slits it, sews it together roughly, and paints it some more. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Irving Kriesberg—Paintings of mythical creatures on stiltlike legs; also, drawings done with pastel fairly crunched onto paper drenched with turpentine, which capture the essence of such subjects as frogs, storks, and gorillas. Through Friday, Nov. 10. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—A dozen small bronzes, five drawings, and thirty prints. Through Dec. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Betty Parsons—A fine double exhibition of large, colorful sculptures—some of them ten feet tall—made mostly from flotsam and jetsam, assembled by a woman who seems to turn everything she touches into art. Also a number of paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St., and Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira (1905-71)—Late works by the geometric abstractionist. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Posen—Several varieties of realism are at work in the compositions of this skilled painter. For example, a Photo-Realist background is combined with a trompe-l'oeil foreground, and the combination results in a surrealist whole. His very latest paintings, inspired by the recent Monet show, apply his special technique to flower arrangements. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Paintings, many with an overall design of geometric symbols, from the last ten years. Through Nov. 30. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Leatrice Rose—Light-filled interiors. Through Nov. 16. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Theodore Roszak—Constructions (painted wood, plastic, metal) from the thirties and forties. Through Dec. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—A group of murals dated 1958-59, in a show running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Nov. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Arline Shulman—Large, antic sculptures, made of geometric steel forms welded together in what sometimes seems defiance of the law of gravity. The pieces are painted in bright, solid colors, which give them the look of outsize toys. Through Friday, Nov. 3. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Tissot (1836-1902)—Etchings and drypoints, portraits mostly. Through Nov. 22. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Collages, some using personal items (handkerchiefs, letters), others reflecting an interest in Chinese art. Through Nov. 25. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the AARON BERMAN, 50 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of styles and mediums by Walkowitz, Goings, Chryssa, and others. Through Nov. 15. . . . GLADSTONE-VILLANI, a new gallery at 38 E. 57th St.: An exhibit of works on paper includes large patterns made up of little medallions, each of which tells a story, by Robin Lehrer; abstract

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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patterns with some figurative elements by Richard Kalina; and intricate designs worked out in color on a grid by Gloria Klein. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: A show entitled "Woman: from Nostalgia to Now" offers works by Lindner, Rivers, Segal, Balthus, Pascin, Avery, and other big names. Through Saturday, Nov. 4.

GALLERIES—SoHo

NATVAR BHAVSAR—Large canvases in which the central portion is scrubbed with a single color and roughly framed by another. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

JEFFREY BROSK—A full-scale wooden model of a projected steel-and-concrete piece, twelve feet high and sixty-six feet long, entitled "Ebbets Field." Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

MICHAEL CHELMINSKI—Oils and watercolors of Maine and Connecticut scenes. Through Nov. 16. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

DAVID DIAO—Large new nonobjective paintings, these with a Constructivist flavor and handsomely related colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (115 Spring Street Gallery, second floor. Opens at 1.)

TINA GIROUARD—Sheet steel, of the kind used on ceilings in commercial buildings, cut, folded, and painted. Through Nov. 22. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

LAURA GRISI—Color photographs of chessboards that have been marked off in a way to reflect the passage of time, along with working drawings, all assembled into a conceptual installation. Through Nov. 18. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ARLINE HERSHBERG—Unstretched canvases stained with acrylics, some suggesting landscapes and some batik designs. Through Sunday, Nov. 5. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

PAUL MOGENSEN—Two back-to-back exhibits of paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 2: Five groups of solid-color canvases arranged in mathematical progressions. Starting Saturday, Nov. 4: A new group of spirals. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

ELIZABETH MURRAY—Abstract oils, some of them on vaguely star-shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

RICHARD PETTIBONE / BUKY SCHWARTZ—Small wall constructions involving, say, a *Playboy* nude, an Ingres portrait, a detail of a Vermeer, a snapshot, and so on, all of which are, almost incredibly, painted in oil on canvas. / Two closed-circuit-TV installations that involve gallery visitors, and a videotape showing the artist in his studio. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—The ancient Greek formula called the golden section is at the heart of these compositions made up of colored-pencil arcs drawn on varnished vellum, which is sometimes folded into interior patterns. Through Nov. 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

JUAN SANCHEZ—Nymphs and simple mortal nudes shown in somnambulant poses by this Mexican-born artist now resident in New York. Through Nov. 12. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

WILLIAM WILSON / WILLIAM ANTHONY—Closeups of debris-strewn gutters, draped figures, and nudes, all painted with the same attention to exactitude of detail. / Deliberately puerile drawings and watercolors. Through Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

GROUP SHOW—Among the exhibitors in a show introducing new artists are Ann Turnley, who implants cutout designs in the pulp from which she makes paper; Milo Reice, who illustrates classics ("Chaucer's First Date" is the title of one piece); and Paul Caranicas, who makes fine perspective drawings of abandoned Coast Artillery emplacements. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

IDA APPELBROOG—Wall boxes in which paper cutouts tell dramatic stories, most of which arise from the viewer's imagination. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

CLAIRE MOORE—Graphite-on-paper compositions that incorporate various words. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

JUDITH MURRAY—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

TRADITIONAL SCULPTURE FROM UPPER VOLTA—A show of masks, dolls, chairs, musical instruments, and other objects assembled from twelve collections. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St. Open Mondays.)

DECORATIVE DESIGNS OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT—Furniture, wallpaper, dinnerware, stained glass, architectural ornaments and drawings, book and graphic designs covering a seventy-year period by the prodigious architect. Also, thirty-five objects designed by his peers. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOW—Artists from out of town, among them Tom Hatch, of San Francisco, who plays carefully calculated tricks with mirrors and toy furniture; Janis Provisor, also of San Francisco, who paints enigmatic symbols in thick paint against a contrasting background; and Dan Rizzie, of Dallas, who uses simple cutout forms, acrylics, and graphite in his collages. Through Dec. 1. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

RICHARD AVEDON—The Metropolitan Museum is showing his high-fashion photographs from the last three decades. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

ELLIOTT ERWITT—A retrospective that consists of a hundred and fifty prints. Through Nov. 25. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

BENNO FRIEDMAN / JOE MALONEY—Hand-colored photographs of pyramids in Mexico and Western landscapes. / Color prints of New Jersey, Maine, and Long Island. Through Nov. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JAN GROOVER—A series of still-lifes in color. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

ERICH HARTMANN AND JILL LYNNE—Both photographers are showing experimental works. The former uses laser light, and the latter uses a color copier. Through Nov. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FLORENCE HENRI—Prints from the twenties and thirties by a photographer who was at one time associated with the Bauhaus. Through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

DUANE MICHALS—Photographs made while on a trip to Egypt, and other works. Through Nov. 25. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WRIGHT MORRIS—Midwestern scenes of the thirties, forties, and fifties. Through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

KAREN TWEEDY-HOLMES—Black-and-white pictures of Victorian façades and interiors, plus color prints of West Indies flora and fauna. Through Thursday, Nov. 9. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ The reconstructed Temple of Dendur, in a setting recalling its original home on the Nile, is on view in the Sackler Wing, at the north end of the museum. For the moment, extra exhibition hours—Thursday evenings, from 5 to 8:45—have been tacked onto the museum's regular schedule. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Richard Avedon's fashion prints. Through Sunday, Nov. 5. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans Day, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Through Jan. 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Claes Oldenburg has built two large structures, named the Mouse Museum and Ray Gun Wing, whose interior and exterior shapes are suggested by their titles. Visitors walk inside the darkened structures to view lighted cases filled with the artist's drawings and objects. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of early Abstract Expressionist paintings (covering the years 1935 to 1949), by Baziotes, de Kooning, Krasner, Stamos, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, drawings, posters, photographs, sculptures, and graphics by George Inness, Edward Steichen, Maxfield Parrish, and other artists who worked at the turn of the century and were influenced by the Symbolist movement. Starts Thursday, Nov. 2. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except Election Day, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-four Haitian artists (most of them self-taught) are represented in an exhibition of paintings and sculptures whose themes are taken from indigenous culture and history. Through Sunday, Nov. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of classical Indian sculptures from the Gupta period, fourth to seventh centuries A.D., contains sandstone images of Buddha (Gupta-period sculptors established Buddha's "human" appearance), and Hindu temple sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" includes many small objects such as belt buckles, jewelry, table settings, as well as the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles, and a welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ The second annual exhibit of postcard designs (both the original designs and the cards printed from

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them) contains the efforts of Edward Koren, Martha Graham, Betye Saar, David Hockney, and others. Through Dec. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, *29 E. 36th St.—More than* ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—American samplers dating from 1678 to 1865, collected by Theodore H. Kapnek. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, *Fifth* Ave. at 104th St.—Gold and silver pieces (saltcellars, tankards, bowls, and so forth) by New York craftsmen, mostly. The earliest object is a spoon dated 1678. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays, Election Day, and Veterans Day. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Nov. 1: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Carlo Bergonzi, and Ingvar Wixell; conducted by James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 2: "Carmen," with Elena Obraztsova, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 3: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 4: "Rigoletto," with Mariana Niculescu, Isola Jones, Ingvar Wixell, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 4: "Carmen," with Elena Obraztsova, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 6: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 7: "Carmen," with Elena Obraztsova, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariana Niculescu, Isola Jones, Ingvar Wixell, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "Carmen," with Elena Obraztsova, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and James Morris; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Isola Jones, Ingvar Wixell, Neil Shicoff, and Jerome Hines; Giuseppe Patanè. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8: "La Traviata," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Judith Ehrlich, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Victor De Renzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Gwenlynn Little, Judith Dickison, Bruce Reed, Dominic Cossa, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2: "The Turk in Italy" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Alan Kays, Alan Titus, Spiro Malas, and James Billings; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West," with Eileen Schauler, Ermanno Mauro, and Charles Long; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 1: "La Bohème," with Awilda Verdejo, Sheila Barnes, Lando Bartolini, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, and Thomas Jamerson; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 7: "Street Scene," with Eileen Schauler, Catherine Malfitano, Alan Kays, and William Chapman; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Kathleen Hegierski, Luis Lima, and Pablo Elvira; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Jane Shaulis, Lando Bartolini, and Richard Fredricks; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Gwenlynn Little, Ermanno Mauro, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Street Scene," with Sherry Zannoth, Sharon Daniels, and William Chapman; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, June Anderson, Bruce Reed, Dominic Cossa, and Ara Berberian; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Johanna Meier, Martha Thigpen, Alan Kays, and Alan Titus; Imre Pallo. (A benefit performance; for tickets call 790-0374.) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—James Levine conducting on Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 3, at 2; and Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 7:30 (all with Sol Greitzer, viola). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting a non-subscription concert on Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30 (with Abbey Simon, piano) . . . ¶ *Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday*, Nov. 9, and Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30, and Friday, Nov. 10, at 2 (all with Yvonne Loriod, piano).

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting, with John Martin, cello, and Richard Parnas, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

CLARION CONCERT—Newell Jenkins conducting the American première of Vivaldi's opera "Il Farnace" in concert form, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Frederick Hammond, harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

I MUSICI—Pina Carmirelli, violin, and eleven other musicians who perform without a conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8, an all-Vivaldi program; and Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8, an all-Bach program.)

NEW LITTLE ORCHESTRA CONCERT—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Strauss's "The Gypsy Baron" in concert form, with, among others, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., narrator; Alexandra Hunt and Susan Belling, sopranos; Harry Theyard, tenor; and the Orpheon Chorale. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Semyon Bychkov conducting. (Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 5, at 5:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sergiu Comissiona conducting a program of English and French music, with Zara Nelsova, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 3.)

VIRTUOSI DI ROMA—Renato Fasano conducting an all-Vivaldi program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 3.)

TONKUENSTLER ORCHESTRA OF VIENNA—Franz Allers conducting a program of Viennese music, with Elizabeth Hynes, soprano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College, 859-1180. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 3.)

MONTCLAIR COLLEGE CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Gerard Schwarz conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

ENDYMION ENSEMBLE—Jon Goldberg conducting.

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(Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—Twenty-five young instrumentalists who perform without a conductor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Concentus Musicus of Vienna—Nikolaus Harnoncourt conducting his baroque chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, and Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

New Irish Chamber Orchestra—André Prieur conducting, with James Galway, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Wagner program, with Shirley Verrett, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 12, at 3.)

Choral Music—John Alldis, Michael Hammond, Robert DeCormier, and others directing a concert of choral music published over the past five hundred years by the Oxford University Press. Performed by the New York Choral Society, Cappella Nova, the Canticum Novum Singers, the Sine Nomine Singers, the Oratorio Society of New York, the St. Cecilia Chorus, and the Dessoff Choirs. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 679-7300, Ext. 245.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Alma Jean Smith, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; John Carpenter, tenor; Richard Anderson bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Bach Aria Group—John Nelson directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

RECITALS

Lazar Berman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Frederica von Stade—Mezzo-soprano, in a benefit recital. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 9. For tickets, call 288-0700, Ext. 32.)

Eugene List—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Bruno Canino, piano; Mitchell Stern, violin; Sarah Clarke, viola; and Jerry Grossman, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Barry Tuckwell, horn; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 5, at 5.)

Concert-Party—The second in a series of seven concerts, this one entitled "A Musical Evening in London, 1650-1750," performed by the Baroque Music Masters, with Paul Sperry, tenor. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Nov. 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of three all-Schubert concerts, this one with Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 3.)

Neal La Monaco—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Paula Robison, flute. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Oscar Shumsky, Scott Nickrenz, Leslie Parnas, and Samuel Sanders—Violin, viola, cello, and piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 5, at 2.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—Principals of the Boston Symphony, with Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 2.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Raphael Hillyer, viola, and James Kreger, cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Viola da Gamba Trio of Basel—A program of music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with Bernard Krainis, recorder. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14. Wednesday through Friday.)

New World Consort—A program of Spanish Music of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 4. For information about tickets, call 874-1371.)

Carlo Bergonzi—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Michael Blum—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Staffan Scheja—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Katia Ricciarelli—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Gershwin, Copland, Krenek (who will conduct his own work), and others, performed by the Times Square Basstet; Judith Bettina, soprano; Harvey Sollberger, flute; and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Nov. 6, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ida Kavafian—Violin, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Marc Neikrug—Composer-pianist, in a recital postponed from Oct. 7. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Maria Clodes—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Seattle, Friday, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, Nov. 10. (For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 4: Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Marist, at Mt. St. Michael Field, at 1. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 11: Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Wagner, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Ramapo, at Mt. St. Michael Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Temple, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middle-

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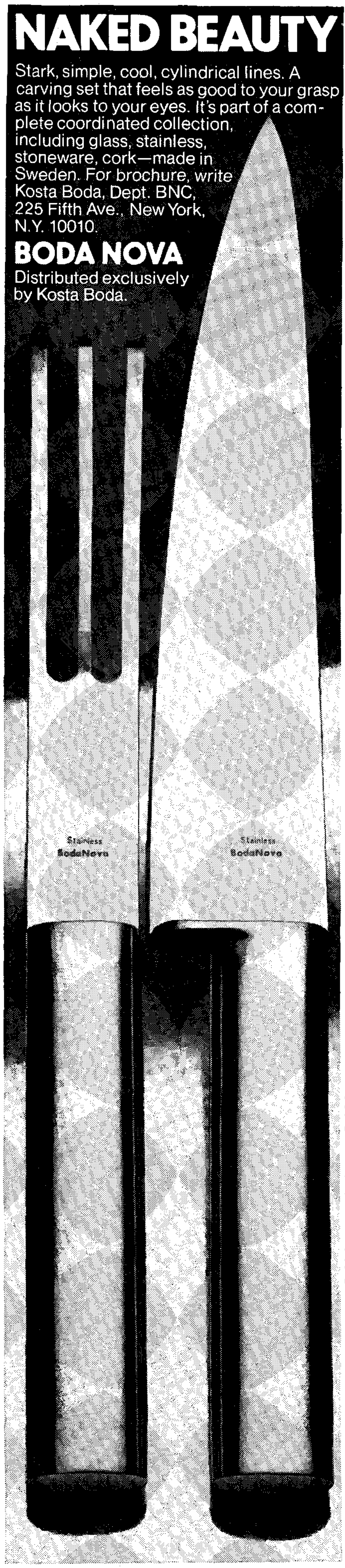

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town, at 1:30.... ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 5: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis.... ¶ Jets vs. Denver Broncos, at Denver.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 7:35.... NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 4.... ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Nov. 7.... ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Nov. 11. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Sunday, Nov. 5. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays, except Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Sunday, Dec. 31. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 4; the Knickerbocker Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 7; and the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 11.... MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. The Meadowlands Cup Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 2.... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 30. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 4.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 11.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 7; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Günter Grass reading from his own prose, in German, with an English translation read by John Leonard. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8.)... ¶ May Swenson reading from her own poetry. (Guggenheim *Museum Auditorium*, 1071 *Fifth* Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.)... ¶ Terry Stokes and Peter Wild reading from their own poetry. (Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union, 51 Astor Pl. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ June Jordan and Derek Walcott reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Nov. 9, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, from several collectors. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-8467.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 2, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from many owners.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8: Contemporary art, from various collectors. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-8467.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 10:15: European avant-garde paintings from 1905 to 1930, from many sources.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from a number of owners.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art, from the estate of Rafi Y. Mottahedeh.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 10:15 and 2: Photographs, from the nineteenth century to the present; from several owners. *Exhibition starts* Saturday, Nov. 4.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 2: Jewelry, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 4.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 10:15: Photographs, from the studio of Cecil Beaton. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 4.... CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 2: Impressionist, modern, and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Bonnard, Calder, and Grosz; *from various* sources.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8: Contemporary art by Gottlieb, Motherwell, Warhol, and other artists; from a number of owners. Admission by card only; for information, call 826-2862.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, including works by Stieglitz, Steichen, and Atget; from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 3.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Nov. 14 (Denver), Nov. 18 (Milwaukee), Nov. 21 (Detroit), Nov. 25 (New Orleans), Nov. 28 (Washington), Dec. 2 (Portland), Dec. 5 (Kansas City), and Dec. 9 (Chicago).... ¶ The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nov. 14 (Philadelphia), Nov. 17 (Washington), Nov. 22 (Golden State), Nov. 24 (New Orleans), and Dec. 9 (San Diego).

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 18: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; and Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton.... SATURDAY, DEC. 2: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, and Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill.

Professional Football—SUNDAY, NOV. 12: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Washington, and Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia.... SUNDAY, NOV. 19: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium.... SUNDAY, NOV. 26: Giants vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo, and Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami.... SUNDAY, DEC. 3: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium.... SUNDAY, DEC. 10: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland.

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Nov. 12 (Islanders), Nov. 15 (Chicago), Nov. 19 (Atlanta), Nov. 22 (Toronto), Nov. 26 (Washington), Dec. 3 (Boston), Dec. 6 (St. Louis), and Dec. 10 (Philadelphia).... ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: Nov. 14 (Colorado), Nov. 18 (Philadelphia), Dec. 5 (Pittsburgh), and Dec. 7 (St. Louis).

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 14.... AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 5. ... ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Nov. 12.... ¶ Musica Sacra, Nov. 15.... ¶ English Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 19 and 24.... ¶ Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Dec. 3.... ¶ Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 10.... CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Nov. 14.... ¶ Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 16.... ¶ Lili Kraus, piano, Nov. 19.... ¶ Narciso Yepes, classical guitarist, Nov. 20.... ¶ Horacio Gutierrez, piano, Nov. 27.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 28.... ¶ Isaac Stern, violin, Nov. 30.... ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 3.... ¶ Ileana Cotrubas, soprano, Dec. 6.... ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 8.... ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 9-10.... ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Clamma Dale, soprano, Nov. 12.... ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 13.... ¶ André Watts, Nov. 15, 18, 26, and 30, and Dec. 3, 6, 9, and 14.... ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, Nov. 16.... ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 19 and 21 and Dec. 10 and 12.... ¶ Gregg Smith Singers, Nov. 23.... ¶ New York Renaissance Band, Nov. 25.... ¶ Murray Perahia, piano, Nov. 26.... ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, Nov. 27.... ¶ Speculum Musicae, Dec. 10.... KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Fredell Lack, violin, Nov. 12.... ¶ Anton Kuerti, piano, Nov. 14 and 28.... ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Nov. 15.... ¶ Tamás Vásáry, piano, Nov. 22.... ¶ Grant Johannesen, piano, Nov. 25. ... ¶ Lorin Hollander, piano, Dec. 2.... ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 9-10.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Waverly Consort, Nov. 16.... ¶ Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano, Dec. 1.

Dance—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 14-Feb. 18.... ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, Nov. 29-Dec. 17.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Platinum," a musical starring Alexis Smith. Will Holt and Bruce Vilanch wrote the book, Mr. Holt the lyrics, and Gary William Friedman the music.... ¶ A play by Howard Sackler, "Semmelweiss," in which Colin Blakely will appear.... ¶ Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose in a comedy "The Kingfisher," imported from London, by William Douglas Home.

Other Dates—National Postage Stamp Show, at the Coliseum, Nov. 15-19.... ¶ Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, at Nassau Coliseum, Nov. 22-Dec. 3.... ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 23.... ¶ Christmas Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Dec. 9-10.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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5	6	7	8	9		

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 1: "Hospital."
Nov. 2: "Juvenile Court."
Nov. 3: "Welfare."
Nov. 4: "Essene."
Nov. 5: "Primate."
Nov. 6: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 7: "Marjoe."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Nov. 7: "Girl Friends."
From Nov. 8: "Bread and Chocolate."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 2: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Man Who Loved Women."
From Nov. 3: "Grease" and "American Hot Wax."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 7: "A Slave of Love."
From Nov. 8: "Magic."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Nov. 2: "Up in Smoke."
From Nov. 3: "Watership Down."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Wiz."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death on the Nile."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 2: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
From Nov. 3: "Watership Down."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"A Wedding."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Comes a Horseman."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Wiz."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Goin' South."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 2: "Foul Play."
From Nov. 3: "Up in Smoke."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Days of Heaven."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Nov. 7: "Bloodbrothers."
From Nov. 8: "Slow Dancing in the Big City."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Midnight Express."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Nov. 2: "Midnight Express."
From Nov. 3: "A Dream of Passion."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Nov. 7: "The Big Fix."
From Nov. 8: "Magic."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Nov. 8: "No Time for Breakfast."
From Nov. 9: "Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Death on the Nile."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 2: "Girl Friends."
From Nov. 3: "Grease."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Interiors."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Wiz."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Up in Smoke."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Comes a Horseman."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 2: "The Big Fix." From Nov. 3: "Midnight Express."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 2: "Halloween." From Nov. 3: "Piranha."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Comes a Horseman."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Interiors."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 2: "No Time for Breakfast." From Nov. 3: "Up in Smoke."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 7: "A Slave of Love" and "The Man Who Loved Women." From Nov. 8: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"
Theatre 4: "Interiors."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 2: "The Black Pearl."
From Nov. 3: "Watership Down."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Nov. 1: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 2: "Caravans."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Boys from Brazil."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Interiors."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (586-4448)
Through Nov. 2: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."
From Nov. 3: "Grease."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Violette."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Wedding."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 7: "A Wedding."
From Nov. 8: "Magic."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 5: "Perceval."
From Nov. 6: Theatre temporarily closed.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Nov. 7: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?"
From Nov. 8: "Bread and Chocolate."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Grease."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 2: "Foul Play." From Nov. 3: "Up in Smoke."
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 4: "Heaven Can Wait."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Interiors."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Nov. 7: "The Goodbye Girl" and "House Calls."
From Nov. 8: "An Unmarried Woman" and "Alex & the Gypsy."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 7: "The Buddy Holly Story" and "Somebody Killed Her Husband."
From Nov. 8: "Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?" and "The Medusa Touch."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Comes a Horseman." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "Heaven Can Wait." (†) From Nov. 9: "Foul Play." (†)
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 4: "Grease." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Nov. 8: "Foul Play." (†)
From Nov. 9: "Death on the Nile." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Wiz." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Death on the Nile." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Midnight Express." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Nov. 7: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 8: "Magic." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Nov. 2: "Halloween." (†)
From Nov. 3: "Piranha." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Big Fix." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?" (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 1: "Masculine Feminine" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "Le Gai Savoir" (1968), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Juliet Berto.
Nov. 2: "Antonio das Mortes" (1970), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Glauber Rocha; and "Vidas Secas" (1963), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos.
Nov. 3-4: "High Anxiety" (1977), directed by Mel Brooks, with Brooks, Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.
Nov. 5: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (†) and "Day of Wrath." (†)
Nov. 6: "Harlan County, U. S. A." (†); and a program of short films.
Nov. 7: "Kojiro" (1966), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki; and "Swords of Death" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Tomu Uchida.
Nov. 8: "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; and "Mädchen in Uniform." (†)
Nov. 9: "The Hour of the Furnaces." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 1: "Way Down East" (1920), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Lowell Sherman, and Richard Barthelmess; and "The Night of the Hunter" (1955), directed by Charles Laughton, with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden.
Nov. 2: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.
Nov. 3: "Mr. Klein" (†); and "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, Dominique Sanda, Pierre Clémenti, Gastone Moschin, and Enzo Tarascio.
Nov. 4: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Simon of the Desert." (†)
Nov. 5: Three ballets on film—"Romeo and Juliet" (1956), performed by Galina Ulanova, "Mtsyri" (1977), performed by Mikhail L. Lavrosky, and "Fountains of Bakchisarai" (1953).
Nov. 6: "Anatahan" (†) and "Crucified Lovers." (†)
Nov. 7: "The Great McGinty" (†) and "The Candidate." (†)
Nov. 8: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Alphaville." (†)
Nov. 9: "Chinatown" (1974), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975), directed by Dick Richards, with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 2: "Maraschino Cherry" (1978) and "Bel Ami" (1978), both X-rated films.
Nov. 3-4: "Sympathy for the Devil" (†) and "Weekend." (†)
Nov. 5-6: "The Conversation" (1974), di-

rected by Francis Ford Coppola, with Gene Hackman; and "The Parallax View." (†)

Nov. 7: "Drive, He Said" (1971), directed by Jack Nicholson, with William Tepper and Karen Black; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

Nov. 8-9: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "Die! Die! My Darling!" (1965), directed by Silvio Narizzano, with Tallulah Bankhead and Stefanie Powers.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Nov. 1: "The Idiot" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Black Girl" (1969), in French, directed by Ousmane Sembène.

Nov. 2-4: "Chinese Roulette" (1977), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Margit Carstensen; and "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine.

Nov. 5-6: "Ceddo" (1978), in Wolof, directed by Ousmane Sembène; and "The Night of Counting the Years" (1969), an Egyptian film, in Arabic, directed by Shadi Abdelsalam.

Nov. 7-8: "Xala" (1975), in French, directed by Ousmane Sembène; and "Boesman and Lena." (†)

From Nov. 9: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Bruno Barreto; and "The Lacemaker" (1977), in French, directed by Claude Goretta, with Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 1: "Green Dolphin Street" (1947), directed by Victor Saville, with Lana Turner, Van Heflin, Donna Reed, and Richard Hart; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames.

Nov. 2-4: "Words and Music" (1948), directed by Norman Taurog, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney; and "Ziegfeld Follies" (1946), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, and Judy Garland.

Nov. 5-7: "The Grapes of Wrath" (†) and "The Ox-Bow Incident." (†)

From Nov. 8: "The Lady Eve" (†); and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (1936), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda, and Sylvia Sidney.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Nov. 2: "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1946), directed by Gabriel Pascal, with Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains, Flora Robson, and Stewart Granger; and "Pygmalion" (1938), directed by Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard, with Howard and Wendy Hiller.

Nov. 3-4: "The Killing" (†) and "Killer's Kiss." (†)

Nov. 5-6: "The Tenant" (1976), directed by Roman Polanski, with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski.

Nov. 7: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (†) and "The Revolt of Mamie Stover." (†)

Nov. 8-9: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "Hearts of the West." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 1: "For Me and My Gal" (1942), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and George Murphy; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien.

Nov. 2: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Flamingo Road" (1949), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Sydney Greenstreet, Zachary Scott, Gladys George, and David Brian.

Nov. 3-4: "After the Thin Man" (†) and "Another Thin Man." (†)

Nov. 5: "A Slight Case of Murder" (†) and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), directed by Frank Capra, with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.

Nov. 6: "Suzy" (†) and "The Girl from Missouri." (†)

Nov. 7: "Duck Soup" (1933) and "Monkey Business" (1931), both with the Marx Brothers.

Nov. 8: "A Date with Judy" (1948), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Powell, Robert Stack, and Wallace Beery; and "Nancy Goes to Rio" (1950), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jane Powell, Ann Sothern, and Barry Sullivan.

Nov. 9: "An American Tragedy" (†) and "Jennie Gerhardt." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 2 at 2:30: "Squadrone Bianco" (1936), in Italian, directed by Augusto Genina, with Fulvia Lanzi; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6: "What Rogues Men Are" (1932), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Vittorio De Sica and Lia Franca; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 8:30 and Nov. 3 at 2:30: "I'll Always Love You" (1933), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Elsa De Giorgi and Nino Besozzi; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 6: "The Battle of Midway" (1943), directed by John Ford; and "The Battle of Britain" (1943), directed by Anthony Veiller, narrated by Walter Huston. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at noon "King Kong" (1933), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Il Signor Max" (1937), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, with Vittorio De Sica, Assia Noris, and Rubi Dalma; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 5: "Scipione l'Africano" (1937), in Italian, directed by Carmine Gallone, with Annibale Ninchi; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at noon: "King Kong." . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30 "Napoli d'Altri Tempi" (1938), in Italian directed by Amleto Palermi, with Vittorio De Sica and Emma Gramatica; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 5: "Pather Panchali" (1955), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at noon: "Matisse" (1945), in French, directed by François Campaux, English subtitles; and "Matisse—A Sort of Paradise" (1969) directed by Lawrence Gowing and John Jones. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Scipione l'Africano." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 6: "Il Signor Max." . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at noon: "Matisse" and "Matisse—A Sort of Paradise." . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30: "The Battle for the Marianas" (1944), directed by Gordon Hollingshead and "The Battle of China" (1944), produced by Frank Capra for the War Department. . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 6: "Billy in the Lowlands" (1978), directed by Jan Egleson. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 2:30: Program One of selected animated films from the Zagreb and Ottawa festivals held in 1978. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 6: Program Two of selected animated films from Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 8:30: Program One of selected animated films from Zagreb and Ottawa. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Nov. 1: A videotape program by Froese Greenfield, Harvey, and T. R. Uthco. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 3 "One Way Boogie Woogie" (1977), directed by James Benning. Showings at noon, 1:30 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Nov. 2-5: "The Turbulent 30's: Films of Political Struggle," a program of seven short films. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 9: "The Wrong Move" (1975), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Rüdiger Vogler and Hanna Schygulla; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After the Thin Man (1936)—The second in the "Thin Man" series, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy as Nick and Nora Charles, is moderately entertaining. In this one, mush-mouthed Elissa Landi is a lady in distress: she's lost her husband (Alan Marshall) to Penny Singleton. There are a couple of murders, and Asta's mate has puppies. The cast includes James Stewart, Joseph Calleia, Sam Levene, and Jessie Ralph. W. S. Van Dyke directed, and the screenplay is by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 3-4.)

Alex & the Gypsy (1976)—Off the beaten track, but that's just about the only thing you can give it points for. Jack Lemmon is Alex, a cynical, loquacious bailbondsman, whose character is taken from the Stanley Elkin short novel "The Bailbondsman," but the movie involves him with a gypsy (Geneviève Bujold) invented by the screenwriter, Lawrence B. Marcus. Lemmon is always up, and works desperately hard. And so Bujold, who's meant to be the vibrant, tempestuous one, has to fight him for every bit of audience attention, and what should be a love story is a shouting match—ersatz D. H. Lawrence and ersatz Billy Wilder. Directed by John Korty. (Midtown; starting Nov. 8.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 8.)

American Hot Wax—As played by Tim McIntire, the disc jockey Alan Freed is a martyr to the cause of rock 'n' roll; he's so righteous he's Buford Pusser in the world of pop music. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents, because everything about the movie *except* this pious morality-tale aspect of it is cheerfully, trashily enjoyable. Freed's shrill secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super-B movie. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/20/78.) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 3.)

An American Tragedy (1931)—This version of the Dreiser novel, scripted by Samuel Hoffenstein and directed by Josef von Sternberg, is best in the scenes relating to the poor factory girl, Roberta (Sylvia Sidney), and her drowning; Sylvia Sidney is so appealing that the pathos of Roberta's situation is intensified. However, the film vulgarizes Dreiser's conception of Clyde Griffiths (the handsome, long-jawed, blond Phillips Holmes, who died young), and turns his drives and actions into tabloid commonplaces. Von Sternberg shows surprisingly little of the feeling for psychological complexity that he had brought to "The Blue Angel" the year before, and Dreiser furiously protested this picture (he sued Paramount). Although the film respects his framework, it seems indifferent to what it meant in the novel. What's left—a tragic romance—is still affecting. Frances Dee is the rich Sondra (the role Elizabeth Taylor played in a later version, "A Place in the Sun"), and the cast includes Irving Pichel. Lee Garmes is the cinematographer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 9.)

Anatahan (1952)—Josef von Sternberg's last film; he did not, regrettably, go out in glory. He wrote the screenplay, directed, photographed, and narrated this story, which was shot in a Japanese studio and is based on an actual incident involving a group of Japanese soldiers who were castaways for seven years on a tiny Pacific island during the Second World War. However, as he tells it, the men's battles over a sulky, lusting femme fatale called Keiko (Akemi Negishi, who is photographed as if she were Marlene Dietrich in a thirties Paramount swampy jungle) are so pointless and unbelievable that you barely react as they kill one another off. The island

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has so many dead trees, shining leaves, and writhing shadows that you just want to get out of there. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

Another Thin Man (1939)—The third in the series, and without any new ideas except a bad one: still airily casual, Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) are now the parents of a baby boy. The screenplay (once again by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett) tosses shootings and skullduggery and repartee at us before we're ready, and then Nick Charles takes an unconscionable amount of time sorting things out. The plot involves a weekend at the estate of an explosives manufacturer (C. Aubrey Smith) who expects Sheldon Leonard (looking very young and sleek) to kill him. The film is dispiriting, but a lot of amusingly familiar faces turn up, among them Otto Kruger, Ruth Hussey, Virginia Grey, Nat Pendleton, Tom Neal, Marjorie Main, Abner Biberman, and, of course, Asta. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 3-4.)

Autumn Sonata—With Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, and Lena Nyman; directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet.)

The Big Fix—A counterculture detective story, with a wisecracking detective—Moses Wine (Richard Dreyfuss)—who isn't the usual cynical down-at-the-heels private eye; he's warm and Jewish and disillusioned, with two sons to support from a failed marriage. The film's nostalgia for the great days of Berkeley in the late sixties—for the sit-ins, the strikes, the antiwar demonstrations—is like a form of intellectual mildew. Dreyfuss acts like a puppy surprising his master with little tricks he's thought of all by himself; you feel he wants petting after each scene. With F. Murray Abraham, Susan Anspach, Bonnie Bedelia, John Lithgow, and Rita Karin. (10/23/78) (R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Nov. 7.)

The Black Pearl—With Gilbert Roland and Carl Anderson, directed by Saul Swimmer. (Guild; through Nov. 2.)

Bloodbrothers—The story is of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, and the actors—Richard Gere as the sensitive, imaginative nineteen-year-old, Tony Lo Bianco as his father, and Paul Sorvino as his uncle—pour on the Mediterranean sensuality and act at their highest pitch. From Richard Price's novel, adapted by Walter Newman, directed by Robert Mulligan. (10/2/78) (Cinema II; through Nov. 7.)

Boesman and Lena (1973)—A film up to Beckett's plays, written by the remarkable South African writer Athol Fugard. We are in the company of two coloreds who make a small living out of selling empty bottles. They are loathesome, scurrilous, locked in intimacy, each other's ball and chain and best friend. The woman says, "I want my life. Where's it?" It is time, the apartheid country feels, for them to throw themselves away. But "How do you do that when it's yourself?" (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 7-8.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Ziegfeld.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Art, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 8.)

The Buddy Holly Story—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Olympia; through Nov. 7.)

The Candidate (1972)—We need political films, but not this thing, which is about a young, straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 7.)

Caravans—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 2.)

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Comes a Horseman—With James Caan, Jane Fonda, and Jason Robards; directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Trans-Lux East, 86th St. East, Greenwich, and Criterion.)

Crucified Lovers (1954; also known as "Chikamatzu Monogatari")—A sensitive psychological study of a woman's passions and adultery in seventeenth-century Japan, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, a master of the nuances of women's emotions. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

Day of Wrath (1943)—It has been said that Carl Dreyer's art begins to unfold just at the point where most directors give up, and this psychological masterpiece, suggesting a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka, is proof. In 1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death because of her love for his son. When she tells the pastor of her feelings, he suffers a stroke and dies, and at the funeral her mother-in-law denounces her as a witch. Accused of witchcraft, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be. As she is trapped, and all possibility of hope is stripped away from her, one's identification with her fear becomes unbearable; then Dreyer dissolves our terror as she is purified beyond even fear. The most intense, powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, it explores the erotic fears of the "witch" and her accusers. With Lisbeth Movin as the wife and Anna Svierkier as Marthe, the old woman who is arrested and burned at the stake in the great early sequences. The musical arrangements of the "Dies Irae" (which gives the film its title) and the other fateful hymns are by Poul Schierbeck. Not shown outside Denmark until after the war; opened in this country in 1948. In Danish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 5.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent and important film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cut-off land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Cinema I.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the overall effect is disappointing, the details are never less than engaging from moment to moment. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ Forum; starting Nov. 9.)

A Dream of Passion—With Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Gemini 2; starting Nov. 3.)

Essene (1975)—Fred Wiseman's documentary on life inside a monastery. (Little Theatre; Nov. 4.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (D. W. Griffith, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Forum; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Nov. 9.)

Girl Friends—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is interesting, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (8/21/78) (72nd Street East; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Art; through Nov. 7.)

The Girl from Missouri (1934)—One of Jean Harlow's less memorable adventures; Anita Loos contrived it for her, and it's on the funny-tough side, with a complement of gold-diggers and millionaires, but there's too much plot and too little comic substance. In pursuit of men and money, Harlow is involved in such pranks as tossing her ice cream at her beau, landing in jail, getting out, and diving in front of the camera in her step-ins in order to throw her arms around a gent. "I have always been a good girl," she announces—the film having been made after the censors rebuked her. Since her beloved here is the chilly, urbane Franchot Tone, the announcement seems unnecessary. Jack Conway directed; with Patsy Kelly, Alan Mowbray, and M-G-M's favorite bores, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 6.)

Goin' South—With Jack Nicholson and Mary Steenburgen, directed by Nicholson. (Coronet.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy, with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Midtown; through Nov. 7.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—In the years right after the worst of the Depression, the John Steinbeck book was compared with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Les Miserables" and widely, if not very astutely, regarded as the greatest novel ever written by an American. It deals with the Joads, a family of sharecroppers who leave their eroded, dust-bowl farm in Oklahoma and come to the promised land of California, where they become the lowest of the low—migratory farm laborers. The movie version is full of the "they can't keep us down, we're the people" sort of thing, and a viewer's outrage at the terrible social injustices the film reveals is blurred by its gross sentimentality. This famous film, high on almost every list of the great films of all time, seems all wrong—phony when it should ring true. Yet it has its great sentimental moments and, because of the material, it is moving in spite of the acting, the direction, and the pseudo-Biblical pore-people talk. John Ford directed the production, which in some externals is as authentic as a documentary; the cast includes Henry Fonda as Tom, John Carradine as Casey, Charley Grapewin as Grampa, John Qualen as Muley, Eddie Quillan as Connie, Dorris Bowden as Rosasharn, Russell Simpson as Pa, Zeffie Tilbury as Granma, Darryl Hickman as Winfield, and Ward Bond, Grant Mitchell, Joe Sawyer, Frank Faylen. Screenplay by Nunnally Johnson; photography by Gregg Toland. Academy Awards: Best Director, Best Supporting Actress—Jane Darwell as Ma Joad. She's impossibly fraudulent, though there's a memorable scene with Ma burning her old postcards. (Regency; Nov. 5-7.)

Grease—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Playboy; starting Nov. 3.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—After writing a series of successful pictures, Preston Sturges offered Paramount this script (which was to win an Academy Award) for peanuts, on condition that he be allowed to direct it. Given a three-week shooting schedule and a budget of less than $350,000, he made his début as a director (thus preparing the way for other writer-directors, such as John Huston and Billy Wilder). In this satire of American political corruption, the low-life hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local boss (Akim Tamiroff) by voting thirty-seven times in one day. He rises to be alderman, then mayor and, finally, governor, but having fallen in love, he tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, partly because of Donlevy's lack of personality (the viewer can't see what would attract the competent, worldly woman—played by Muriel Angelus—who marries him) and partly because of the uneven pacing. There are wonderful patches, though, with the slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty. With Allyn Joslyn, William Demarest, Libby Taylor, Thurston Hall, Arthur Hoyt, Steffi Duna, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin, Harry Rosenthal, Robert Warwick, Frank C. Moran, and Dewey Robinson; many of them were to become members of the Sturges stock company. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 7.)

ALLOWEEN—With Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; through Nov. 2.)

ARLAN COUNTY, U.S.A. (1977)—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 6.)

EARTS OF THE WEST (1975)—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stuntman in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. The people and the atmosphere are so good that one wants more of them; the rinky-dink chase plot isn't needed at all, and there are also unnecessary complications involving Herbert Edelman, as a movie producer, and Donald Pleasence, as a Western-pulp publisher. But it's a film that plays on in the mind. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (Thalia; Nov. 8-9.)

EAVEN CAN WAIT—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Nov. 8.)

OSPITAL (1970)—Fred Wiseman's documentary on life in a metropolitan center hospital. (Little Theatre; Nov. 1.)

IE HOUR OF THE FURNACES (1968)—An attempt to use film as a revolutionary weapon. A didactic, explosive, semi-documentary on Peronism and the necessity to create national consciousness in Argentina and other Latin-American countries. By the Argentine director Fernando Solanas; this is the full four-hour-and-twenty-minute version. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 9.)

OUSE CALLS—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Midtown; through Nov. 7.)

ITERIORS—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, Festival, and New Yorker.)

ENNIE GERHARDT (1933)—Dull, conscientious version of the Theodore Dreiser novel about a poor Midwestern girl who becomes a rich man's mistress. With Sylvia Sidney in the lead, and Edward Arnold and Donald Cook. Directed by Marion Gering. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 9.)

UVENILE COURT (1973)—Each time Fred Wiseman examines an institution, he seems to uncover a whole new world, and in each of these worlds he finds people—those in authority and those caught in the wheels of authority—struggling with perversely funny, insurmountable, tragic everyday problems. This two-and-a-half-hour film was made in the Memphis Juvenile Court. The characters include an eleven-year-old prostitute; a boy babysitter charged with assaulting the child in his care; the child's mother, who is obsessed with what seems to have been a minor feeling-up incident; a teen-age girl who slashes her wrist and says her stepfather made advances to her; and an intelligent judge trying to serve justice in impossible situations. Watching the film is like seeing the underbelly of TV soap operas. Wiseman's open-eyed approach is perhaps motivated less by reforming zeal than by his own sense of the mystery of these lives. (Little Theatre; Nov. 2.)

KILLER'S KISS (1955)—Stanley Kubrick's second feature (after "Fear and Desire," in 1953) is a poorly written New York-set thriller that culminates in a fight in a mannequin factory. It has vivid feeling for the tawdry milieu but not much else; it's conceived in flashy sequences rather than as a believable story, and the guiding sensibility still seems light years away from Kubrick's third feature, "The Killing," in 1956. With Frank Silvera. Kubrick also shot the picture and did the writing and editing. (Thalia; Nov. 3-4.)

THE KILLING (1956)—Stanley Kubrick was still only twenty-seven (his early career was with *Look* as a photographer) when he made this film, and he used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story. It is a very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. With Sterling Hayden. (Thalia; Nov. 3-4.)

THE LADY EVE (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges's comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Regency; starting Nov. 8.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS (1972)—There has never been anything else like it. Bernardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 2.)

MÄDCHEN IN UNIFORM (1932)—A sensitive young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline; she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmistakably lesbian. This legendary film, temporarily obstructed by U.S. censors, was later voted the best film of the year by the New York press. It was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 8.)

MAGIC—With Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter; directed by Richard Attenborough. (Gramercy, Beekman, Paramount, and National; starting Nov. 8.)

THE MAN WHO LOVED WOMEN (1977)—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. In its gross flippancy, this film resembles Truffaut's "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"—it may be even worse, because of the mixture of evasiveness and obviousness. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Nov. 7.)

MARJOE (1972)—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns with amiable outspokenness and humor. (Little Theatre; starting Nov. 7.)

THE MEDUSA TOUCH—With Richard Burton, Lino Ventura, and Lee Remick; directed by Jack Gold. (Olympia; starting Nov. 8.)

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS—With Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; directed by Alan Parker. (Gemini 1, and Loews State 2. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; starting Nov. 3.)

MR. KLEIN (1977)—Joseph Losey directed this French quasi-thriller set in Paris in 1942, during the Occupation. It's about a fashionable art dealer (Alain Delon), an Aryan, who buys up treasures from fleeing Jews and then, through what may or may not be a bureaucratic mistake, becomes confused with another Mr. Klein, a non-Ayran. This is a classic example of Losey's weighty emptiness; the atmosphere is heavily pregnant, with no delivery. With Jeanne Moreau and Michel Lonsdale; written by Franco Solinas. In French. (2/6/78) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 3.)

THE MYSTERY OF KASPAR HAUSER (1975; also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All")—The story of Kaspar Hauser, chained in a dungeon from infancy and fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. When he is an adult, the man carries him to a town square and abandons him. The townspeople train Kaspar in human habits and educate him, while he tries to retain his newfound pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, the caped figure returns and murders him. This Werner Herzog film, set in early-nineteenth-century Germany and based on an actual case, is a double fable, intermingling the deadening effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of the universe. Herzog has a visionary, estranged style; everyone is alone, immobilized, slightly stiff, and the film is a succession of unbalanced, slanted images. But this style is undramatic; it's numbingly pure. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 5.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (U. A. East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Nov. 2.)

NO TIME FOR BREAKFAST—With Annie Girardot, Jean-Pierre Cassel, François Périer, and Isabelle Huppert; directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 8.)

ONCE IN PARIS—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 9.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (1943)—A Western set in Nevada in 1885 which is also an attempt at a poetic tragedy about mob violence. Two cowboys (Henry Fonda and Harry Morgan) ride into a small, lonely cattle town and become involved in the hysteria of a lynch mob. Three innocent men (Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Francis Ford) are hanged, while we see not only their fear and despair but the varied motives of the members of the posse who take justice into their hands. It's easy to be put off by the studio sets and lighting and by the forties approach to a "serious" subject, but the director, William Wellman, has made the characters so vivid that after many years people may still recall Frank Conroy as the sadistic Southern major, and the rapid changes of expression of William Eythe, as his son. With Harry Davenport, Leigh Whipper, and Jane Darwell as the raucous old lady who enjoys the excitement. Lamar Trotti's script omits some of the more interesting ambiguities of the Walter Van Tilburg Clark novel. (Regency; Nov. 5-7.)

THE PARALLAX VIEW (1974)—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about the political assassination of a Presidential aspirant. The film skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were organized political murders or the madness of lone men. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (Cinema Village; Nov. 5-6.)

PERCEVAL—Directed by Eric Rohmer. In French. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 5.)

PIRANHA—With Bradford Dillman, directed by Joe Dante. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting Nov. 3.)

PRIMATE (1974)—Fred Wiseman's film on the investigations of primate life and behavior conducted at the Yerkes Primate Research Center, in Atlanta. (Little Theatre; Nov. 5.)

REVENGE OF THE PINK PANTHER—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (Playboy; through Nov. 2.)

THE REVOLT OF MAMIE STOVER (1956)—William Bradford Huie's novel "The Revolt of Mamie

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stover" had to do with a woman who, after being tossed out of San Francisco, went on to Honolulu and put sex on a mass-production basis. In the film, Mamie (Jane Russell) is a poor, misguided kid who wants to make a lot of money to impress the folks back home in Mississippi. When she gets to the islands, she decides that she will join a pal in a dime-a-dance joint. The place is a little raucous, but nothing untoward ever happens to the danseuses. Even so, they are looked down upon by everybody. Mamie, though, manages to cultivate a well-bred writer (Richard Egan), who has a fine home on a hill in Oahu, and she also manages to save a huge packet of cash from her commissions on dancing. When Pearl Harbor is attacked, the writer is taken off to war, and Mamie promises she won't dance anymore but will wait for him stolidly. The lure of money is too much for her, however, and shortly after his departure she's dancing all over the place again. When he returns, he renounces her, and she comes to the realization that money isn't everything and that she can never take up residence with him on his tony hilltop. This synopsis is provided in the event you don't make it to the end—you might be called away to perform delicate heart surgery. Mamie is indeed punished for her dancing, and she wends her lonely way back home. Egan gives a performance that would be memorably bad if only one could remember it; with Joan Leslie, Agnes Moorehead, and Michael Pate. The director, Raoul Walsh, seems baffled and eager to get home for dinner; the script is by Sidney Boehm. (Thalia; Nov. 7.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—Luis Buñuel made this short satirical feature (forty-five minutes) in Mexico, just before he did "Belle de Jour." It's a jovial comedy about the temptations of St. Simeon Stylites, the fifth-century desert anchorite who spent thirty-seven years preaching to pilgrims from his perch on top of a column; in both a literal and figurative sense, it's a shaggy-saint story. Simon (Claudio Brook) performs his miracles, and the crowds evaluate them like a bunch of New York cabdrivers discussing a parade: whatever it was, it wasn't much. He restores hands to a thief whose hands have been chopped off; the crowds rate the miracle "not bad," and the thief's first act with his new hands is to slap his own child. The Devil, in the female form of Silvia Pinal (much more amusing as the Devil than she was in her guises in other Buñuel films), tempts him, and at one point frames him in front of the local priests, who are more than willing to believe the worst of him. He falls, of course, because of the animal instincts he has tried to deny. Buñuel couldn't raise the money to finish the film, and he resorted to a bummer of a jokey ending in which the foolish saint is transported to the modern world and left, a lost soul, in a Greenwich Village discothèque full of dancing teen-agers. Up to then, this little film ranks with Buñuel's finest; his technique here is so simple and direct that the movie is an aesthetic assault on bourgeois taste. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 4.)

A **Slave of Love**—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Gramercy, and Quad Cinema; through Nov. 7.)

A **Slight Case of Murder** (1938)—A black farce in the manner of "Arsenic and Old Lace." It's a burlesque of gangster films, with Edward G. Robinson as a bootlegger who turns legitimate and faces one mortifying mess after another. He drives his family out for a weekend in a country house, and finds the corpses of four gangsters sitting around a table in the spare bedroom. The director, Lloyd Bacon, succeeds in getting some giggles, but his style is too broad, and the tone of the film is archly childish. With Allen Jenkins as a beer salesman, Jane Bryan, Bobby Jordan, Ruth Donnelly, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, John Litel, and Willard Parker. From a play by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay, adapted

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by Earl Baldwin and Joseph Schrank. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 5.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City—With Paul Sorvino and Anne Ditchburn, directed by John G. Avildsen. (Cinema II; starting Nov. 8.)

Somebody Killed Her Husband—A romantic suspense comedy that resembles the pictures that Ginger Rogers did in the late thirties—the ones about ordinary, pleasant people falling in love and getting into farfetched scrapes. But when this dishy blonde (Farrah Fawcett-Majors, in her first movie as a star) walks through the toy department of Macy's with her toddler son in a stroller and spills a bag of pretzels, and a clerk (Jeff Bridges) rushes to her assistance and looks into her teeth and it's love at first sight, everything seems a little custardy and congealed. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (10/9/78) (Olympia; through Nov. 7.)

Suzy (1936)—Jean Harlow in a pasted-together story about an American show girl barging about London and Paris during the First World War. She marries inventor Franchot Tone in London, then, thinking him dead, goes to Paris and marries famous aviator Cary Grant. Tone comes to Paris to work for Grant.... It's negligible, all right, but it isn't too awful, because Dorothy Parker and the other writers tossed in some dexterous badinage, and there are such bonuses as Jean Harlow trying to sing and Cary Grant demonstrating that he knows how (the clip appears in "That's Entertainment!"). Benita Hume is the delectable villainess; with Lewis Stone, Inez Courtney, and Una O'Connor. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 6.)

Sympathy for the Devil (1968; also called "One Plus One")—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. (Cinema Village; Nov. 3-4.)

Two Weeks in Another Town (1962)—Cynical, overheated view of American moviemaking abroad. The producer, John Houseman; the director, Vincente Minnelli; the screenwriter, Charles Schnee; the composer, David Raksin; and the star, Kirk Douglas, had all worked together years before on "The Bad and the Beautiful," a novelettish movie punctuated with some flashy hysterical scenes. Here, sequences of Lana Turner's hysteria in that movie are shown as examples of great screen acting, and in "Two Weeks," this sort of flamboyance is the predominant note, with the characters seen at a time of extreme strain and extravagant disorder, taking part in orgies designed to outdo "La Dolce Vita." Minnelli's pictorial imagination is just too pretty, and the sumptuous gorgeousness turns to slop, but Douglas and Edward G. Robinson give good performances. With Cyd Charisse done up like the heroine of "Marienbad," Daliah Lavi, George Hamilton, Claire Trevor, James Gregory, and Rosanna Schiaffino. Adapted from the novel by Irwin Shaw. (Thalia; Nov. 7.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Midtown; starting Nov. 8.)

Up in Smoke—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, a June Fairchild as the woman who sno Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/7 (Loews Ciné, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.. ¶ Bay Cinema; through Nov. 2....¶ D. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83 Quad; starting Nov. 3.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stépha Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed Claude Chabrol. In French. (Paris.)

Watership Down—An animated film, based the Richard Adams story. Directed by Mart Rosen, with the voices of Zero Mostel, Ral Richardson, Harry Andrews, John Benne and Denholm Elliott. (Bay Cinema, Eastsi Cinema, and Guild; starting Nov. 3.)

A **Wedding**—Robert Altman's satirical far takes place during a single day, starting wi a family-only Episcopal-church wedding a then moving from the church to the recepti at the groom's family mansion, in a Nor Shore suburb of Chicago. The forty-eig members of the cast (especially Carol Bu nett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) many charming things, but the flimsy mov is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile wa (10/2/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.. ¶ Paramount; through Nov. 7.)

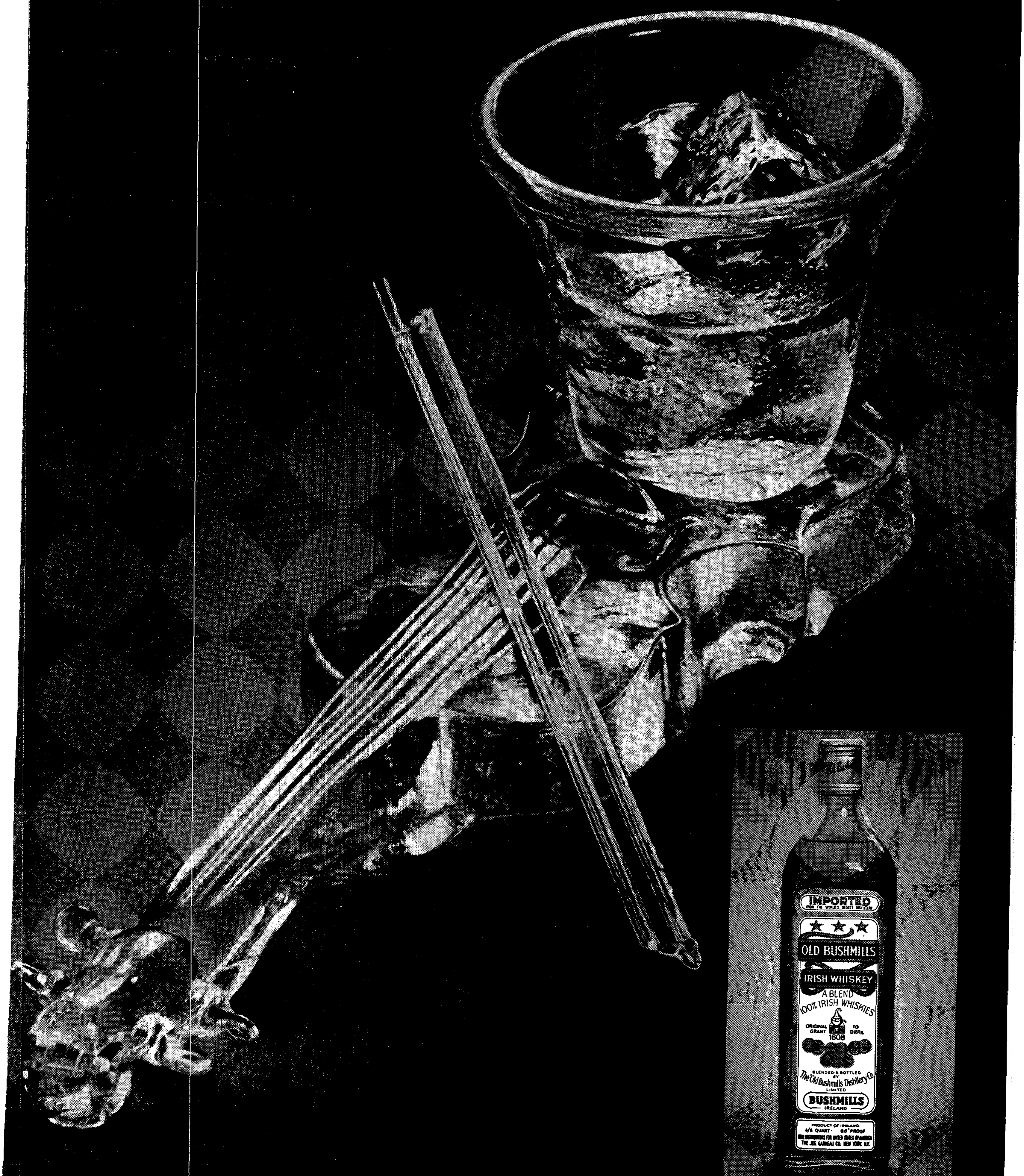
Weekend (1968)—Only the title of this Jean-L Godard film is casual and innocent. It's extraordinary poetic satire, a mystical mov comparable to Bergman's "The Seventh Sea and "Shame" and Ichikawa's "Fires on t Plain" and passages of Akira Kurosawa, y we are hardly aware of the magnitude of t writer-director's conception until after we a caught up in the comedy of horror, whi keeps going further and further and beco ing more nearly inescapable, like "Journ to the End of the Night." Godard has a gi for making the contemporary satiric and fa tastic. He begins with just a slight styliz tion of civilized living now—the people a more adulterous, more nakedly mercenar touchier. They have weapons, and use the at the slightest provocation, and it seems pe fectly logical that they should get into the cars and bang into one another and sta piling up on the roads. The traffic jam is prelude to highways littered with burni cars and corpses. As long as Godard sta with cars as the symbol of bourgeois mater alism, the barbarity of these bourgeois- their greed, and the self-love they proje onto their possessions—is exact and funn The picture goes much further—sometim majestically, sometimes with surreal detai that suggest an affinity between Godard a Buñuel, sometimes with methods and ide that miss. There are extraordinary passage such as a bourgeois wife's erotic confessi and a long virtuoso sequence of tracki shots of cars stalled on the highway and t activities of the motorists, with the car hor sounding triumphantly, like trumpets in Pu cell. Though deeply flawed, this film h greater depth than any of Godard's earli work. It is his vision of Hell, and it ran with the greatest. In French. (Cinema Vi lage; Nov. 3-4.)

Welfare (1975)—Fred Wiseman's documenta on a day in a welfare center in New Yor City. (Little Theatre; Nov. 3.)

Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?– With George Segal, Jacqueline Bisset, an Robert Morley; directed by Ted Kotchef (Victoria....¶ Embassy 72nd St.; throug Nov. 7....¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympi starting Nov. 8.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Doroth is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, an Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings song of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrange ments. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) able to ride right over the film's muddy care lessness, and a sweetness comes through th Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wear as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who play the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song But this film brings out all the weaknesses o its director, Sidney Lumet, and none of hi strengths. The whole production has a stag nant atmosphere, and the big dance number are free-form traffic jams. Charlie Small' score for the Broadway show has been padde out with some new music, and adapted b Quincy Jones; the maladroit script is by Joel Schumacher. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. (10/30/78) (Murray Hill, Plaza, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.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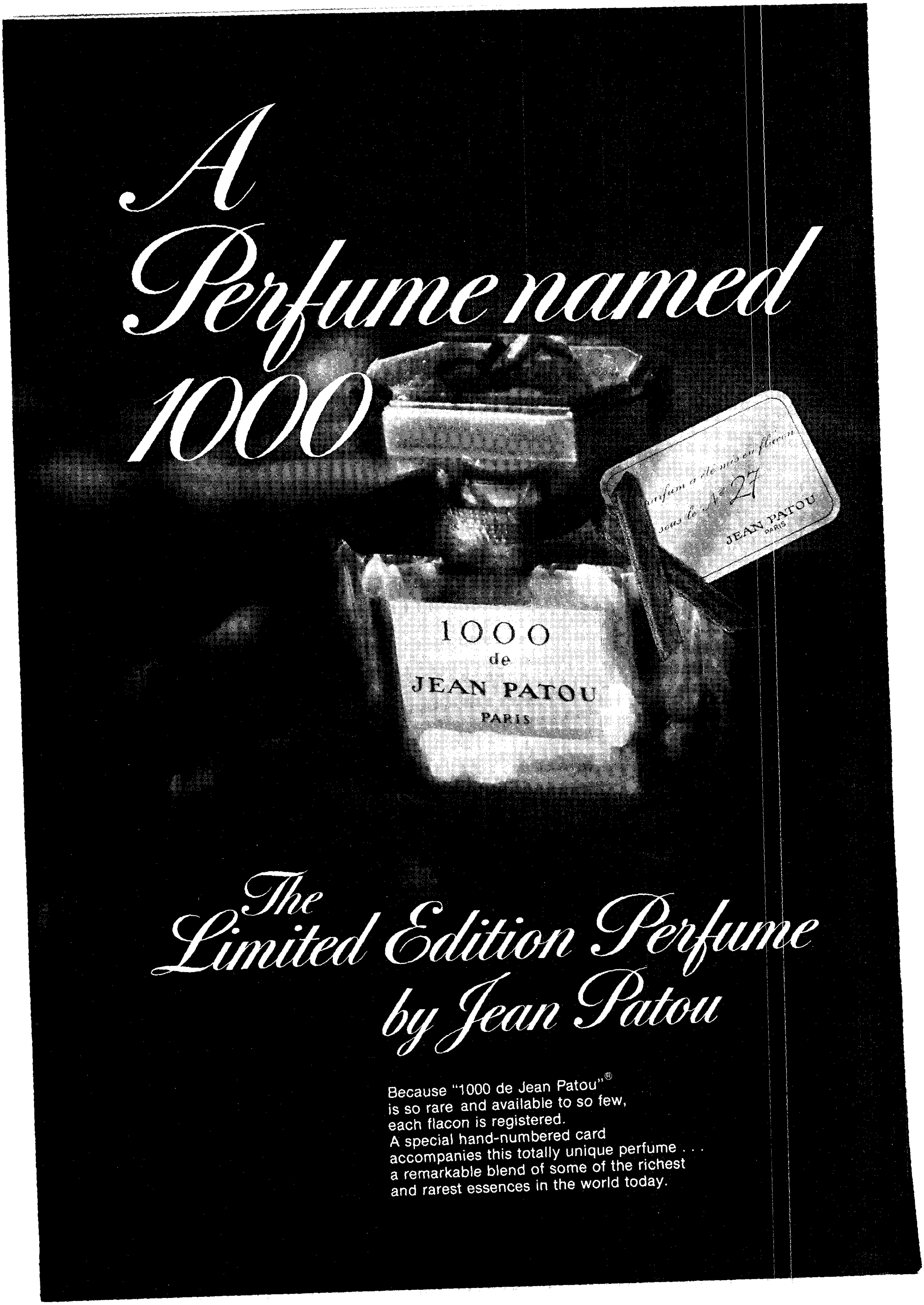
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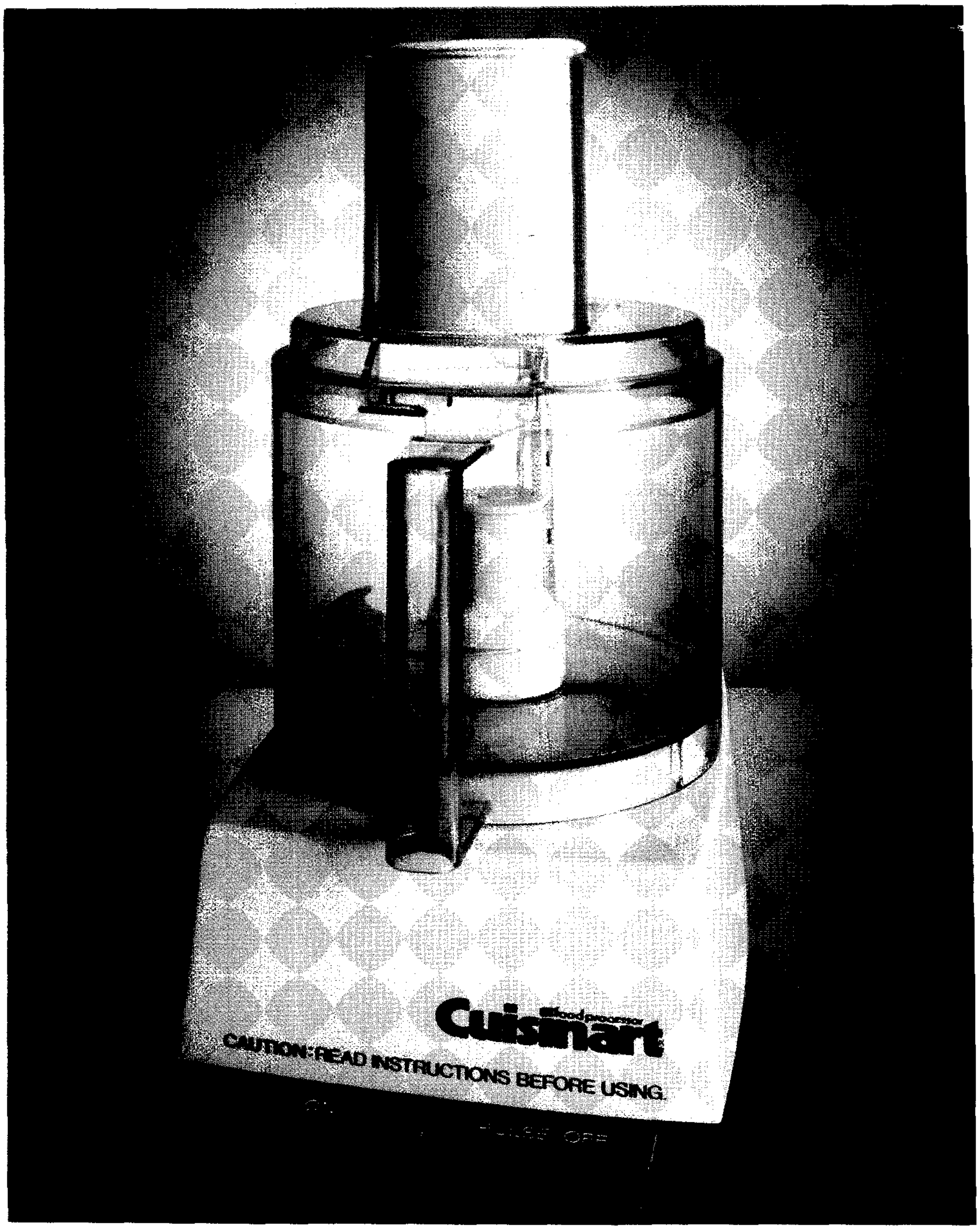

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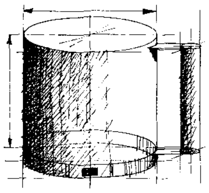

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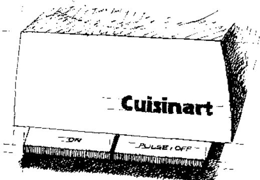

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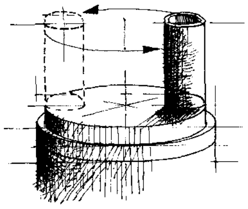

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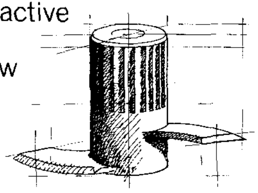

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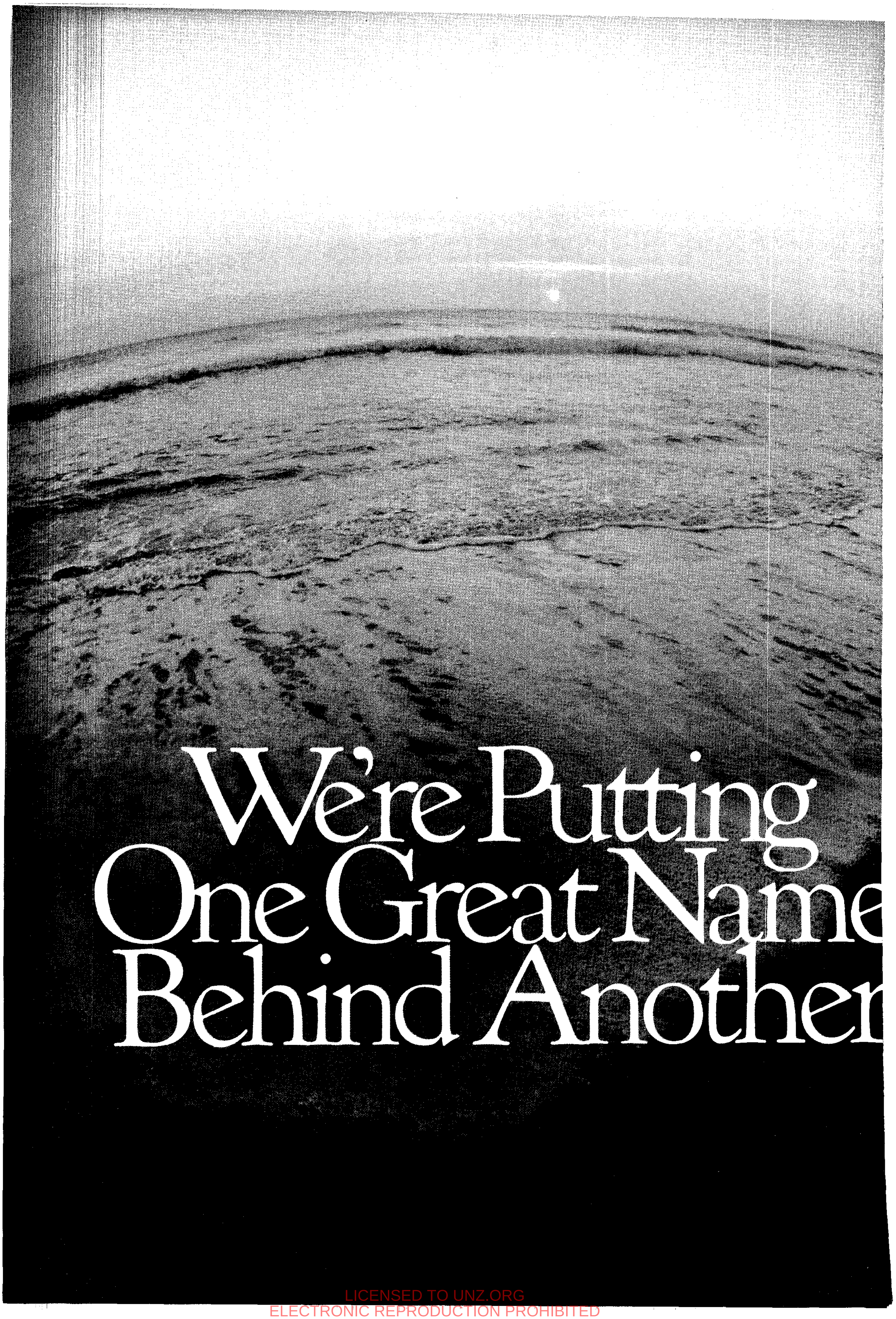
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You can bet that when a name like Hilton gets behind a legendary hotel like the Fontainebleau, there'll be some waves made all up and down the beach. Starting with over $12 million worth of improvements that will soon make vacationing here absolutely extraordinary.

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And that's just a sample. By year-end, you'll also be able to enjoy a memorable meal at one of several soon-to-be-famous new restaurants and night spots. Or window shop a whole gallery of exciting new boutiques. Or head for a match at our new tennis complex. Or simply relax in the grand manner inside one of our newly appointed guest rooms.

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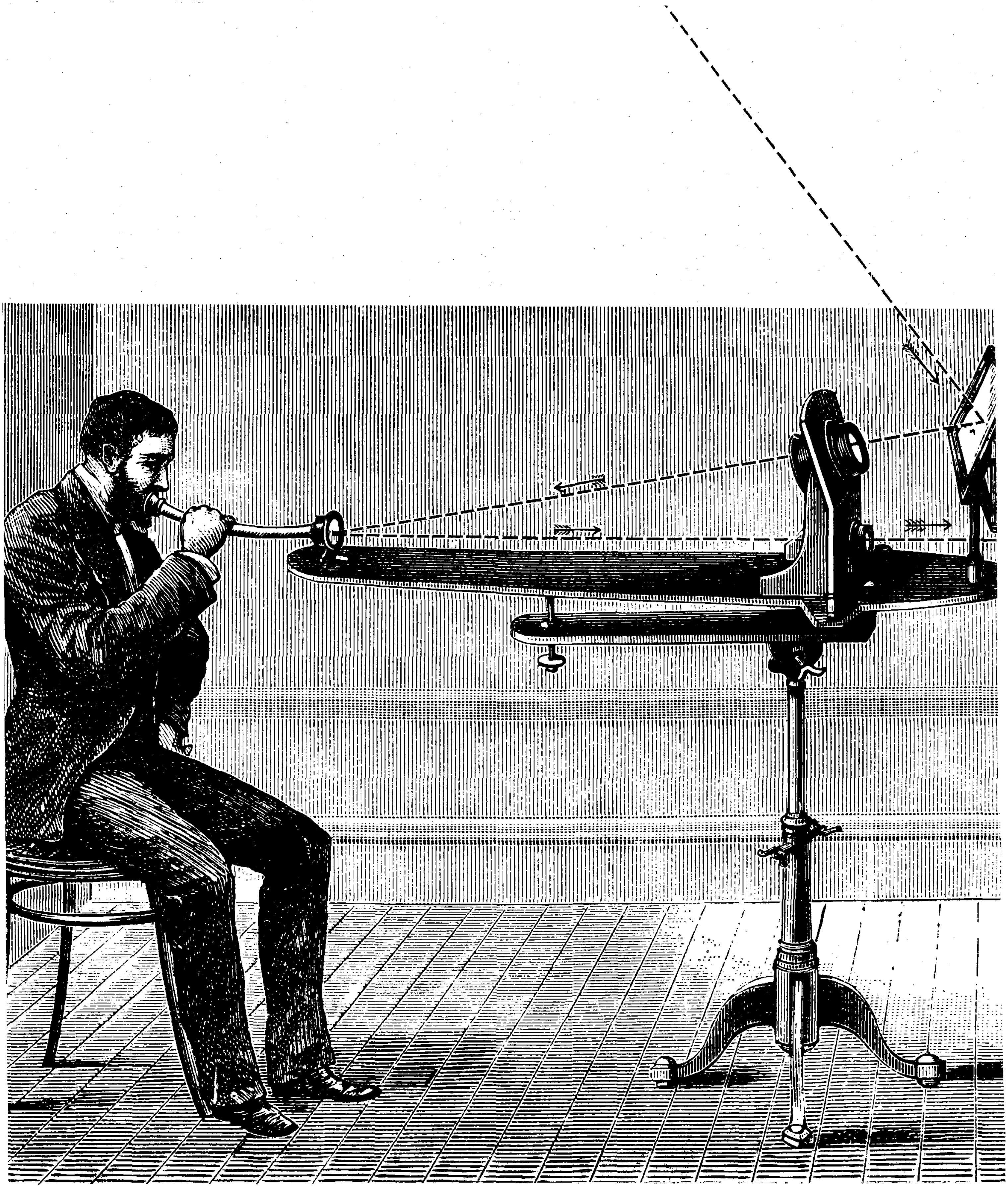
FONTAINEBLEAU
HILTON

The Tide Has Turned.

4441 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, Florida 33140.



In Bell's "Photophone," sunlight was bounced from a reflector through a lens to a mechanism that vibrated in response to speech. This caused the light beam to vary in intensity. At the receiving end, a selenium detector translated these variations into electrical current to recreate speech through a telephone receiver.

77 years before we invented the laser, Professor Bell had a perfect application for it.

In 1880, only four years after he invented the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell received a patent for a remarkable idea—using light, rather than wire, to carry phone calls.

Professor Bell built an experimental "Photophone" that transmitted his voice over a beam of sunlight. It didn't work very well, however.

Sunbeams are scattered by air, rain and fog. In any event, the sun doesn't always shine. The Photophone, unfortunately, was an idea whose time had not yet come.

A new kind of light

By the 1950's, scientists again were looking for a way to use light for communications.

In September, 1957, Charles Townes, a Bell Labs consultant, and Bell Labs scientist Arthur Schawlow conceived a way of producing a new kind of light—extremely intense, highly directional, and capable of carrying immense amounts of information.

Townes and Schawlow received a basic patent on their invention—the laser.

Since then, Bell Labs scientists have invented hundreds of lasers, including many firsts—gas and solid-state lasers capable of continuous operation, high-power carbon dioxide lasers, liquid dye lasers that produce pulses shorter than a trillionth of a second, and tiny semiconductor lasers that work reliably at normal temperatures. Some of these, no larger than grains of salt, may emit light continuously for 100 years.

Getting the light to the end of the tunnel

While we were developing lasers to generate light, we also looked for a way of shielding it and guiding it for long distances and around curves.

Extremely transparent glass fibers, perfected at Bell Labs and elsewhere, provide the answer. These hair-thin fibers can carry light many miles without distortion or the need for amplification.

In 1977, the Bell System took lightwave communications out of the laboratory and put it to work under the streets of downtown Chicago. The system, the first to carry phone calls, computer data, and video signals on pulses of light, is working successfully.

Spin-off

Laser light is now used in many other ways—to perform delicate eye surgery, detect air pollution, read product codes at supermarket checkouts, and do a variety of manufacturing tasks. Western Electric, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, was the first company to put the laser to industrial use back in 1965. Hundreds of applications in many industries have followed.

Sometimes, it takes a lot of work and a long time to make a bright idea—like Professor Bell's—a reality. Often, the things we invent, such as the laser, benefit not only Bell System customers, but society in general.

Bell Laboratories
600 Mountain Avenue
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Bell Laboratories

We work for the phone company. And you.

store of stores

October 1976. It all began in The Cellar!

cookery
the marketplace

The Cellar opens.

And all of New York parades down our yellow brick road, the street lined with shops for food fanciers. The Marketplace. Cookery and Tabletop. Gourmet. Cutlery. Gadgets. P.J. Clarke's. The most exciting street in town!

Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's

the cellar

November, 1976

The Pavilion on 6. A floor of boudoir, bath and table fashions, each suggesting another fresh plan for your home. The pride of The Pavilion: Private Lives Shop. A world made for you, if the finest is your passion.

34th St
BRANCH

July, 1977

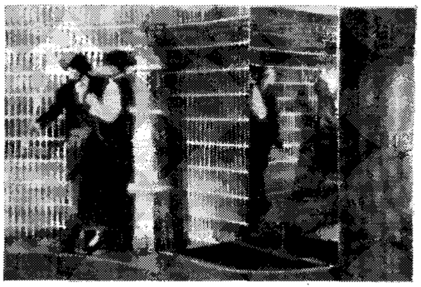
"The 34th Street Branch," Books at Macy's, 4th Floor, opens at Macy's with a big roar. Rich wood bookcases. Walls lined with rare bindings. Books for every budget. A refuge for browsing.

September, 1977

Growing Up on Five comes of age. For the complete Kid – infancy to pre-teen. Everything to dress them plus Kenneth for Kids hair salon, Parade of Toys, Best Friends pet shop and The Fountain restaurant

November, 1977

JR'S on Four: Staged to the brassy beat and throb of disco, for the Total Junior. Almost two acres of fashion, beauty and health, and a whirl of shops that change with the pulse and seasons.



And now open: Young Collector on 3

For you, the woman who knows her special look and loves to put it together herself, a razzle dazzle choice in a ravishing new world. Weekendwear: status jeans. Workwear: clothes for office, campus. Expressions. Trend Shop. Glemby Salon. And Le Petit Café.

Macy's welcomes the American Express Card.

macy's

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who lives in the country writes:

> I have a pear tree that is one of the joys of my little place. It is a Bartlett pear, the sweetest of pears, and, over the four or five years in which it has been maturely producing, it has never failed to yield a reasonable crop—a bushel or more of good, sound fruit. This year, it promised better than that. It came into spring in a glory of blossoms, and the weather was exactly right, and the bees appeared in punctual multitude, and nearly all the blossoms, it seemed, developed into fruit. I have never seen such a set of fruit. As the summer waxed and waned, the branches bent, drooped, hung low with heavy, yellowing pears. It would be a millennial harvest. And then, one morning, I walked down for a look on my usual after-breakfast stroll and found a wreck. Two, three, four of the most bountiful branches had cracked and broken, were hanging leadenly limp to the ground, and the grass was tumbled with pears. It was clear what had happened. It wasn't wind, it couldn't have been wind: only a hurricane could have broken those wiry branches. They had simply broken under the weight of their bounty. For a moment, all I felt was loss. But then another feeling stirred. It was a feeling almost of disorientation. The ruin of my pear tree was a natural catastrophe. And yet it couldn't be. It was entirely contrary to nature, to the natural order of things. It was in every sense *un*natural. That a tree should let itself produce a weight of fruit beyond the carrying weight of its branches, should so utterly confound its procreative imperative, was no mere aberration. It stood biology on its head.

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In the Long Run

OUR report on the 1978 New York City Marathon:

One long blue line, five boroughs, six bridges, twenty-six miles and three hundred and eighty-five yards, nine thousand eight hundred runners, nineteen thousand six hundred feet, and enough potholes for everyone.

We celebrate any triumph of the human foot, however brief, over the arrogance of car power, so, early Sunday morning, a sliver of moon still hanging around the towers of the Verrazano Bridge, we triple-tied our Adidas at the Staten Island staging area—Fort Wadsworth, alongside the approach to the bridge—and prepared to report on the marathon by joining it and going the classic distance.

The first thing we noticed was that the marathon attracts as many world-class characters as it does world-class runners. Superman showed up as No. 1260, wearing a "Suburban Road Runners" cape, and announced between pre-race jumping jacks, "My flight pattern will be to start at the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge." Runners in black garbage bags huddled on curbs like primitive solar-heat collectors, conserving the sun's first warmth. One man, with pillow, bagged himself in a mummy for a few more hours' sleep. A troop of women wandered meditatively across the grounds in green "Sri Chinmoy Marathon Runner" T-shirts. Sri Chinmoy turned out to be the most frequently listed running club in the marathon program, despite its not being a running club at all but an Indian guru who operates a chain of meditation centers and recommends running to his disciples as a means to spiritual progress. One of his number explained, "We're just regular people totally inspired to transcend ourselves. The marathon is all done in a meditative consciousness. We are not necessarily trained in marathon running. We try to develop the spiritual aspiration to do these things. *That* gives us the power to run. Most people think it's just training, but you also need inner running." We later learned that at that same moment, near the finish line, Howard Greenberg, of Fort Lee, New Jersey, was passing out a manifesto entitled "Why I'm 'Crashing' the New York City Marathon." He hoped to give a marathon-length demonstration of "why jumping rope is as good or better for you than running" ("You don't have to become healthy and look sickly by becoming bony, gaunt, or withdrawn looking—especially in the face"). He told us, "Runners are an élitist group. Most of your marathon crowd is an upper-scale crowd. Most of the general public feels about marathoners the way it feels about motorcycle riders—contempt."

Our first two miles were run on suspension over water, and by ten-thirty-six—six minutes into the race—the Verrazano, longest single-span suspension bridge in the world, was vibrating noticeably from the force of nineteen thousand six hundred frequent footfalls. Manhattan, which should have been to our left, was obliterated in low-slung smog; whirlwinds of helicopters whipped overhead.

Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. Impression of walls of solid flesh: heavy-duty spec-

tators cheering lightweight runners. Italians, Scandinavians, Irish, Germans—too many of them puffing cigars and cigarettes, blowing smoke our way. One runner complains to us, the running press, that the New York Road Runners Club should have the authority to ban smoking by marathon spectators. A man runs by with an umbrella affixed to his head. Runners observe car drivers observing them, see several rear-end collisions. We pass a barefoot runner, a Brooklyn Pheidippides. Begin to feel part of a mass movement. From Fourth Avenue heights in Brooklyn, can see curb-to-curb runners for more than three miles ahead. Can hear water stations coming up, by the crunching sound of abandoned cups crushed under feet. In Sunset Park, Puerto Rican grandmother shouts to running young woman, "Hey, honey, don't let dem bums get ahead of you!"

A young black watching in Bedford-Stuyvesant spots a runner with a stitch and shouts, "Walk it out, baby!" Kids lend us their palms, eager to slap five, cheer our soul, recharge our feet. A contrast to the eighteenth-century Chassidic community in Williamsburg, next door. Chassidim, as impassive as ever, don't give shalom for shalom. Yet a few Chassidic men and children hold out cups of water—an astonishing act of good will, considering their lack of enthusiasm when the marathon first passed through their community, last year. Where Chassidic shades into Chispanic, near the Williamsburg Bridge, audience support picks up. The Poles and Ukrainians in Greenpoint, some of them second-story-window watchers, wave and cheer runners through the twelve-mile zone. In the little Little Italy of Long Island City, we pass a race walker, moving smoothly ahead like an upright sidewinder. (Not all entrants choose to *run* a marathon.) Italians sit on lawn chairs on the sidewalk, offer sliced oranges, lemon drops, water. We develop a gracious nod of the head, an efficient wave of the hand, much as we imagine royalty must, to acknowledge the spirit of the crowd. Puerto Rican-Italian Queens gives a boisterous sendoff at the Queensboro Bridge ramp; on the bridge we get the red-and-blue-carpet treatment—three-quarters of a mile of real carpeting, supplied by a local carpet company—from New York, cross softly over the Roosevelt Island pueblo.

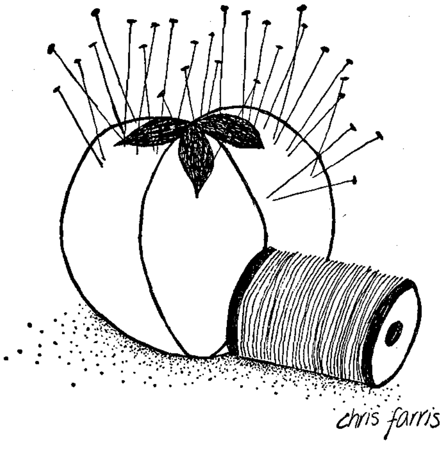
First Avenue a bit too blasé to cheer the slow pack lustily—a disappointment—though what upper-East Side support there is goes mostly to the women runners, eight hundred and fifty of them. Mid-pack men have trouble rousing crowd. One such fellow, determined not to run unnoticed, and feigning to be in extremis, keeps walking up to spectators and asking, "Am I winning? Am I winning?" They assure him that he is. Spanish Harlem opens hydrants; one of them becomes a footbath for some eighteen-mile-blistered feet. Bystanders offer ice, beer, soda pop, water, orange juice. By Mile 20, "wall-struck" men seem stunned by what has happened, by their loss of power. Some sit on curb and watch the hundreds pass. No jockeying for position—there is no position. By the South Bronx, more men are walking than are running. Legs dead to their feet. Blacks and Puerto Ricans yell encouragement, try to rev up fuel-depleted runners, get them moving again. T-shirts on two exhausted marathoners read "Running on Empty" and "Re-Cycle This Body."

Black woman on Madison Avenue Bridge holds out hand, says "Welcome to Harlem." Young black women say "Do it for women's lib!" and "Do it for the E.R.A.!" Cheers loosed as generously on white runners as on black. Harlem is like being home—people friendly, encouraging, a big boost.

By the time we reached Central Park, we were among the hamstrung and blistered. As men in the four-to-five hour, head-to-toe-pain range dragged by, a woman spectator on Central Park South was heard to remark, "I hurt all over watching the average male marathoner." Another marathon marathon watcher, at Columbus Circle, seeing the logy finishers, said, "That isn't the way I want to look next year when I do it. Oh, they look awful—bereft of sensibility!"

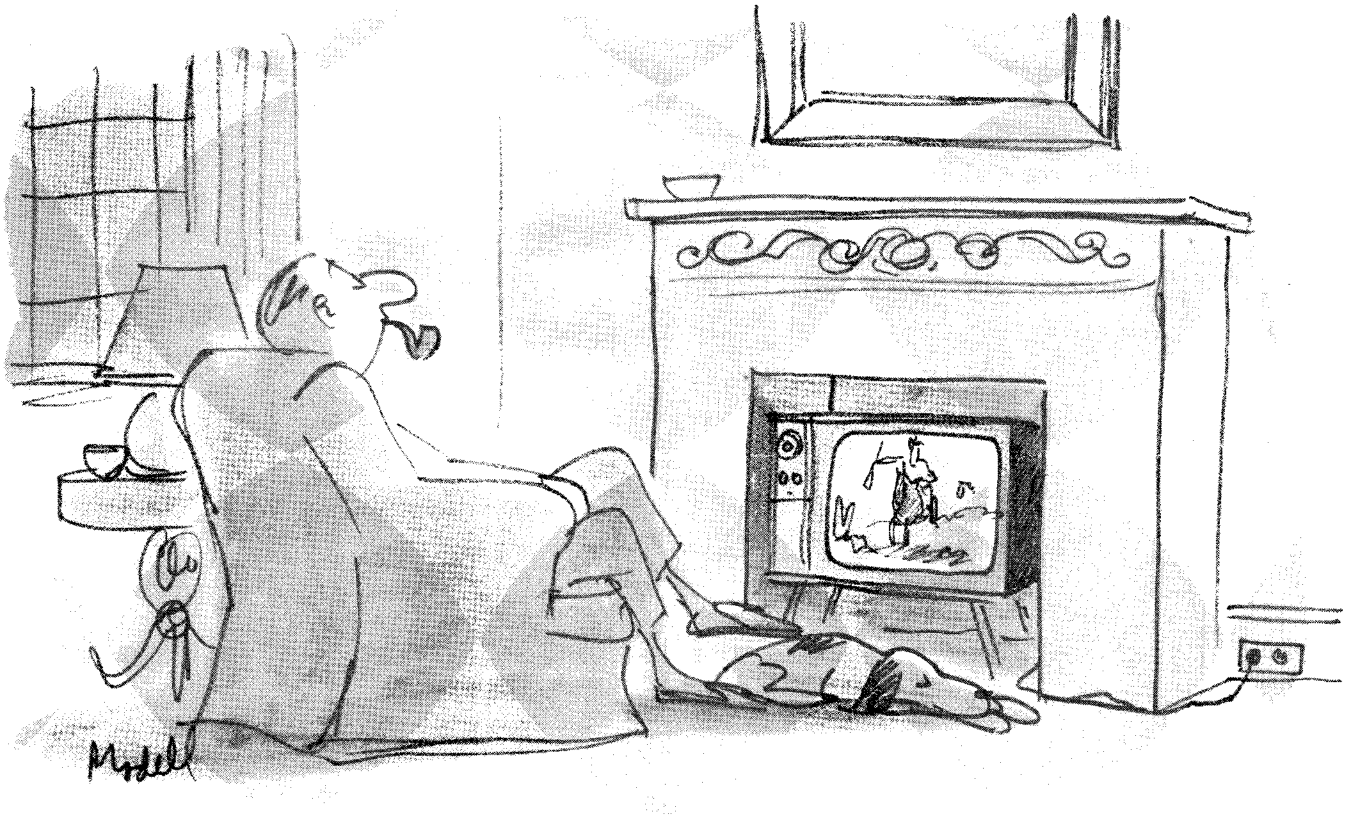
In the Park, the Sheep Meadow had the look of a military field hospital, bright with silver space blankets, ambulances, striped tents, and professional foot-fixers.

The New York City Marathon, reduced to its simplest, was a five-inch-wide, twenty-six-mile-long series of blue-painted hyphens, followed by nine thousand and eight hundred runners and two million aficionados.



Literacy

A SIMPLE and brief ceremony took place the other day in the office of Mina P. Shaughnessy, an associate dean of the City University of New York. Her office is on the fourth floor at the Board of Higher Education, on East Eightieth Street. A blackboard hangs on the wall inside the doorway; a window in the opposite wall overlooks the East River. Around the room there are Japanese prints, African carvings, a woodcut, a watercolor, and a map of New York City, and on this particular day there were also about twenty of Mrs. Shaughnessy's admirers, among them Joseph Duffey, the chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities. They had gathered to honor her work, which could be described as a complex quest for simplicity in the face of staggering incomprehensibility. Last year, the Oxford University Press published Mrs. Shaughnessy's book "Errors and Expectations," which is now being widely used by college English teachers who have confronted the reality that before they can introduce certain students to Spenser or Melville they must introduce them to the most rudimentary points of syntax, punctuation, spelling, subject-verb agreement, and, in some instances, penmanship. In 1967, Mrs. Shaughnessy, who was then an instructor in English at City College, began to teach remedial writing to underprepared students. By the time the City University inaugurated its open-admissions policy, three years later, it had become apparent to her that the requirements of literacy—the act of putting pen to paper, the act of opening a book—filled many of her students with a sense of apprehension and helplessness. They were not contemptuous of the written word; rather, they felt estranged from it, baffled by it, and, when they were suddenly immersed in an academic environment, afraid of it. In reading the often garbled placement essays of thousands of entering freshmen at City College, Mrs. Shaughnessy discovered what might be called a logic of error—in much the same way that a psychoanalyst probing randomness discovers patterns and meaning. "Errors and Expectations," however, is not a psychoanalytic tract. It is a guide for teaching basic writing to students who otherwise might not learn, who other-



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wise might be thought incapable of learning.

A recognition of Mrs. Shaughnessy's achievements is what brought Joseph Duffey to New York for the day, and with him he brought a signed and framed Presidential proclamation of International Literacy Day, 1978. Mrs. Shaughnessy is a tall, blond woman who moves with a dancer's grace. During the ceremony, however, she sat behind a table, with her hands clasped next to an arrangement of carnations and chrysanthemums, and listened patiently to praise from Mr. Duffey. "In some ways, I am here because I have been one of your students, too," Mr. Duffey said. "There are really two or three reasons that prompted me to want to come here and meet you and some of your colleagues. The first was the proclamation that President Carter signed in August announcing International Literacy Day. The interesting thing about this particular commemoration and about the way in which the proclamation was written is that it acknowledges that 'literacy' is not what it was in my childhood—something we talked about in a kind of missionary sense, as an international obligation. Rather, it is something we have to come to see in terms of our own society. Literacy has national as well as international implications, and we are learning about it from a great number of people in various parts of the world. The second interesting aspect of this commemoration turned out to be a realization on my part that I need to educate myself about the profession of teaching English and literature. In this process of educating myself, I kept coming across references to Mina Shaughnessy's work, and also to the work of teachers who feel that their classroom experiences present them with a challenge for which graduate school did not prepare them. One of the very few illuminations I have received about that challenge is from the writings of Mina Shaughnessy. Your work is a testimony to our concern not only for scholarship in humanities but for humanistic scholarship. I wanted personally to bring one of the original proclamations that President Carter signed. I think it expresses—beyond the walls of this great university—the appreciation of teachers and students for the work that you have done."

The people in the office applauded, Mrs. Shaughnessy thanked Mr. Duffey, there was more applause, and the gathering broke up into small groups. We joined one of these. Robert Marshak, the president of City College, was talking to Irving Howe, Distinguished Professor of English at the Graduate School of the City University. When we asked Mr. Howe to describe the importance of Mrs. Shaughnessy's work, he had no trouble finding the words. "The challenge is to teach people to read and then to write," he said. "Mina approached this with absolute faith in her ability to do the job. With her students, it's not as if you were starting from scratch. You're starting way beyond scratch. She assumes that there's a kind of coherence behind the jumble. She finds the coherence of idea and then enables students to see the way in which sentence structure enables coherence—to see that syntax isn't a notion handed down arbitrarily but a means of creating order through language. She's free of condescension. There's something absolutely straight about her." Mr. Howe glanced across the room to where Mrs. Shaughnessy was still seated. The Presidential proclamation lay on the table in front of her. "With the exception of Camp David," he said, "that proclamation is the best thing Carter has signed."

Action at Jo Jo's

"I'M taking disco-dancing lessons at Jo Jo's Dance Factory," our friend Lola Finkelstein said over the telephone to us. "After ten years of sitting around at parties and watching other people dance and let go and have fun, I'm now learning John Travolta's routine in 'Saturday Night Fever.' Jo Jo was the dance consultant for the movie. Jo Jo is now teaching *me*. In my own disco class, for me and my friends. Do you want to come and watch?"

"Sure," we said. "Where and when?"

"Jo Jo's Dance Factory. Broadway

at Fifty-fifth. Fourth floor. Two o'clock today."

"Any husbands?" we asked.

"No husbands," Lola said. "Mine abhors the sound. He resents the volume that disco music is played at. Susan's tells her she's taken leave of her senses. Harriet's doesn't mind but can't take the time away from business for himself. Dedette's has muscle problems. Susan can't make it today, but her friend Tamara is coming. So far, there are women only. Look. Last August, I went to a wedding where I watched a twelve-year-old boy dance Travolta-style with an eleven-year-old girl. Hips out. Shoulders forward. The arms. Up. Down. Up. Down. One-two-three-four. Ev-er-y-thing." Lola began counting and speaking with a Bee Gees-like beat. "If eleven- and twelve-year-old kids can do it, right off, like that, why can't you? That's what I said to myself last August, and that's what I now say to you."

We told Lola to count us in, and made our way to Jo Jo's, which occupies the entire fourth floor of a large building, over a supermarket and an automobile showroom. Lola was waiting for us in a reception area as we got out of the elevator. She was wearing a rust-colored velours warmup suit and was taking off her sneakers and putting on high-heeled, sling-backed, open-toed pumps. With her were her friends Harriet, who had on a green tweed skirt, a brown turtleneck sweater, and high-heeled, sling-backed, open-toed pumps, and Tamara, who had on a plaid wool skirt, a white T-shirt with a brown print, and gray suède boots with little tassels at the tops. All three of them looked chic, tall, eager, and ready for action. Several other pupils, looking sweaty, wandered around in the reception area, all of them wearing tights of one kind or another, and some wearing black T-shirts with "Jo Jo's Dance Factory" on them in silver, ankle warmers, and dancing shoes of various kinds. We were greeted by Mrs. Anna Grayson, an attractive, calm woman, who is Jo Jo's mother and is business manager of the Dance Factory. She gave us a quick briefing on Jo Jo, whose official name is Joseph Benjamin Smith.

"We always called him Jo Jo because his father is also named Joseph," Mrs. Grayson told us. "Jo Jo comes by dancing naturally. His father is now in construction in St. Louis, but he was a *great* tap-dancer. He taught the Nicholas Brothers tap-dancing. I was a dancer with the Katherine Dunham Dance Company for nine years. Katherine Dunham created a special dance routine for Jo Jo when he was thirteen. Now Jo Jo has a staff of ten teachers here, including his wife, Sue Samuels Smith. Their year-old baby girl, Elka, is around here a lot, too. Dancers in television and in Broadway shows take classes here daily to keep up with all that's new. And Jo Jo has a lot of stars as students. Barbra Streisand. People like that. This is called Jo Jo's Dance Factory because his first place, in 1971, on Fiftieth Street between Eleventh and Twelfth, was in a building that had all factories. There was a record-cover factory, a bookbinding factory, a window-shade factory—and so he called it his Dance Factory, and the name stuck."

Jo Jo himself emerged from a nearby studio at that point, and Lola, Harriet, and Tamara all stood a little straighter and taller. Jo Jo is a very amiable, ageless-looking man with a short, natural-cut Afro, a little mustache, and a little goatee. He was wearing white glove-leather boots with one-and-a-half-inch heels and a one-piece gray spandex suit called, he told us, a jazz suit.

"I'll have to get one of those suits," Lola said, with a laugh. "Maybe it will help my dancing."

"It makes you stand up tall," Jo Jo said cheerfully. "It makes you feel like you've got a physique. Not that all of *you* don't look like you've got great physiques."

"Thanks, Jo Jo," Harriet said wistfully.

We asked Jo Jo whether dancing was responsible for his physique, which looked one hundred per cent smooth and devoid of fat.

"That, and I'm very much into my health," Jo Jo said. "I'm five feet six inches tall, and I weigh one-thirty-two. I eat only vegetables and fruits. Tofu—things like that. No meat. No milk. I'm on a mucusless diet. I keep Elka on exactly the same diet, and she's never been sick. A few years ago, I was flat on my back. I couldn't *walk*, let alone dance. Doctors wanted to take my hip joints out and replace them with plastic. Then a friend sent me to a nutritionist, who put me on this diet. In two weeks, I was back on my feet. I not only watch my food but I stay away from smokers and smoking. You'll notice my 'No Smoking' signs here. I don't have smoking here, and I don't have air-conditioning. Air-conditioning in a dance studio is the worst. Well, shall we start to move?"

Jo Jo led the way into the largest of five studios. The room, about the size of the Winter Garden stage, was very light, with windows along one entire side and a wall of mirrors on the opposite side. A record-player and stacks of albums were at one end, along with a large playpen, which had Elka—curly-haired, toothy, and wearing a crisp little white dress—standing in it, looking at everybody expectantly. Jo Jo put on a record—"Come Get It!," by Rick James' Stone City Band.

"All right," Jo Jo

"No more Oktoberfests."

said. "Let's go." He smiled reassuringly.

Jo Jo faced the mirror, and everybody else lined up behind him. As the music started, he began to move: first the head moving separately from the neck; then the neck moving separately from the shoulders; then the shoulders moving separately from the torso; then the hips moving all by themselves; and then the legs. Step, one foot behind the other, fingers snapping, arms swinging. Open. Close. Snap. Foot behind. One-two. One-two. One-two. One-two.

Jo Jo looked marvellous, dancing beautifully. Head in the John Travolta attitude, hands extended and curled slightly, hips rolling gently, feet moving effortlessly. Lola concentrated completely but stopped herself every few steps. Harriet was serious and a bit stiff. Tamara put her hands on top of her hair, moving in imitation of Jo Jo but getting ahead of him in timing.

Lola stopped moving. "One question, Jo Jo," she said, raising her voice over the decibels. "How do you get it all together? The hands, the feet, the shoulders?"

"You can't measure it," Jo Jo said. "You're trying to compute it. It's only going to work if you put your whole system into it."

Elka, in her playpen, let out a loud gurgle over the music.

Jo Jo changed the record and took his place again in front of the mirror.

"Taking care of business, taking care of business, taking care of business," the singers sang on the new record.

"Look," Jo Jo said. "Step. Foot be-hind. Snap fingers. Swing arms. Open. Close. Snap fingers. Step behind. Think—open your feet at the same time you close your arms. Look, a slight bounce. It's *two* times now, each side. Look at my arms. Just barely touching my body as they swing. What you should be aware of is the phrasing of the music. The thing of the timing. Right on the beat. Just jump like this. That's all you have to do. Jump like this."

"That's *all*?" Harriet said. "Thanks, Jo Jo."

"I call this one the Boogie Down," Jo Jo said. "Look. Step forward. Hips. Right. Left. One-two-three-four. Then back. One-two-three-four. Now the hands. The *hands*. One up. The other up. One down. The other down. Up. Up. Down. Down. Turn the hands out, Tamara. It gives them a little more style."

Tamara turned her hands out, just like John Travolta's.

"Now the hips, the hips," Jo Jo said. "That's the motion, Lola."

"I'm very good with my hips," Lola said, in businesslike fashion.

"Right, Harriet. You did it," Jo Jo said, looking delighted. "Good, Harriet."

"I get it twice, and he says it's good," Harriet said. "Thanks, Jo Jo."

"Don't get discouraged," Jo Jo said. "Just remember, *I* didn't lock into it until I was *eighteen*."

"That *old*?" Harriet asked.

Jo Jo laughed. "Now the shoulders. Here we go with the shoulders."

"Life is a song worth singing," Teddy Pendergrass was singing on the record-player.

"Back, back, shoulders back," Jo Jo said. "That's *it*, Lola."

"Can't you get up on a dance floor and just do one thing at a time?" we asked Jo Jo. "*Think* of one thing at a time?"

"Sure," Lola answered for him, getting the shoulder motion down pat. "But then you can't say you went to Jo Jo's. You tuck your behind *under*, Harriet," Lola said. "*Under*."

"The hips," Jo Jo said, giving everybody his cheerful smile. "Do a variation with the hips. One-two-one-one. Add the footwork to that. One-two-one-one."

"I have it," Lola said. "I *have* it!"

Tamara stopped dancing and looked at her.

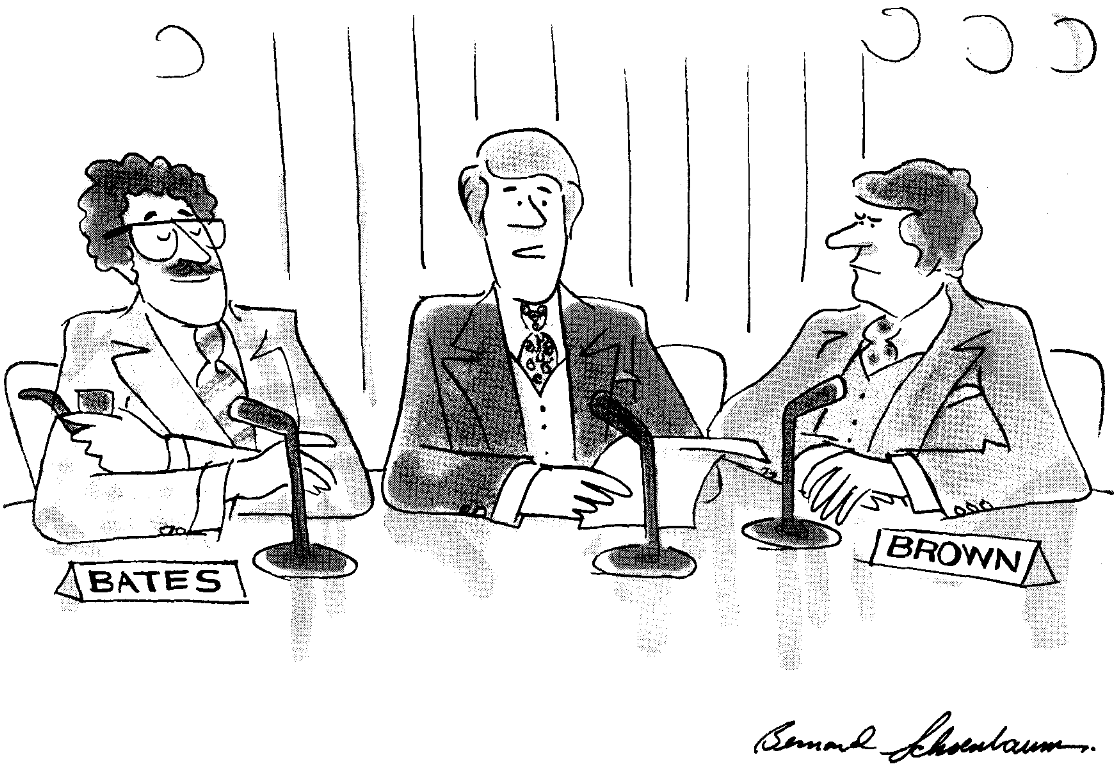
"I *had* it," Lola said. "I lost it."

The music stopped. Jo Jo turned around and looked with approval at his pupils.

"You're all getting there," he said.

"All I need is one routine—all I want is one routine that I can do at a party," Lola said. "I forgot to tell you, Jo Jo. I went to a charity dinner the other night. At the end of it, some friends said they were going to Doubles for a drink, and asked me to join them. Ordinarily, I would have said good night. This time, I joined them. I found the atmosphere there pleasant, and I was happy to be there listening to the music. One of the men asked me to dance, and I explained that I was just a beginner. I accepted, however, and, walking to the dance floor, I thought about what I had heard that afternoon, on the radio. I had listened to an expert talk about disco-dancing damage. Slipping. Falling. Throwing your back out. Rupturing your eardrums. Then I was moving to the beat. I didn't do a single thing you taught me, Jo Jo. But I was dancing. I was moving. I don't know what I did, but I loved it."

Jo Jo beamed at her. "You're right on top of it, girl," he said.



"I've been informed that if in the course of the debate Mr. Bates has nothing nice to say he will say nothing at all."

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ONE ORDER OF BLINTZES, AND HOLD THE FLIMFLAM

A LIGHT rain was falling on the just and the unjust alike, and my cheeks glowed like twin pippins that February evening when I flung open the door of Cooper's Dairy Restaurant, on the lower East Side, and paused for breath. If my rosy flush suggested anticipation for the cuisine within, it was illusory; the operatic entrance and heaving bosom arose from overexertion. Dining at Cooper's demands a sprint along one of the most sinister crosstown blocks in New York—so fearsome, in fact, that it was chosen for a bloodcurdling sequence in the film "Taxi Driver," and he who would arrive with wallet and skin intact must be as fleet as the chamois. Except for the horns, knock wood, I was that chamois.

My quick survey of the interior was reassuring. A few somnolent patrons lingered at the Formica-topped tables, and, selecting the remotest—of the tables, that is; only a Rorschach could have evaluated the patrons—I spread my paperback against a hillock of seed rolls and prepared to consume my meal in peace. Everything boded well; the waiter's face wore its customary expression of gloomy martyrdom, the borscht had slopped over the bowl as tradition requires, and I settled down to the anthology of Simenon in the certitude that nothing on earth aids digestion like a velvety mixture of beets, sour cream, and murder.

Ten minutes into the mélange, the first streaks of dawn had silvered the windows of the Police Judiciaire on the Quai des Orfèvres, Maigret's brow was furrowed into corduroy over the strangulation of a prostitute in the Rue de Lappe, and naught but a telltale red smear remained where once was borscht. Then a deep, rather peremptory voice jerked me back into the present.

"Mind if I sit here, friend? They've closed the other section."

Had Maigret himself suddenly appeared in Cooper's and busted me for garrotting the *nymphe du pavé*, it would have surprised me less than the speaker. His corpulent figure was encased in a mink-collared overcoat set off by a midnight-blue homburg, and as he negligently drew off gray gloves and rested his malacca stick and alligator attaché case on a chair, I found my tongue with an effort.

"Er—no, of course not. I'm just boning up for my exam."

"Oh?" A hint of condescension tinged his paternal smile. "You're a student, are you?"

Too grizzled to masquerade as a rookie at the Police Academy, I opted for a safer identity. "Extension course at the New School," I said briefly, plucking a salt stengel from the bread basket. "Detective Fiction Since Edgar Allan Poe."

"Interesting," he commented. His smile broadened. "I suppose it's taught you a whole lot about the criminal mind?"

"I know plenty already," I said. "The business I'm in, Mac, you have to be a pretty shrewd judge of human nature."

"And what is that?" he asked, twinkling down from Parnassus.

"Yard goods," I said. "You know, mill ends and remnants—me and my brother run a store on Fourteenth Street. Boy, do we skin those Porto Ricans!"

It could have been my imagination, but from where I sat I heard a muffled click. In a flash, the grand-seigneurial manner switched to a wet shine in the eyes which was pure larceny. As he leaned forward intently, he came into focus—J. Rufus Wallingford, urging me to become expansive.

"I guess you two do all right there."

"You can say that again." I hooked thumbs into armpits. "Got a split-level rancher in Great Neck that cost three-fifty big ones, a Caddy Seville, and a paid-up annuity worth four hundred grand. I could quit tomorrow, except I still enjoy raking it in."

"It's his fortieth birthday. I'm looking for something natural."

Our waiter, arms akimbo and stony-faced, had forborne to interrupt, but now his impatience, like the borscht, bubbled over. "Please, we're not running here a retirement village. Did you decide?"

"Ah, yes, yes, I must order." My tablemate caught up the menu and scanned it with obvious incomprehension. "Protose steak . . . eggplant cutlets . . . I don't recognize any of these dishes. Is this some kind of ethnic place?"

"Well, sort of—they get a good many Albanians. Bring me an order of cheese blintzes and a glass tea."

"Cheese blintzes?" the stranger repeated doubtfully. "What are they?"

"Crêpes, dumplings. Little sachets of heartburn which lay on the stomach like lead. They come with blueberries and cherries if you prefer."

"Fine, fine. I'll have the same." His computer, plainly, was still calculating my net worth, which must have come up trumps, for he launched straightaway into the capework. "Sorry, I should have introduced

myself. J. Willis Wainwright, vice-president of the Gripfast Mucilage Company, in Ashtabula."

"Jud Kluckhorn," I responded.

"A pleasure to meet you, sir. Say, I knew a Kluckhorn once—a fry cook at a lumber camp in Manitoba. Fritz Kluckhorn, a great fellow."

"No relation, but all us Kluckhorns are kooks. Ah-ha-ha."

"Ah-ha-ha. But to turn serious for a moment. You know, we do a lot of business in England, so I often see their newspapers. Are you familiar with the London *Times*? . . . Too bad. They run some marvellous crime stories—just the kind you're studying. However, that's beside the point." He withdrew a folded clipping. "Have a peek at this article they printed the other day."

Headlined "SAUDI PAYS £8.8M FOR WILDENSTEIN COLLECTION," the account read, "The Wildenstein family collection of French furniture and works of art, considered by the art world more distinguished than that of Mentmore, has been acquired by a Saudi Arabian businessman, Mr. Akram Ojjeh, for 75m francs (£8.8 m). Last week it was announced that he had bought The France, the transatlantic liner, for 80m francs. He now plans to combine his two purchases, exhibiting the 202 superb Wildenstein items on board The France, according to the Lebanese weekly, *As Sayad*. The liner will be anchored off the coast of Florida and probably run as an hotel. According to Reuter and Agence France-Presse, Mr. Ojjeh was born in Syria and became a naturalized Saudi citizen in 1950. His fortune appears to be based on his company, Technique d'Avant Garde Finance, hitherto noted for high quality prefabricated buildings. The company has had several very large contracts in Saudi Arabia and is believed to have connexions with the Royal Family."

"Like wow, man," I said, wide-eyed. "That's going to be some hotel. Maybe I'll take Bernice and the kids there someday instead of the Fontainebleau."

"Yes siree, and you'll be able to afford it!" Wainwright declared. "Why do I say that? I'll tell you why I say that. Because you're going to be one of the owners!"

I stared at him, incredulous. "I am?"

"Sure—right up there with the biggies." He cast a hurried glance about. "Better lower our voices—that waiter's snooping around. I can't go into the fine points right now, but here's the action. Through a source I'm not at liberty to disclose, I've learned that this Saudi, this Akram Ojjeh, is underfinanced. He's in a sticky position—the banks are holding a lot of his paper."

"You don't say. Did they tell you?"

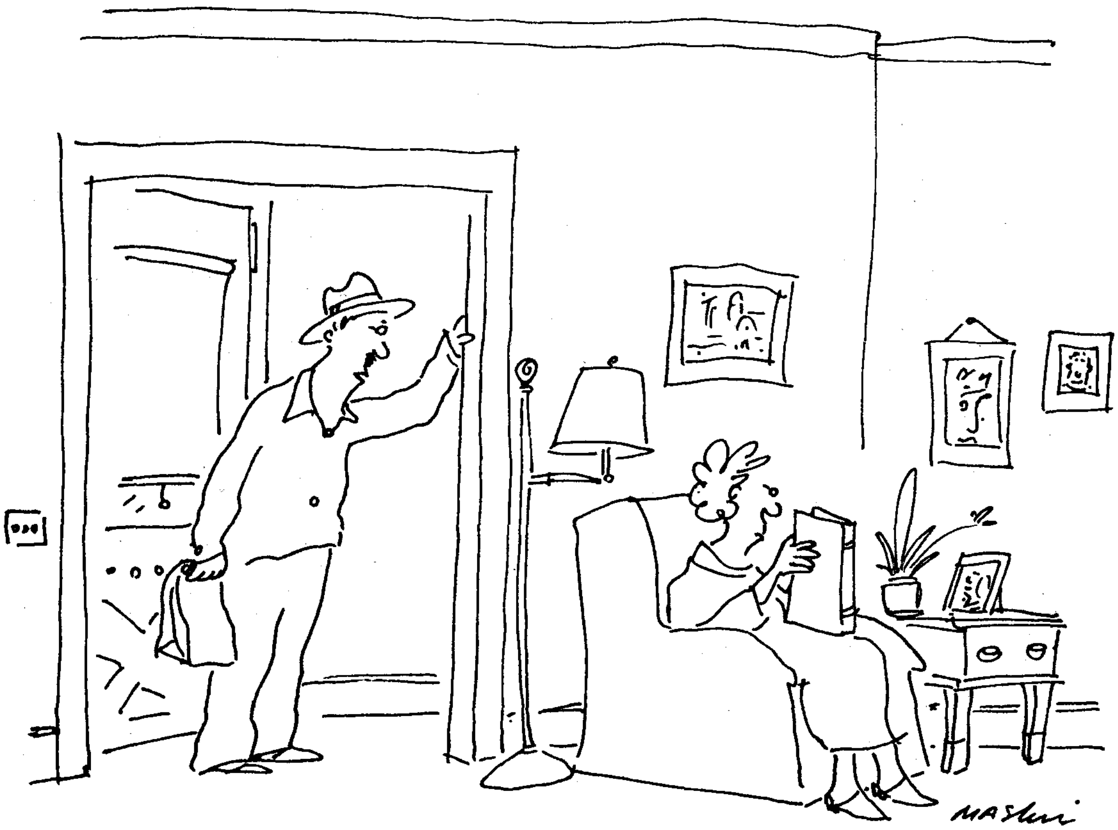
"Nobody has to. I'm in the mucilage business, man. Paper, mucilage, accountancy—it's all related."

"You mean one accountant tells another," I murmured craftily.

"I knew I couldn't keep anything from a sly fox like you. Now, you're a smart businessman, Kluckhorn. Given his situation, what would you do?"

I pondered. "Well, I'd take back the paper and print on it 'Fire Sale' in big letters. Then I'd hang up a bunch of schmattes outside our store on Fourteenth Street."

"God almighty, what's eating you?" Wainwright snapped. "This is a deal involving millions, not like that flytrap of yours." He quailed as my face darkened. "Er—excuse me, no disrespect intended. What I'm getting at is, several associates and I have formed a little syndicate to help Mr. Ojjeh out of his difficulties. Each of us is contributing a hundred and seventy-five



"I'm late, you're angry—we quarrel."

thousand dollars to the pot, in return for which we receive fifty-one per cent of the hotel stock. You follow?"

"Yes, but talk slower, I'm afraid I'll miss something. Do you think— I mean, if an outsider—" I swallowed and plunged ahead. "Is there room for just one more investor in the syndicate?"

"Well, I'd have to consult my partners in the consortium, naturally, but I think we might be able to squeeze you in. Time, however, is of the essence, so if I could have a small check as evidence of your good faith . . ."

"About how much did you figure?"

He sponged the trickle of saliva from his necktie. "Oh, the amount is academic—we'd put it in escrow until the formal agreement's signed. Say about half—ninety thousand dollars."

"Hmm, that's not chopped liver— Oops, did you hear that? I mentioned chopped liver in a dairy restaurant!"

"I heard it," he said shortly. "Well, what's the answer? Are you coming in? I have to cable Lausanne."

"Wait, don't rush me. . . . Ninety thousand dollars. . . . No, I'd like to talk it over with my brother first."

"Is that all?" His sudden gaiety was almost infectious. "Why don't we pop over and see him together?"

"Oh, we can't do that." I drew back. "He's in intensive care at Beth Israel Hospital. He was freezing a bunion on his foot with dry ice. It burned a hole in the floor and he fell into the cellar."

Wainwright stared at me fixedly for a moment. "Would you mind just repeating that?"

"No, I couldn't bear to," I said decisively. "It's too painful. But I'll tell you what. You've been so generous that I'm going to squeeze *you* in on something. From time to time, I experience what are called reading reversals, and I had one a moment ago when you showed me that clipping."

"Look here, Kluckhorn," he began, inflating himself like a blowfish. "I fail to see what connection—"

"It'll dawn on you presently," I assured him. "Pray, examine the name of this Saudi gentleman you're befriending—Akram Ojjeh. If you reverse it, as I did, you will get 'hejjo marka.' Substituting two letters and eliding one, it becomes 'hello mark,' and since 'mark' is the usual synonym in your calling for a chump or a pigeon, we obtain the answer to your proposal. Do you remember Texas Guinan's renowned salutation to customers at her night club, 'Hello, sucker!'?"

His face slowly turned ruddier—a phenomenon almost impossible to credit. "Are you by any chance—" he sputtered and then checked himself. "Are you alleging that my associates and I are a pack of swindlers?"

"Hardly," I replied. "To do so would usurp the function of a district attorney. Besides, I question the collective term 'pack' that you employ. While eminently proper for hounds or wolves, would it not be more accurate to describe yourselves as a goniff of swindlers?"

"Listen, wise guy," he burst forth threateningly. "Don't play games with me!"

"Wainwright, be reasonable," I chided him. "One minute you're courting me to join your caper; the next you flatly reject me. Vacillation like that can mean only one thing—our brief love affair is over. I must ask you to leave this table."

For years, despite the assurances of popular fiction, I always doubted whether overwrought individuals gave vent to their feelings with a frustrated "Bah!" and stormed out, but now it was confirmed. With a frustrated "Bah!," Wainwright snatched up his impedimenta and tore out of Cooper's like a shot off a shovel. Simultaneously, our waiter emerged from the kitchen juggling two plates and a glass of tea.

"Hoo ha!" he exclaimed, mystified. "Where's the other party? Did he lose his appetite?"

"No, his impetus, I'd say."

"Well, I'll look around under the tables," he promised. "Meantime, what about his blintzes? Could you eat them, too?"

I shook my head.

"Then maybe you'll take them with you?"

"O.K.," I agreed, "but don't wrap them. I'll need them as weapons on the run home."

That's the great thing about Cooper's. Between the food and the trip there and back, you may not survive. Still, you meet some very unusual people. —S. J. PERELMAN

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Shapp hurriedly called a news conference and characterized Kane's remarks as the "swan song of a dead duck."
—Pittsburgh Press.

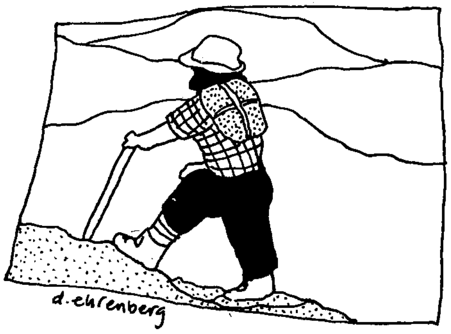
Or a silly goose.

AN INFLUX OF POETS

THAT awful summer! Every poet in America came to stay with us. It was the first summer after the war, when people once again had gasoline and could go where they liked, and all those poets came to our house in Maine and stayed for weeks at a stretch, bringing wives or mistresses with whom they quarrelled, and complaining so vividly about the wives and mistresses they'd left, or had been left by, that the discards were real presences, swelling the ranks, stretching the house, *my* house (my very own, my first and very own), to its seams. At night, after supper, they'd read from their own works until four o'clock in the morning, drinking Cuba Libres. They never listened to one another; they were preoccupied with waiting for their turn. And I'd have to stay up and clear out the living room after they went soddenly to bed—sodden but not too far gone to lose their conceit. And then all day I'd cook and wash the dishes and chop the ice and weed the garden and type my husband's poems and quarrel with him. I had met Theron Maybank in Adams, Colorado, five years earlier at a writers' conference at Neville University, where, as a graduate student, I was serving on the arrangements committee. Theron had left his native Boston for his first trip West in order to meet the famous and reclusive American poet Fitzhugh Burr, who had agreed to make a rare public appearance on the campus. I found Theron's brilliant talk and dark good looks somehow reminiscent of the young Nathaniel Hawthorne. We were married in Adams a few weeks after the conference ended, and left one week later for Baton Rouge.

On the Labor Day weekend the well went dry: a death rattle shook every pipe in the house, there was a kind of bleating sound, and then a sigh. Three poets—one with a wife—were in residence at the time, and so was Minnie Rosoff, just divorced from Jered Zumwalt, the bard of Harvard, Canarsie-born. The well went dry, and Evan and Lucia Bronson left the next day, taking Harry Matthews with them back to Princeton. They had been guests for three full weeks, and the reading of poetry had been perpetual. Lucia and I were kept at our typewriters typing Evan's and Theron's poems as they wrote them; it seemed to us they wrote at the speed of light, but this was not so. They were snail-paced (oh, I admit they were brilliant poets, if you happen to be interested in that sort of thing), but if they changed an "a" to a "the" the whole sonnet had to be typed over again. And I grant that such a change can make all the difference in the world (if, that is, you happen to be a poet or a lover of poetry), but why couldn't the alteration be made by hand? Meanwhile, down in the finished room in the lower part of the barn, Harry Matthews, whose precocious glitter eventually came to nothing—he was forgotten soon after his first book appeared—really *was* writing like greased lightning.

And then at night the ladies of the house sat in my pretty parlor (*my* parlor! My own! I bought the house, I bought the furniture, the student lamps, the cachepots, the milk-glass bowls I used for water lilies from the lake—Theron and I had got to Maine before the antique dealers, and there were still big old ramshackle firetraps called "secondhand stores," generally owned by men whose real income came from undertaking), listening to the poets listen to themselves and not to one another. What Lucia thought about I couldn't guess; we did not know each other as friends—only as the wives of young poets—but I know that my own mind strayed, browsing in fields far distant from those bounded by the barbed-wire fences (some of them electric) of my marriage. I was a child back in Missouri, in my grandfather's Sunday punishment room, listening to Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," scared and rebellious and disloyally bored. Usually, to be sure, I took a drink as the poetry was read, but drink didn't help; if I'd been out in the kitchen by myself, drinking that emetic compound of rum and Coca-Cola, I would have been at peace, staring into space and dreaming of what my life could have been if I had married someone else, or what it still could be if Theron drowned, perhaps, in the lake behind my house or in the tidal river in front of it. But I was in this throng of litterateurs (three poets in one medium-sized room constitute a multitude), enjoying nothing. I never did, even afterward, know what Lucia was thinking. But Minnie Rosoff was agape, adoring and adorable, loving them all, especially my husband, and, because she was so obvious, mendaciously flattering me.



I had been in Boston the day Minnie came to begin her visit with us; the Bronsons had gone down the coast to stay with friends for a few days. (They came back to us, of course—there was more poetry in *our* house, and they would be there when the well gave up the ghost.) Just back from Nevada, where she had divorced Jerry Zumwalt, Minnie had been moving slowly down the coast of Maine, alighting like a bird to charm and sing in other houses, making her carefree passage in other people's motorcars and other people's boats. She came to us, quixotically and at the expense of her last host, in a Piper Cub, landing on an island in Hawthorne Lake, behind us, flown there by a Seabee so stricken with her that he loitered in the village several days afterward. If I had been there when she came, the outcome of my marriage would, I daresay, have been the same, but the end of it would probably not have come so soon. Certainly it would not have been so humiliating, so banal, so sandy to my teeth. But I was not there on that beautiful afternoon when her blithe plane banked and came bobbing to rest on Loon Islet and she came swimming to our landing.

I'd gone to Boston two days before to try to learn the reason for the headaches that daily harrowed me. I knew they came from something more than rum, and I knew—although I did not want to know—that I could not honestly attribute them to too many iambs and too many dithyrambic self-congratulations by the baby bards. (Though they were no longer enfants terribles, the blood of despots was in their veins and they would very soon usurp their elders' thrones and their dominions.) When I came back to Edwards Mills, depleted by the dark and heavy heat of Boston, dirty from the train, I found Minnie and Theron sitting in the garden in the perishing day like a Watteau summer idyll, already so advanced in their lore (infatuation acquires its history and literature in minutes) that they were beyond the need of language and were listening, as they drank mint juleps from my silver goblets, to the phonograph playing in the living room, playing Scarlatti sonatas, my favorites, which Theron theretofore had barely tolerated, preferring the music of Beethoven, which, he said, showing off, was "impeccably flatulent—all bawdy hoydens and horny knaves," adding, "He's the Bruegel of music."

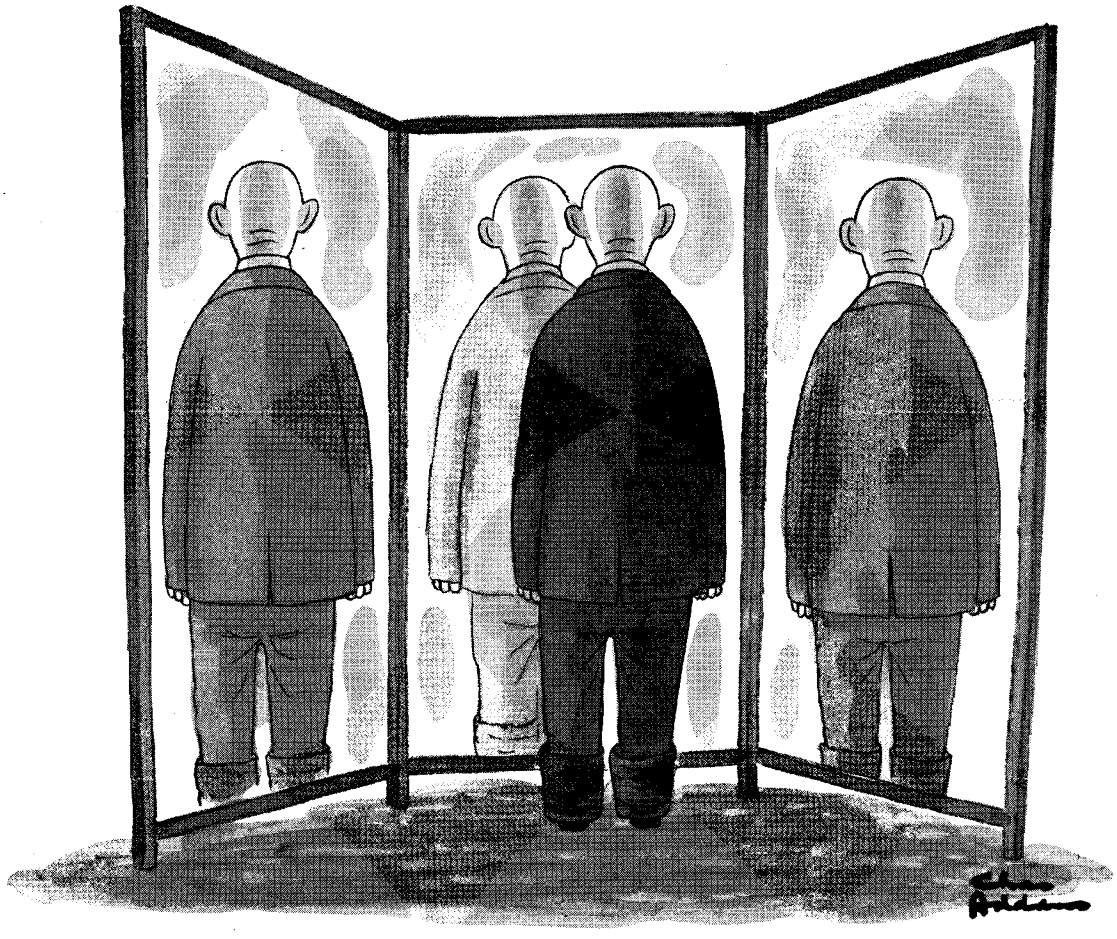
I did not at that moment apprehend the reason for their blissful circumstance; I saw only that they *were* blissful, and I envied their simple pleasure in the cool air and the light waning to violet and the smell of the flowers and the feeling of the icy dew on the goblets they held, all bespangled with the wit of the harpsichord. Soon there would be fireflies.

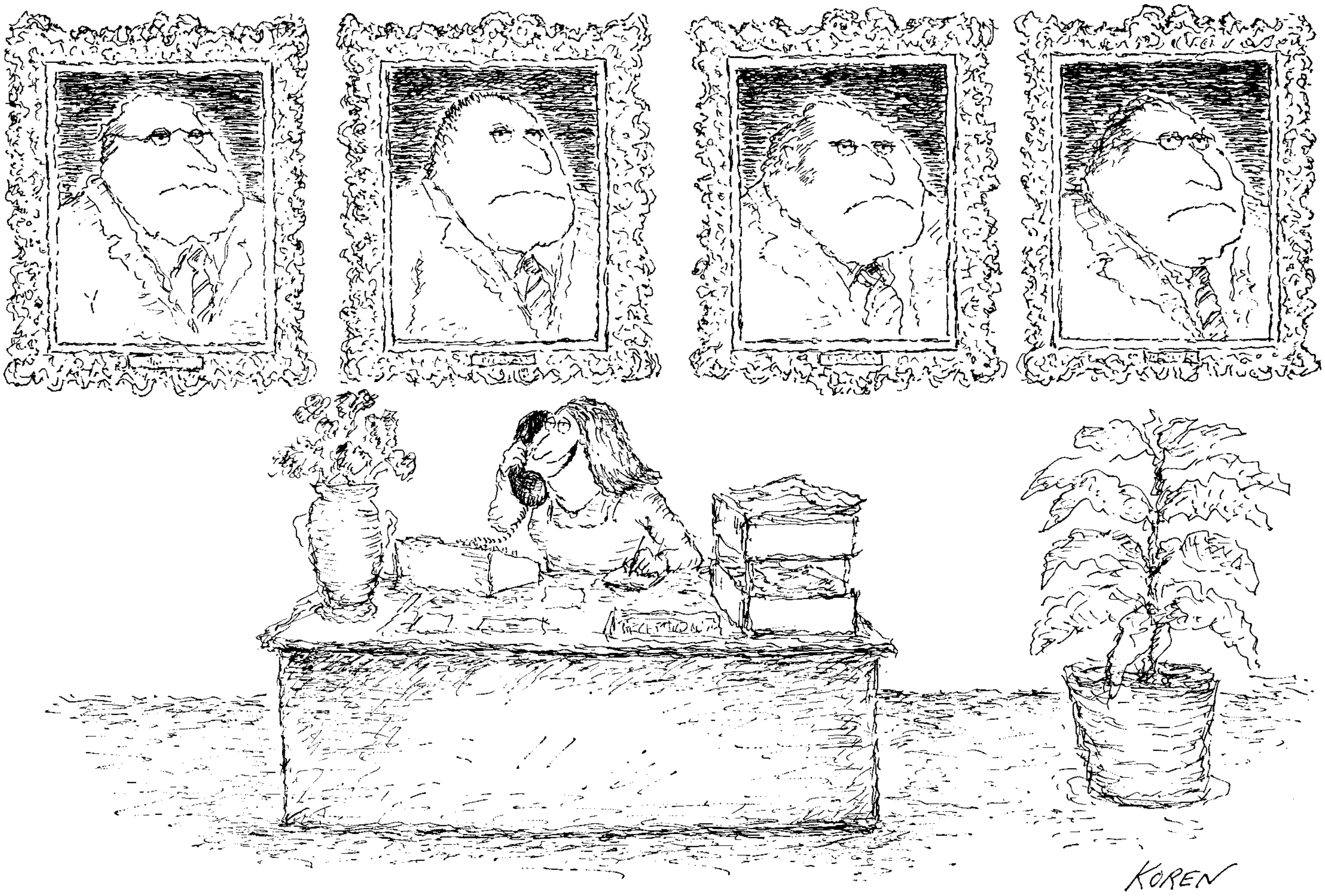
As I paused at the door without their knowledge of my looking at them, I saw Theron not as the husband I loved to despair and hated to the point of murder—the man I wanted to flee because, in failing to commit myself entirely to him, I knew he would not commit himself to me; I saw him only as a thin, dark, tall, large-headed genius, complementing by his differences of stature and structure the pretty, small, dark, *zaftig* girl who was luring and foiling my silver tabby cat with a piece of string to which she had tied a small green pinecone. At first the tableau—except for the gentle swinging of the impromptu toy and the contraction of my cat's withers as she prepared to spring, the scene was motionless—eased me, made me think, "I'm not done for yet if I can still get this far outside myself to be made so happy by so slight a scene," and then, suddenly, I sickened and felt gross and smutted, alien, and I remembered the blunt, brusque doctor, prejudiced against me by my having come to him at the apex of the humid day, saying to me without compassion and without interest, "Considering your symptoms and your history, I can do nothing but advise you to see a psychoanalyst."

I had not expected Minnie until dinnertime. All the way from Boston on the East Wind, steeling myself with drink (and, as I steeled, softening my headlong nerves), I had planned how I would tell Theron of Dr. Lowebridge's recommendation, one that I knew he would greet with an admixture of contempt and complacence, for while he despised psychiatry—he despised medicine in general—he had many times ended our vicious quarrels with the reminder that if what I had told him about my father (whom he had never met) was the truth, my mental heritage was doubtless suspect and I was *immoral* not to be examined by someone competent to navigate the eccentric meanders of my mind. ("What meanders?" I demanded. He would only smile and roll back his eyes, and I would go mad with rage and terror.) I dreaded equally his satisfaction and his indifference: whether he crowed or shrugged, he would undermine me, he would cripple me and make me mute, for latterly I had so feared the smile that when I sensed it coming I would say nothing more and bear his scorn, his lofty, hidebound disapproval, as if I were an uppity field hand getting what was coming to me.

Dr. Lowebridge's prescription for me was, I thought, appalling; it had taken my breath away. How could these brutish headaches and this lurching nausea have their genesis in my mind? It was preposterous. Still, there had been compensations in the advice—if, that is, I decided to follow it—and I had dimly seen a way that it might suspend my struggle with Theron for a while. He was, despite his eccentricities and his rebellion, an intransigently conventional man; thus his diehard repudiation of psychiatry as poppycock, a Viennese chicanery devised to bilk idle women and hypochondriacal men. After accepting Dr. Lowebridge's diagnosis, Theron was almost bound to send me to New York lest the news that I was "mental" be noised about in Boston, and such a separation, justified and temporary, was what I had prayed for all these stewed and sleeplessly stewing nights of summer.

I meant (this had been my plan on the train) to come to him suppliantly with the news, to come in such humility and courage that he could not fail to console and support me and, seeing my need, would leave off his snobberies. I had intended to be wifely and womanly, freshly bathed and wearing my most floating dress when I appeared, my hair done blamelessly and as he liked it, in braids around my head, my external integument past any criticism. I would jocosely take his side against me; I would seriously assume all responsibility for our antagonisms and would hold out hope (I had no hope at all) for their extirpation. Simply to be away from him, I thought, would signal the beginning of the end of my nightmare. I was glad that our conversation would not be long but must be suspended with Minnie's arrival and with the proprieties of dinner, to which I had invited three





"Good morning. Kirk, Kirk, Kirk & Kirk."

• •

guests. I had got home in good time, just after five, for an hour of dress rehearsal, but Minnie's being there already, and as if she'd been there for weeks, or even years, deflected the course of my strategy and sent me astray into a wilderness of confusion and shame and embarrassment.

I stepped down into my own garden as if *I* were a guest, related only by the kind amenities of my hostess to the cat, to the roses, and to the man—who, barely looking at me, said, "I called off dinner because I knew you'd be tired. Besides, Minnie didn't want to dress."

Perhaps my deepest, longest lingering dismay began then, in that kind of panoramic view of his whole history which is supposed to flash before the eyes of a man drowning or hurtling to his death from a great altitude. I gasped, looking at Minnie Rosoff in her sleek, chic negligee of white linen shorts and a long-sleeved pale-blue shirt with bogus-emerald Chanel cufflinks; my city black was wrinkled, ash-smudged, my hands were swollen and red from the heat and black from the train, too clumsy for the cat's casual and elegant toy (Colette would have devised such a thing) or for the silver goblets. My smile for this woman became a green schoolgirl's grin; I blushed, I stumbled toward a canvas chair, and when Minnie Rosoff said, "Theron, do make a drink for your poor exhausted wife," I felt like a traveller who had just debarked from steerage and who, through some unthinkable mistake, had got into the first-class customs line.

With his back to me, as if he could not bear the sight of me, my husband said, "You don't mind that I called off dinner?"

I minded very much, but I smiled, and, for the sake of our guest, I was polite and thanked him warmly, and I said, "In that case, we can have our supper on trays out here."

"Minnie would like to take a picnic to Loon," he said. "She wants to see the Cub Scout again."

"*Piper Cub,* you goose!" cried Minnie, and laughed the infant, fluting laugh that had heretofore enchanted me as it had everyone she knew. "But Cora doesn't know how I got here! I flew down from Castine in a *wee* plane, like a kite exactly. With such a sweet boy, and the plane is still on that *tiny* island. The moon will be full—it's summertime! Say that you want a picnic, sweetie!"

Theron gave me no chance to sanction or to veto the picnic, which I did not want—which seemed to me unbearably boisterous. He said, "Cora can't row and can't swim, and she's got a thing about small boats."

"Oh, poor lamb," said Minnie. "But with two of us to save you you'll be perfectly safe." And she tried to persuade me with those arguments, logical and sensible, with which people who are not sufferers themselves try to subdue a phobia in someone else. "But it's only a garter snake," they say. "It can't possibly hurt you." And the ophidiophobe repeats that his horror comes not from the venom or the size of the snake but from the movement and the shape and the especial *essence* of the creature, and that he recognizes but cannot help his irrationality. Thus, my fear of water (not of drowning, not of what the water would do to me, but an aboriginal, a prehistoric fear, but prehistoric in the present tense, of the nature of water and its antiquity and its secrecy) could in no way be diminished by Minnie's assurances that the lake was not deep at our end, that she had had experience in giving artificial respiration, that our dory was as safe as houses (so they'd been rowing earlier among the lily pads?), that she could have the pilot of the Piper Cub bring over a Mae West for me. The more she tried to persuade me, the more stubbornly I resisted, until finally I was angry, protective of this neurosis—which, in point of fact, had been a nuisance and an impediment to me all my life and one I would have given anything to be delivered from.

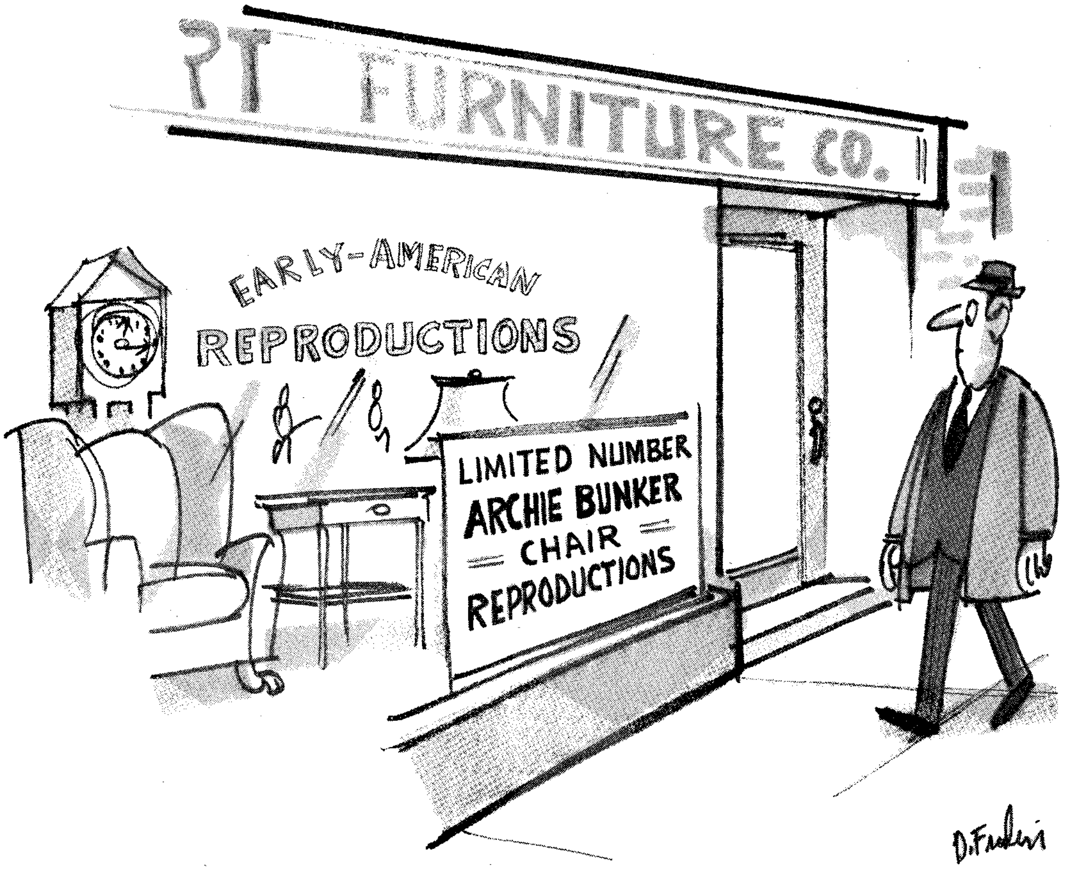
Theron remained silent, and while once I might have been grateful that he did not add to my discomfort by teasing me, now I was suspicious: his faint smile, the way in which his gaze followed the capers of the cat and never fell on me, although occasionally it did on Minnie, still moving the pinecone like a pendulum, baffled me. I had often thought that when I was out of his sight I was literally out of his mind, that he never imagined me as I might be in a train or in a strange hotel, as I always imagined him when he was away from home. I had never felt myself to be so far away from him—as if we were separated by many actual miles—as I did this early evening when I sat opposite him in the garden, three feet away, conjoined by our house (mine! Remember, Cora Savage, if you forget all else, that this is *your* house), our cat, and the inveigling voice of Minnie Rosoff. I did not understand his silence; I was alarmed, for in my misery I was wholly egocentric and looked on every act as being related in some way to me. What was the motive that caused him to hold his peace instead of bolstering Minnie's arguments with impatient ones of his own? And what on earth possessed him, when at last she gave up and he went in to make me a drink, to make it double strength, when all summer he had denied or rationed me with public frowns and headshakes that had made my blood boil? "What the bleeding hell?" I'd yell at him. "You drink as much as I do. You drink more!" and he'd reply, "A difference of upbringing, dear—no more than that. I learned to drink at home in the drawing room, so I know how. No fault of yours—just bad luck. You don't drink well, dear. Not well at all."

When he gave me my triple hemlock on crushed ice, bedizened with a spray of mint, he said, "Minnie and I will have our picnic. You can stay here. Will you make us some sandwiches, Cozy Cora? Please? Pretty please with sugar on it?"

I put my drink down on the grass beside my chair and stood up and took my cat into my arms and buried my face in her satiny flank. She was bored with the game anyhow, and when I sat down again she curled serenely into my lap.

"You are my cat," I said. "You are my personal cat." At the sound of my voice she looked up and blinked her Mediterranean green-blue eyes. Always literary, Theron had named her Anna Livia Plurabelle, and she was known as Livvy for short. "You are my cat," I repeated, "and from now on your name is Pretty Baby."

AFTER Minnie and Theron had gone down through the meadow with their picnic basket and a bottle of wine I had brought up from the well, I sat for some time in the garden, unthinking, trying to count the short, soft beams of the magic fireflies. (Each Fourth of July night at Granny Savage's house in Missouri, before we moved to Colorado, my father had caught fireflies in one of Mama's hairnets and draped it over my older sister Abigail's head. The green, and sometimes blue and sometimes violet, lights went on and off among her dark-red curls and, to please her idol, she would twirl around, swoop down, and then rise up on her toes. "By George, what's this we have?" exclaimed my father. "Queen Mab herself! Titania!" Mama laughed and clapped, and my younger brother, Randall, giggling and howling like a wolf, would chase her. We'd see them weaving in and out among the willow trees and the acacias. The trapped fireflies attracted others, and my brother and sister were enveloped in a mist of stars. I wanted a halo, too, but there was no other hairnet, and when I stamped my foot and shouted, "It isn't *fair!*" Mama tried to soothe me, saying, "Never mind. You can put it on when Abigail is through.") I postponed going to bed, the more to savor the sleep I knew awaited me. For a long time now, I had not been able really to sleep unless there was a moon. I could not close my eyes until the fallow light overtook the serious country darkness on the windowpanes and consolingly revealed to me familiar objects in the room—my wrapper thrown over the blue velvet slipper chair, the silver-birch logs lying across the andirons on the tiny hearth, the Quimper pitcher on the mantelpiece which I kept full of wild flowers. And then, almost at once, after this last look, my eyelids would close, cherishing the warmth and love of sleep, my breathing would deepen, I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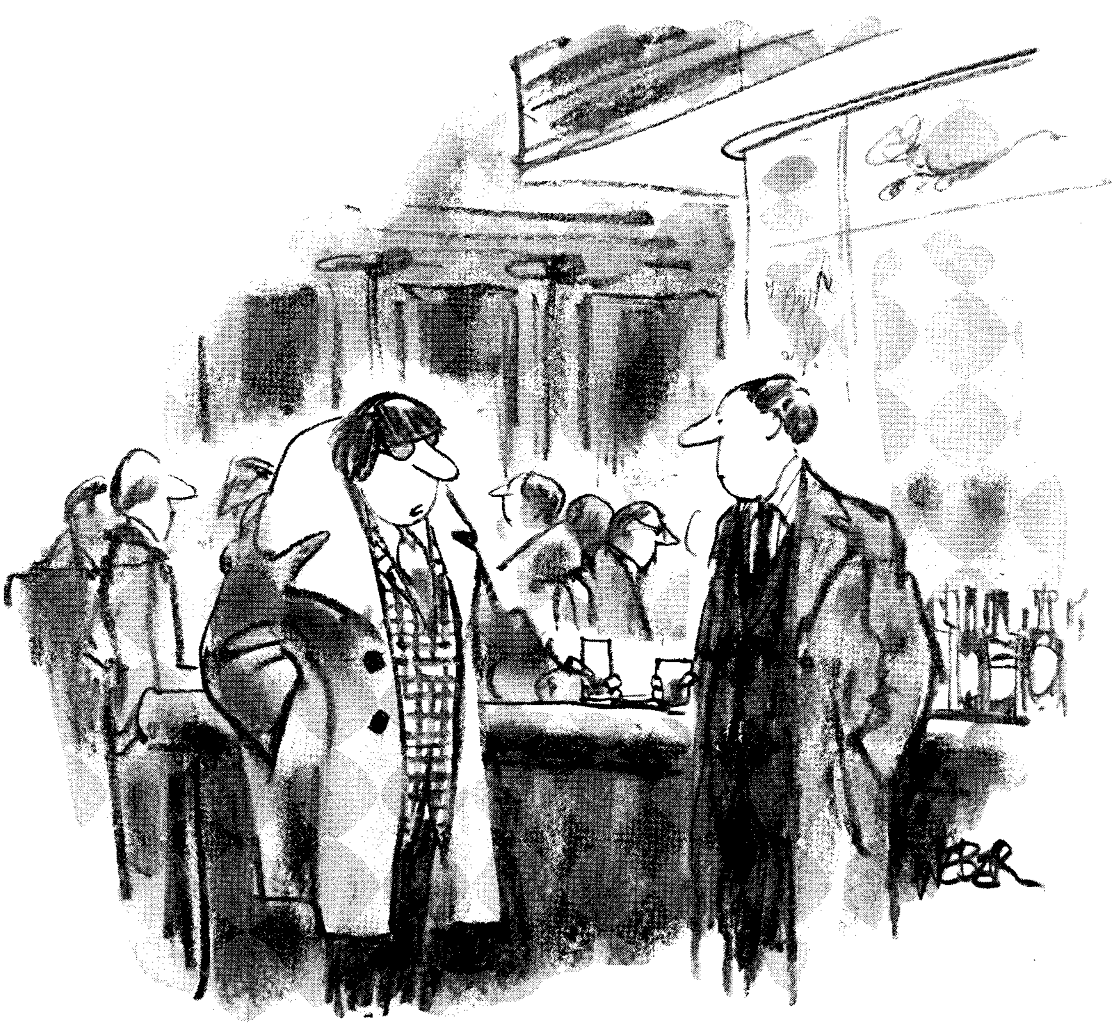
ould feel myself falling eadlong into the most .electable condition on arth. Only thus could I scape Theron the poet, nd Theron the poet's poet riends. He was beside me nd they were in all the ooms around me and in he barn, but I was dead to heir world, and they, therey, were dead to mine.

Pretty Baby was mewig in the living room and, nowing that she would be ioving her kittens and, king to watch the curious itual scene-shifting, I went ito the house and saw her arrying the runt of the tter, all black, across the arpet from the nest she ad made for them behind he sofa to the basket beside he fireplace, where they roperly belonged. The othr three were there already, nd I wondered if she had aken the runt last because ie liked him least or beause she feared his fat iblings would smother im. They were still blind nd she was still proud, osseting them with her iilk and her bright, abrave tongue and the constant urr into which, now and gain, she interjected a litle yelp of self-esteem. When she vas nestled down, relaxed amongst her roduce, I knelt and strongly ran the nuckle of my thumb down the black tripes that began just above her nose nd terminated in the wider, blacker ands around her neck, and then I eft her to her rapturous business of rooming her kittens, nursing in their lindness and their sleep.

I turned out all the lights but one—ne to guide back to shore the Loon slet revellers who did not fear the waer. I did not doubt that Minnie would t some time sing "Over the sea to kye," one of her specialities. Her voice vas as high and as clear as a blocklöte. How gifted was this little minx, aven-tressèd, damask-skinned, by urns so sharp-witted as a critic that ritics cringed when she attacked them n the pages of the leading intellectual uarterly, *The Divergent,* and as noon-eyed and adoring as a daft naiden when she was in the presence of a poet. Still, she was not feared by the poets' wives, because her unchivalric and murderously moody husband, Jered Zumwalt, had broadcast wide, in disgraceful but convincing detail, the news that she was as cold as stone. Theron, respectful of Jerry, who with much éclat had published several books and was generally regarded as the most gifted of the young Cambridge poets (Theron was moving steadily up in the race but he had not yet published a book), had fretted with Jerry over Minnie's defection through cases of beer and quarts of blended whiskey in our apartment on Kirkland Street. Quite often, too drunk to go home, Jerry spent the night on the sofa in the living room, where I would find him in the morning on my way to Miss Heath's School, where I taught English. His ruptured loafers, bloated and stained with rain and snow and mud, lay always at some distance from each other—one by the chair where he had been having his last swallow, the other halfway across the room where he had walked out of it on his way to the short, slippery leather sofa on which now he lay as contorted as an old windworn tree, his left hand clenched under his chin, the right resting on a stiff round pillow atop his head. I had one time seen a photograph of him and Minnie taken in the early days of their marriage: so similar were their textures and their values, so clear their grave innocence and so concealed their wit and wisdom, that they could have been two star-crossed, moonstruck lovers—Romeo and Juliet, Aucassin and Nicolette, Floris and Blanchefleur. Soon those sweet and plaintive images shattered: Jerry grew generally drunk, maudlin, and bilious by turns, and Minnie, in Nevada for the divorce, was, we gathered from letters to us and to other friends, having a ripsnorting romp, learning to ride a cow pony and to sing cowboy songs and, most rambunctious of all, working as a shill in a gambling house. When Jerry told us of this last improbable lark, Theron, heavily Bostonian in his sarcasm, said, "After the battle royal, taper off on fun and games, what?," and Jerry, drinking dollar sherry straight from the bottle, then drawing on his five-cent cigar (his bad habits were



"I told him I want off the Sudsie account. My gift requires a rest."

so inappropriate to his Donatello looks that I never could take them seriously), said, "The only reason she's a shill in the Big Bonanza is that she didn't happen to think of going to Virginia City to be Lucius Beebe's printer's devil."

Now she was back at her old post, beguiling poets. There was an influx of poets this summer in the state of Maine and ours was only one of many houses where they clustered: farther down the coast and inland all the way to Campobello, singly, in couples, trios, tribes, they were circulating among rich patronesses in ancestral summer shacks of twenty rooms, critics on vacation from universities who roughed it with Coleman lamps and outhouses but sumptuously dined on lobster and blueberry gems, and a couple of novelists who, although they wrote like dogs (according to the poets), had made packets, which, because they were decently (and properly) humble, they were complimented to share with the rarer breed. As Mr. Zumwalt worked his way north, so the former Mrs. Z. was migrating south, and we, the Maybanks, and Eliza and her critic husband, Andrew Brandt, in the middle, had tidings from several longitudes and latitudes. So far, the paths of the disaffected had not crossed, and there were jubilant and studious speculations on what would happen if they did. It was the fashion to use Freud's works as a recipe book and to add garnitures from Henry James and Proust.

Standing still in the dim-lit living room, I shuddered suddenly, aware of my dishevelment and remembering the brusque doctor on Commonwealth Avenue who had made my headaches a disgrace and counselled me to go and be shriven of my mortal sins by a psychoanalyst. How would I tell Theron? And when? The poets Bronson and Matthews and the poem-typist Lucia would soon be back and now that Minnehaha was here, the fly-by-nights who had seen Jerry at Isle au Haut or in Aroostook would come flocking in to spy and gabble and prophesy. I would have a ton of fish to fry and bake and poach, a rod of shoe-peg corn to shuck, a gross bushel of salad to harvest and wash and tear and slice and dress, a floe of ice to chop for Cuba Libres. Although the war was over, we were still rationed; for some while to come, I must postpone my shameful revelation to my husband while I hatched up means to disguise horsemeat.

THIS was not the way I had planned the summer. We had limped painfully through the fifth year of our marriage, having changed the scene of our travail each year from the beginning. Cambridge was no better than New York, New York no better than Connecticut, Connecticut no better than Louisiana or the mountains of Tennessee. But we often limped on different routes, shedding our blood on sand and rocks miles apart. When we did meet in some kind oasis or quiet glade, we were at first shy and infatuated and glad, but the reunion did not last, the shade and water were part of a mirage, lightning smote and burned the hemlocks of our forest sanctuary.

Theron, who had found Catholicism shortly after he found me, ran to Father Bernard—our spiritual adviser in Cambridge—and came back whimpering "*Mea maxima culpa*" so heartbrokenly that I crept from the hiding shadows to console him with old running jokes, and for a while we played again, two precocious, oafish six-year-olds. The blood of the Salem witch-burners scalded the walls of Theron's veins and so, perforce, did that of the Salem warlocks; and I was hot to the touch where I had been scoured and curried with Ayrshire brimstone. We baffled Father Bernard, who had not been trained to crack the whip over wayward rowdies. Surely he must have dreaded Theron's abstruse and convoluted confessions, he must have longed to shut the wicket against those pedantic admissions of frailty and pad softly home to tea and a scone.

Actually, save for the sin of pride, Theron was a blameless man. I was the lost one, for I did not believe in any of it—not in the Real Presence, not in the Immaculate Conception, not in God—and, to compound my perfidy, I received the Host each Sunday and each day of obligation and did not confess my infidelity. Not to Father Bernard and no longer to Theron. In the beginning, I had tried, but he, rapt in his severe belief, had brushed me aside and called my doubt a temporary matter. "But it isn't *doubt!* It's positive repudiation!" I'd cry. We talked like that, in our frustration forgetting to be

colloquial, in our insanity forgetting to be sane. Theron once told me that I was going through the dark night of the spirit and I should meditate and read John of the Cross. I did, with a certain kind of recognition, read St. John's friend Teresa's "Interior Castle," and one morning in the shallow sleep just before awakening I dreamed I got a penny postal in the mail which read, "Dear Cora, I keep out. Love, Teresa of Avila." I was fond of my dreams, particularly of brief verbal ones like this, but Theron scorned them and said they had no style.

Long before Theron had thought of Catholicism, long before we had met and I was eighteen, I had been instructed by Father Strittmater in the Sacred Heart Church in Adams, and had been baptized and had once and once only received the wafer. My mission had not been accomplished, despite my fervor and my need. Later on, from time to time, I tried again in different churches of different towns at different seasons of the year and different hours of day and night. But I was God-forsaken; the shepherd could not hear my bleating, for I was miles astray in the cold and the dark and the desert. And at last I vanished without a trace; with a faint shiver and a faint sigh, I gave up the Ghost.

Half a year after we were married, Theron, immersed in the rhythms of Gerard Manley Hopkins the poet, was explosively ignited by Gerard Manley Hopkins the Jesuit, and, as my mother would have said, he was off on a tear. We were in Louisiana then—in steaming, verminous fetor; almost as soon as the set of Cardinal Newman's works arrived from Dauber & Pine, the spines relaxed, for the Deep South cockroaches, the size of larks, relished the seasoned glue of the bindings and banqueted by night. Like Father Strittmater, Theron's instructor was Pennsylvania Dutch—a coincidence that only mildly interested me but one by which my husband set great store: Our Lord (he adopted the address with ease) had planned likenesses in our experience. Father Neuscheier wore the miasmas from the bayous like a hair shirt, having chosen Baton Rouge out of many possibilities because it afforded him so excellent a chance to chasten his chaste flesh. Air-conditioning was in its infancy—not even the movie houses had it, or the saloons—but in most buildings of a public nature there were those large, romantic ceiling fans, whirling and whirring quietly, at a slow speed, resembling animated daisies with petals made of wood. But there was no fan in the nave of Our Lady of Pompeii, and Father Neuscheier must have suffered as the wet air thickened and warmed, but not a bead of sweat shone on his perfectly round face or his perfectly bald head. His austerity was right up Theron's alley, and before I knew what had happened to me, I had been dragged into that alley which was blind.

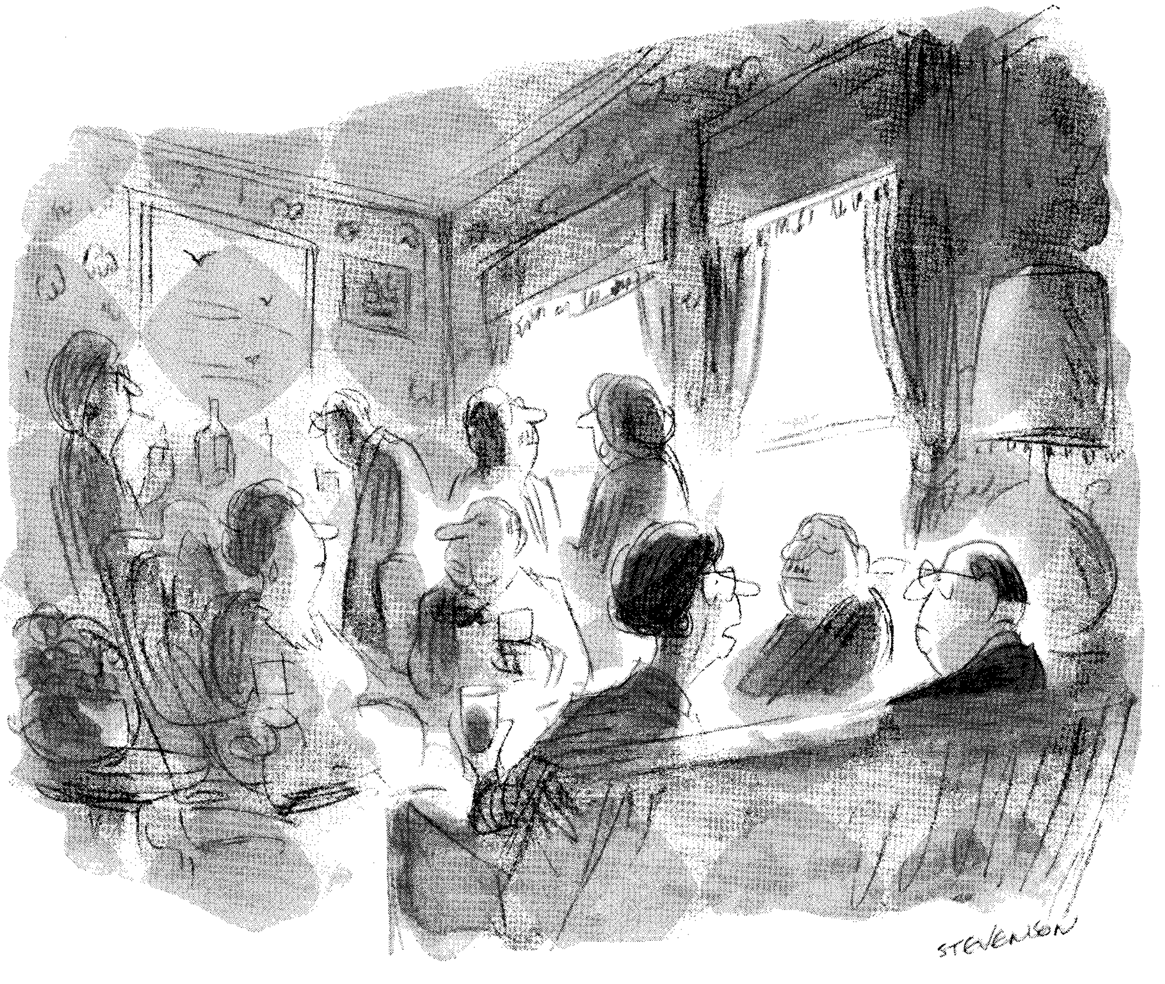
Theron had promised at the start that he would not impose his old-time religion on me, but within a week after he was confirmed I found myself being remarried in the Catholic Church, and a week after that I was going to daily Mass at seven in the morning, before I taught my first class at eight, and to benediction in the late afternoon; together we told two Rosaries a day, and we replaced our reproductions of "A Little Street in Delft" and "La Grande Jatte" with black-and-white photographs of Bellini's "St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata" and Holbein's "Thomas More." There would be, so did declare the head of the house, no sacrilegious jokes: we did not even laugh one rainy Sunday when Father Neuscheier announced at Mass that if anyone had sneakily or even accidentally caught some raindrops on his tongue, thereby breaking his fast, he would not be eligible to receive Communion.

What had become of the joking lad I'd married? He'd run hellbent for election into that blind alley—that's what had become of him—and yanked me along with him, and there we snarled like hungry, scurvy cats. If I had stubbornly withstood him from the beginning, or if I had left him when he left me for the seraphim and saints—but I had tried to withstand and had got for myself only wrath and disdain. Leaving him had not really occurred to me, for I had married within my tribe, and we were sternly monogamous till death. Supinely I endured and made out lists of things while Mass was being sung—the cities I had traversed by bus on journeys from east to west and west to south, the names of the buildings on Neville's campus, all the people I knew whose given name was John. In each new place we lived and I taught, as soon as I had got my house in order and my schoolwork planned I called at the rectory of the church Theron had selected as home base and, depending on the nature of the man of God I found, humbly declared my doubts or concealed them and invited him to tea.

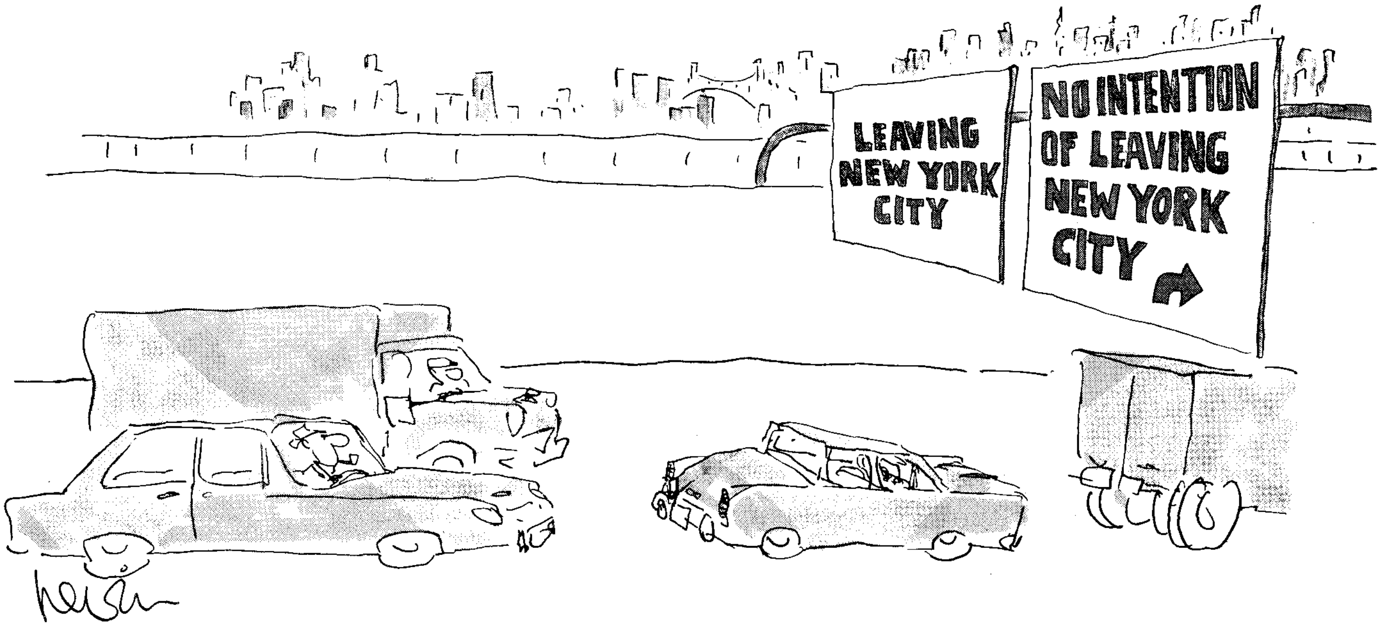
IN Cambridge, Father Bernard, an innocent, tired, and affectionate old man, had befriended me and had done so at a time when I was needier than I had ever been before. Somewhere—on a park bench in the Common, in a bar-and-grill in Scollay Square, on the steps of Widener—Theron had met up one day with a fanatic who convinced him that the only godly way was a life of holy poverty, and we were to move to a mission house in Dorchester and live on turnips and bean soup. We would sleep on the floor and, I gathered, prowl the slums barefoot in the snow on the lookout for derelicts sleeping off their Tokay sprees in sub-zero temperatures. We were to give away our clothes and furniture—one of the first things to go was my engagement ring, which had belonged to Theron's great-aunt Charity Nephews, who had theatrically widowed her husband when she contracted dengue fever at the opening of the Panama Canal. Although Theron appeared to have repudiated all the luxuries and the limitations of his Bostonian breeding and totems, he had not in fact done so at all: he was as vain as a peacock that Copley had painted his distant Cousin Augustus' family and that Great-Aunt Charity had died while she was acting as foreign correspondent for the Boston *Evening Transcript*. (T. S. Eliot, whose poem of that name he would have liked me to embroider as a sampler, was then one of his muses.) We were to give away the Nephews diamond, beset with the palest of pink pearls, and, as well, a silver tea service bought in Rangoon by Theron's father, the Captain, and disliked by his mother for its showy bosses of birds and beasts and octopoid goddesses. But we could not be all spirit (if we were, we would not have the means to be Lord and Lady Bountiful as well as Samaritans), so I was not to give up my job of teaching at Miss Heath's. And while I taught subjunctives to the bonny, snobby girls, Theron would write psalms and hymns and Christmas carols. "Quid pro quo," said he, his eyes rolled back so that the pupils rested on the optic thalamus. "Quid pro quo and tit for tat," I said to myself, thinking how I might set this to a simple tune to sing to a friendly cat.

If it had not been for Father Bernard, I am quite sure I would have taken on this graceless, humbug role of holy poverty. But Father Bernard, who in looks and in deportment resembled the dog named after his patron saint, was fond—perhaps profanely so—of creature comforts, and when one day I went to call on him to tattle on Theron and his latest excess, he took my side. Indeed, although he endeavored to maintain serenity, he showed his consternation—or, rather, his embarrassment—by giving his attention to a jardiniere planted with mosses and small ferns and keeping his back to me. Kind as he was, and affectionate, Father Bernard had not been cut out for the role of spiritual adviser; because he was humorless, he was vulnerable, and complicated emotional troubles upset his bowels. Theron mightily dismayed him, pestering him with abstruse exegeses of the sacraments as they might be applied to the modus vivendi of the New England transcendentalists, complaining of his failure to dislodge his mother from her Unitarianism, demanding that I be brought to book for my failure to obey the letter of the law. (One time I had eaten a Salisbury steak on a Friday when we took the Merchant's Limited from New York to Boston; Theron maintained that the journey was too short to justify such a dispensation.)

I very rarely called on Father Bernard, but because the rectory was on Irving Terrace, nearby our apartment building, on Kirkland, I often ran into him on the street and sometimes at the greengrocer's, where he liked to browse among the lettuces and roots; he loved all vegetables that grew underground, and the closest he ever came to making a joke was when, while fondling a turnip which



"What were you expecting, Donald—Studio 54?"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was especially white and had especially pretty lilac markings, he said, "Do you think I am a *radical*?" Occasionally he would invite me to tea and, snug beside his fire, we talked over our good strong brew and Peek Frean shortbread biscuits. But on the day I sought his counsel on how to avoid a life of evangelical destitution, I made an appointment. I was as shy as he, for I was no better equipped to be the recipient than he to be the donor of marriage guidance. For some minutes he fiddled with his terrarium while I stroked his marmalade tom, whose name, curiously enough, was Moses; this golden robust fellow, gleaming on an ottoman before the hearth, was the extension of his master—well fed and safe, immune to disarray. At last, having waited in vain for the arrival of the tea cart and then remembering that this was Thursday and was therefore the housekeeper's afternoon off, I spoke to Father Bernard's back.

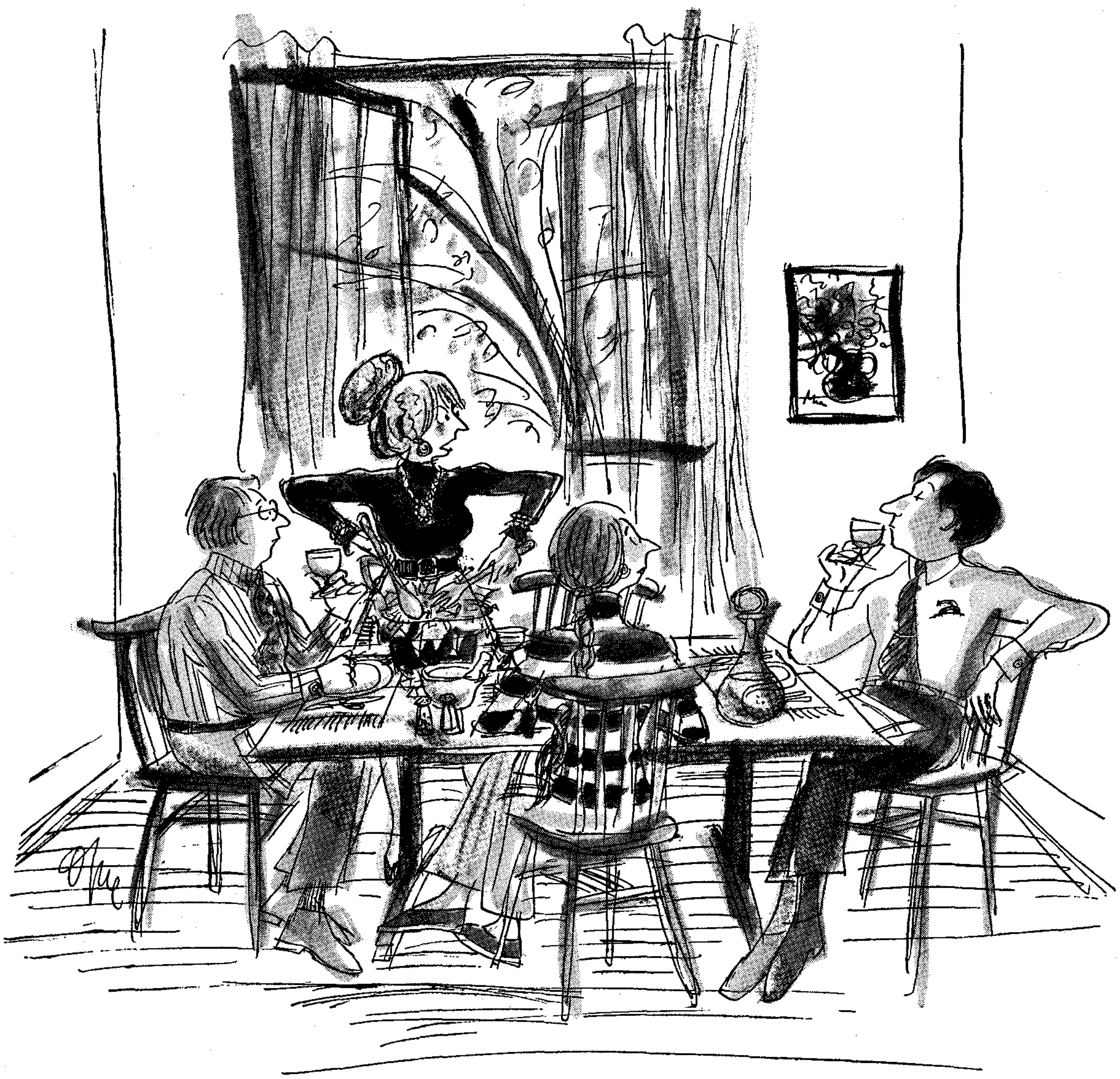
"Oh, my!" said the auntly priest. "Oh dear! I'm all for lay apostolates, you understand. Third orders do grand things with soup kitchens and warm clothes for the poor—I say, Mrs. Maybank, I'm afraid there isn't any tea today. Would you like a glass of sherry? Or of whiskey? I think I may have gin, too."

And so it was that Father Bernard and I, sipping some very old bourbon neat from some very old topaz Sandwich tumblers, came upon a possible solution to my dilemma. I could tell—by the lacunae during which we blew our noses (we both had awful head colds, and our affliction made the prospect of holy poverty the more discomfiting) and by certain near slips of the tongue—that impassioned converts were less to his liking than impenitent thieves. I told him how all my life I had been making houses for myself—in a corner of the attic in my parents' house in Missouri, in clearings among lodgepole pines in the Adams foothills, in offices I shared with other teachers. My nesting and my neatening were compulsions in me that Theron looked on as plebeian, anti-intellectual, lace-curtain Irish; he said I wanted to spend my life in a tub of warm water, forswearing adventure but, worse, forswearing commitment. My pride of house was the sin of pride. I took no stock in this, I knew it to be nonsense, but I did not know how to defend myself against his barbs, the cruellest of which was that I could not sin with style; as my dreams were wanting in vitality, so was my decoration of houses wanting in taste. (God almighty! Never was a man so set on knocking the stuffing out of his bride!)

Blessed Father Bernard pointed out to me and I was to point out to Theron that churches were made magnificent because they were the domiciles of God, and, since the sacrament of Holy Matrimony was exalted by God, it, too, should be enshrined as beautifully as possible. As for holy poverty, well, *that*, in his opinion, was a way of living that required a vocation, a clear call, and he did not think it was one I was likely to receive. I was so happy at that moment that if I had heard not a clear call but a clarion shout from the skies, "Discalce thyself! Be host to lice! Eat maggots without salt!" I would have refused the bidding and dismissed it as a prank of the Auld Clootie.

I wanted to hug and kiss my savior. Instead, I hugged and kissed Moses, who, ruffled by my forward demonstration, left a lawn of tawny fur on my midnight-blue wool skirt. Father Bernard and I were a little snugly tipsy. Or perhaps it was our head colds as much as the whiskey that made us giggle foolishly as we shook hands and said goodbye.

I thought I had won that bout, but by the time I got home my whimsical consort had changed his tack. This time, he'd met some guy on the Pepperpot Bridge while slogging across it in a blizzard (for no good reason that I could see) who was down on cities. They had spent the afternoon in a Scollay Square pub-crawl talking about getting through to reality by means of Nature, and now there was nothing for it but that we move to some remote outpost of the Laurentians or to the nine hundred and ninety-ninth of the Thousand Islands. (This new preacher was himself aiming for Mangareva, a French island in the South Pacific, at the bottom of the world, where a solitary ship called once a year. That was too Spartan even for my poet, who was dependent on the mail, which brought us *The Divergent* and several other quarterlies, as well as letters from poets and from pen pals he had picked up on retreats.) But our move to the wilderness depended on where I could get a job, because except for a trust fund that paid Theron—depending on the welfare of A.T. & T., the Boston & Maine, and other sobersided companies—about thirty-two dollars a month, I was the only means, visible or covert, of our support. I did not wholly rejoice in the thought of rural life (Thoreau had



"Oh, you—you're always opposed to something in principle."

never fully captivated me), but it was so glamorous an alternative to a pious doss house in Dorchester that I set about at once writing letters to boards of education in the province of Quebec.

AT Christmastime that year, the only miracle of my life befell me—a miracle so amazing and so magically well timed that I almost came to believe in Heaven as a place whence miracles were sent. My twin aunts Amy and Jane McKinnon had, after the death of my grandfather, fled Missouri and had gone to New South Wales, where both of them almost at once found prospering husbands; both of them were barren and—poor, pretty dears—loved children. Their disappointment led them to good works among the aborigines, but when the chips were down for Aunt Jane and she commenced to die of cancer, loyalty to her own Gaelic clan atavistically returned, and in her will, besides endowments to charitable institutions for the needy of the bush, she remembered her nieces and nephews. She had been widowed for several years by the time she died, and her estate was considerable. Her bequests to my cousins and to Abigail and me (my brother had been killed in the war the year before, in Normandy) vexed my father and mother, because, not to put too fine a point upon it, as they iteratively implied they did not, they were far more sorely pinched than we were and could have used a helping hand. My father, with one of his bootless and wicked tricks of legerdemain, tried to dissuade us from accepting the money, because the individual sums were small—five thousand apiece, but there were nine of us!

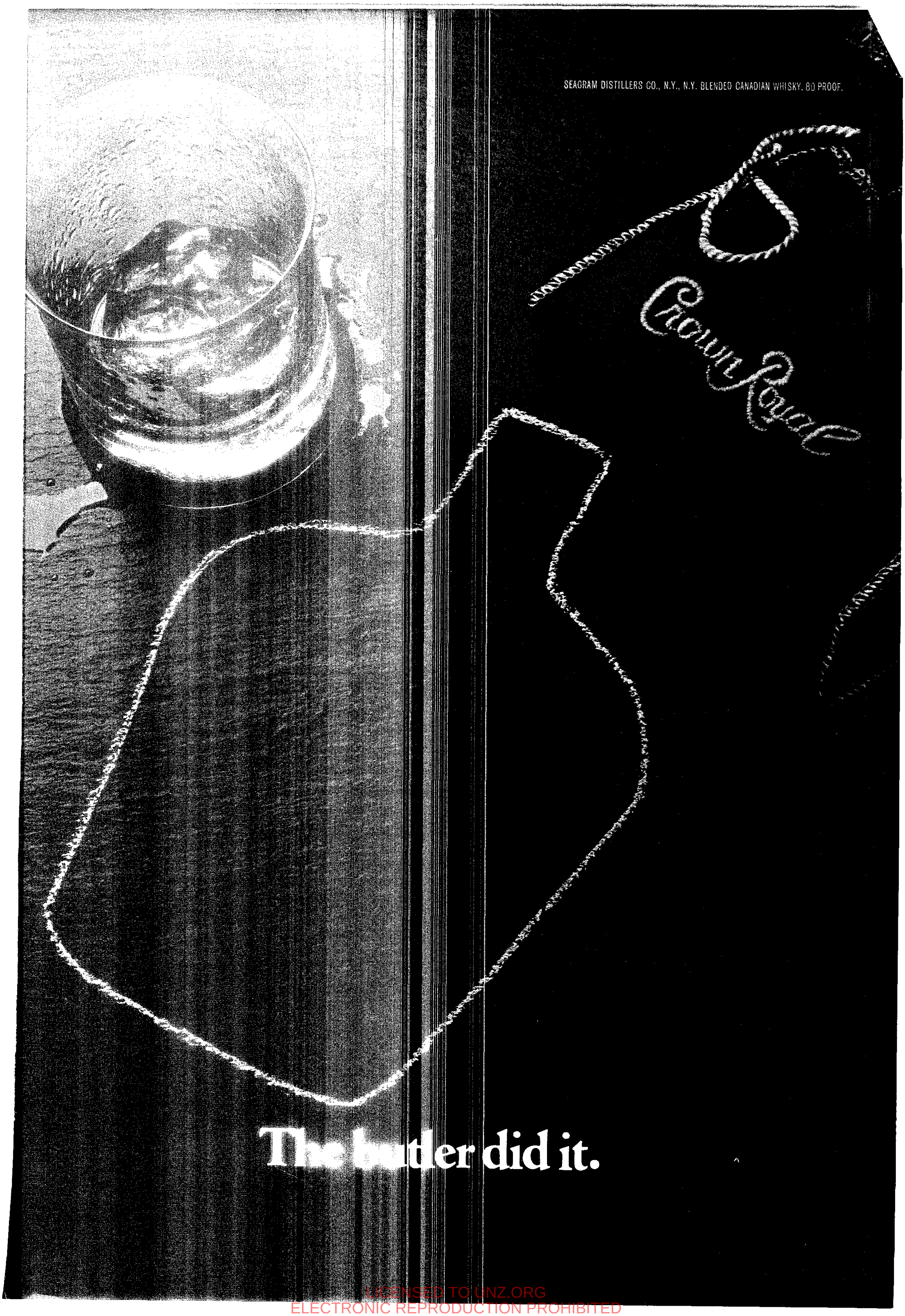
Five thousand dollars! The evening of the day I got the news, Theron and I went to Locke-Ober for dinner and, although we both hated it, we drank champagne. We were charming to each other, and when I proposed that with my windfall we buy a simple cabin somewhere near a country public school, Theron was so bowled over with enthusiasm that he ordered another bottle of champagne. The next day we were as sick as dogs, our stomachs churning with simon-pure hydrochloric acid.

And so, when I had taught my last class at Miss Heath's, we rented our apartment and went to Maine for the summer, working our way slowly down the coast from Eastport, looking for a house to buy. We were so happy! We were so fond! Once again in love, we fell in love with Stonington, where we wanted to spin out the rest of our days, Theron as a commercial fisherman and I as a teacher and a respected small-town matron. I saw myself, in the autumn of my life, retired, putting on a pair of white gloves at three o'clock in the afternoon and putting on a hat and going to the public library to borrow a Ouida novel. But there were no houses for sale.

We finished out the summer in Rankin Harbor, and just before Labor Day, too late for me to find a job, we discovered the house—*my* house—in Edwards Mills; I bought it, paying for it with a check.

For a few weeks, back in Cambridge, we remained friendly. I made a trip back to Maine in October and with no trouble at all got a job teaching at the high school beginning the following year. But the delay took the snap out of Theron's fancy for rural rides, and by Christmas of that year (no manna from Aunt Jane's Heaven this time) I was a witch again, and all day and all night my God-fearing yokemate burned me at the stake in Salem. He was right. I make no plea for myself, for I had the tongue of an adder and my heart was black with rage and hate.

Unpeopled and at peace, my little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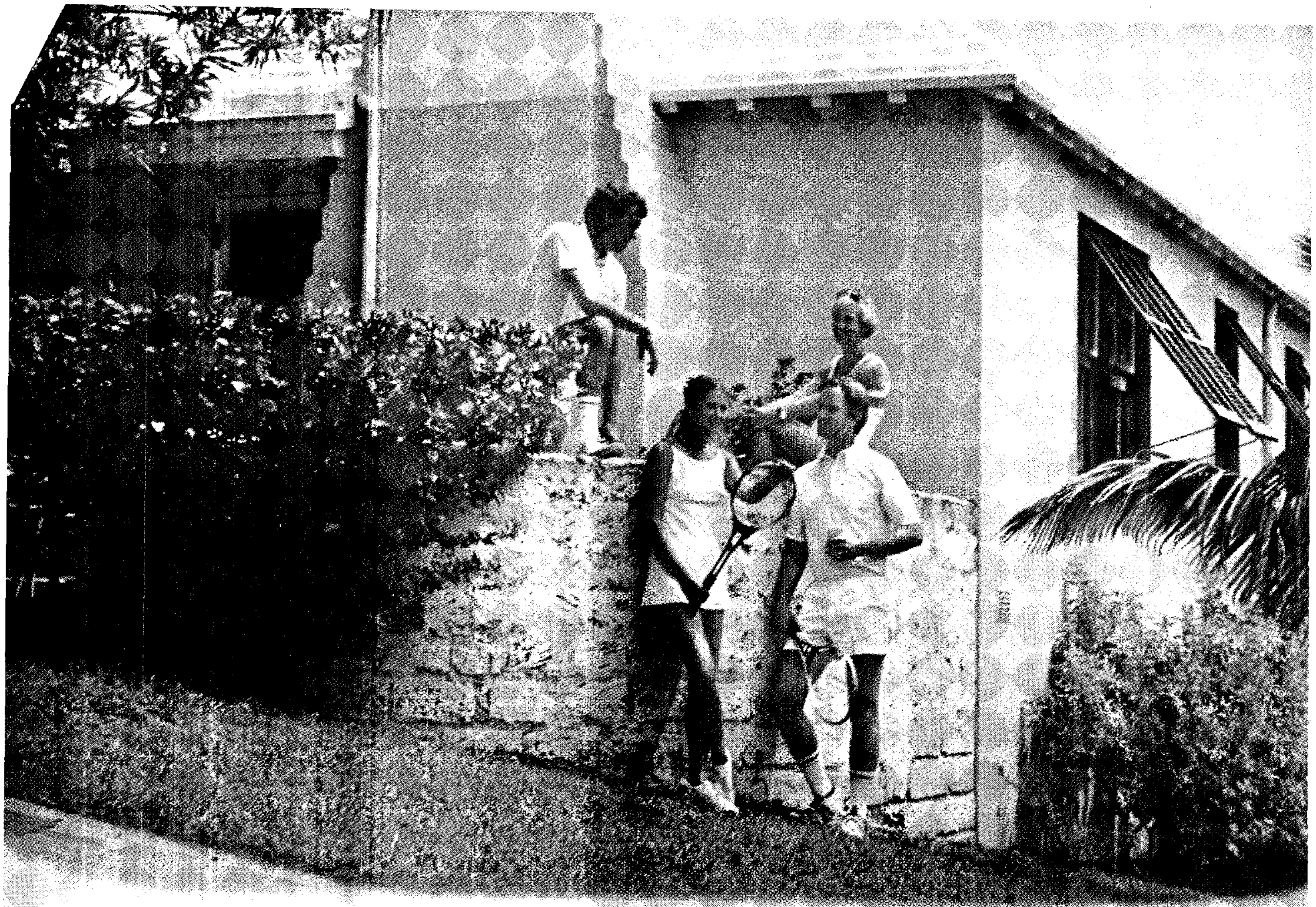

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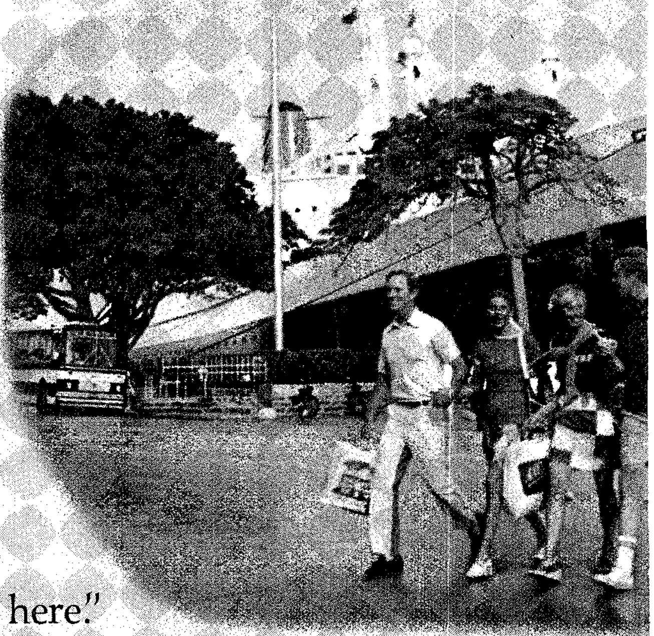

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You can always find a court or a game. Come play a few sets with us.

country drawing room bewitched me because it was part of the house that belonged to me, and while everything in it was a castoff from my Maybank in-laws or something I had bought at a secondhand store or on the cheap at Filene's, and while it was a far cry from being all of a piece, it had for me a flawed and solacing enchantment. I was thirty now, and I had achieved at last what I had striven for from the beginning: a house and a lawn and trees. I had seen Father Bernard more often than before in Cambridge during the winter, and because he, too, was a nester he could revive my flagging spirits simply by asking me if I thought lightning rods would be necessary or if I planned to put a weathervane on the barn that was attached to the house.

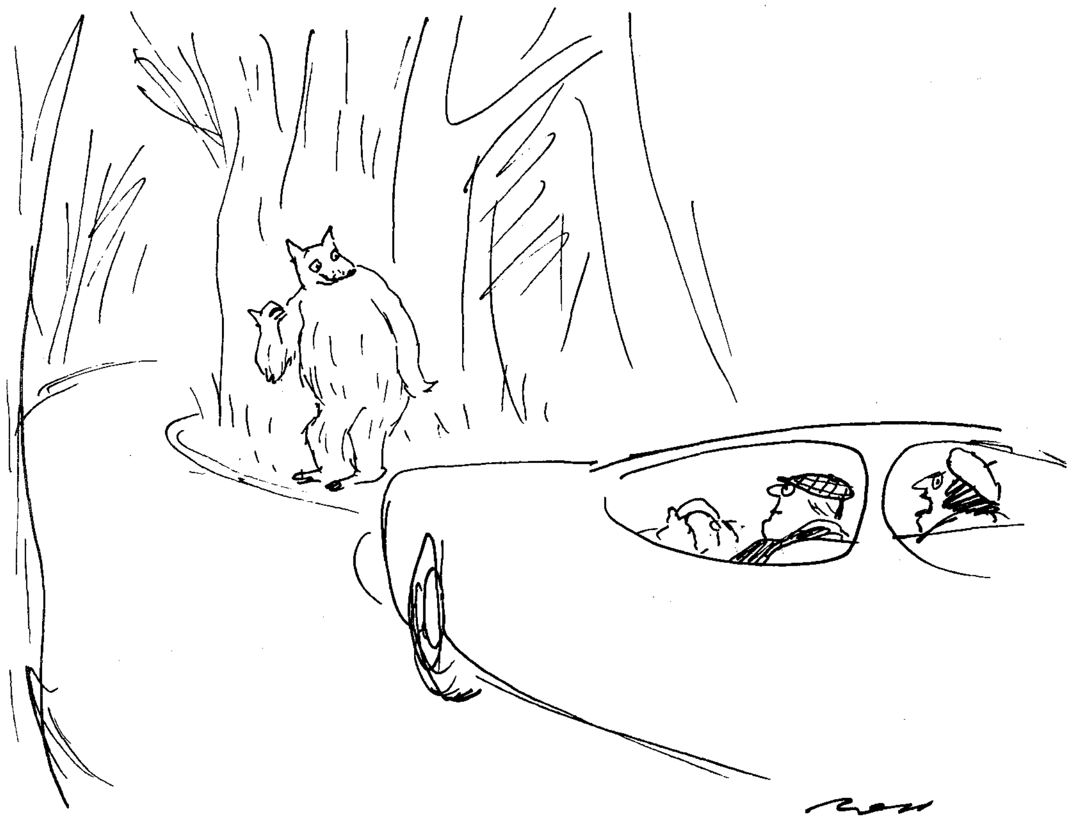
On weekends in the spring, I went up to check on the progress of the workmen. Honoring my marriage by making this temple for it, my acolytes—the carpenters and the electricians, the chimney sweep and the plumber—became my friends and allies. We were together in a blameless conspiracy to overwhelm my husband. They worked with uncommon fidelity (the postmistress, who was an outlander like myself, assured me of this), and each time I unlocked my front door and was greeted with the smell of sawdust and of paint and the litter everywhere of tag ends of hardware and snarls of frayed old electric wires and heaps of plaster commingled with bent and rusted nails, I was delirious. For the last week of March and the first of April, I was in residence during the spring holiday from Miss Heath's. Theron was making a retreat with the Trappists in New Jersey, and I was therefore free to be absorbed completely in washing the windows and hanging the Swiss-organdie glass curtains and, beside them in the living room, the red velvet draperies. (Oh, how sumptuous I thought they were, poor skimpy things!) When the mossy carpet came from Boston, I could not sleep at all that night but kept going downstairs, walking on it in my bare feet; in the morning my bed sheets were downy with green lint from my excursions, and they were rumpled from my excited leapings out of bed.

Where now were my beatitudes? From my darkened living room, I could no longer see the sunlight on the hay and lilies and could only sense the folds and the effluvia of night, and instead of birds saw snakes and instead of grass saw pestilential ooze. Supperless and sleepless, I went up to our bedroom, taking a bottle of whiskey and a dagger of ice in a glass; as I chipped it off the block, I thought how proud I had been to find this huge old ice chest for two dollars and a half.

I drank, stared into space, connived. Some accident befell Theron and Minnie on the lake and they never came back; honorably widowed, I was free. Or they fell in love and their adultery exonerated me of all my capital crimes and all my peccadilloes and all my hypocrisies and self-indulgences. I was in love with their sinful love and saw them doomed, like Paolo and Francesca, to an eternity of passion and of loathing. Theron Maybank the watchful, jealous Salem Puritan, the watchful, zealous Roman Catholic catechumen turned overnight into the most banal kind of sinner even before the baptismal water was dry upon his forehead! Dishonored, I would ascend refreshed, putting aside the ruin of this marriage shattered so ignominiously by *the other woman*, by that most unseemly of disgraces, above all by something *not my fault*, giving me the uncontested right to hate him. And I would come eventually into a second marriage: I saw my husband and I saw my sons. But the house I saw was this house, bought with Aunt Jane's legacy; I saw my fireplaces and I saw my barn until my tears erased them and I sobbed into the pillow as if, already deprived and homeless, I lay alone on stones.

At last, dead drunk, I slept.

THERE is no advice sounder than this, and none, I daresay, so difficult to follow: Be careful what you wish for, be wary of the predicates of your fantasies and lies. So ignorant and sheeplike is my flesh that if, at the eleventh hour, I telephone my hostess to say that I cannot come to her party because I have a headache, at the twelfth hour a fang of pain strikes deep within my skull, and by the time the party is over and the guests are at home in bed asleep, I am haggard with suffering, doomed to twenty hours of the blindness and throbbing of a migraine. It is not prudent to say, "I would rather break an arm than keep this appointment with the dentist." The hyperbolic substitute we devise in this offhand fashion, if it is realized, does not circumvent but only postpones, so we are doubly burdened by the headache or the broken arm and by another party and a later appointment with the dentist. So when I wished that Theron and Minnie Rosoff would enter upon an outrageous affair, I was



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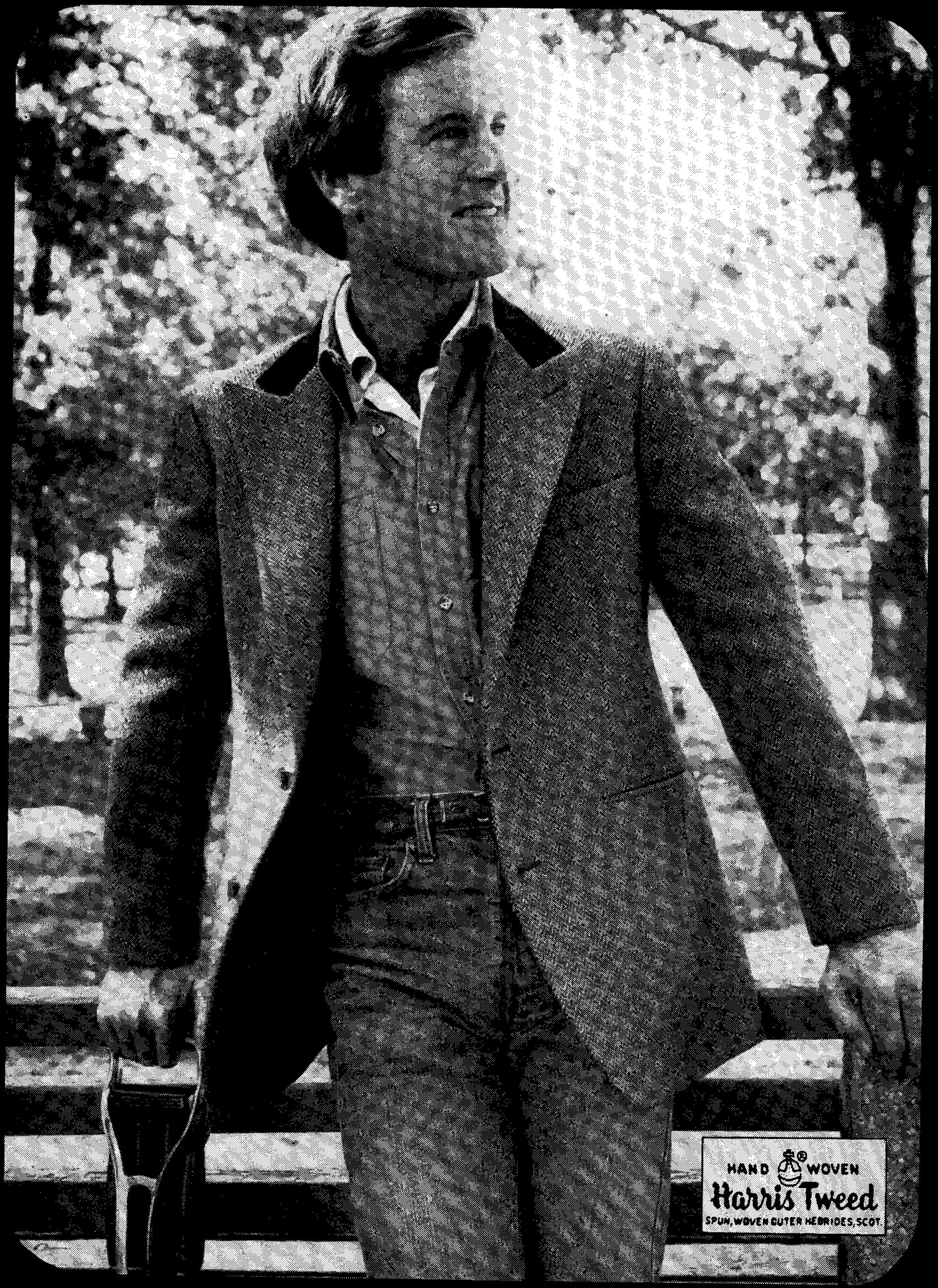
safeguarded against the calamities i would sow in me because it seemed an impossibility (as does the migraine or the fractured humerus)—something too good to be true, a fictional expedient having its initiation only in my mind. Because it could not happen, i did not occur to me that it *might* happen and that I *would* be dishonored by it, I *would* taste the vilest degradation the bitterest jealousy, the most scalding and vindictive rancor.

The daydream was still with me in the morning, and it lasted that day and the next and more days thereafter Blinded by my wish for the farthest-fetched, the most grotesque product o the former Mrs. Zumwalt's visit, I never dreamed, despite the obvious testimony before my eyes, that it had already come true (and that, indeed, a least so far as Theron was concerned it had come true about the time my train was pulling out of Portland the day I was homeward bound from Boston). In consequence, I urged Minnie to prolong her stay with us, and, unti the Bronsons and Harry Matthews came back, I excused myself from their society by saying that I must prepare for my classes at the high school, so that they could be free to go sailing and swimming and fishing without me. I helped in every way to make the match which was already a fait accompli and which, when I discovered that it was was to hurtle me off the brink on which I had hovered for so long into a chasm.

It was true that Theron's attendance on Minnie puzzled me a little, for she was not the kind of woman he liked; she was flirtatious, competitive, argumentatively political. Her taste was modern, and he repudiated as soulless or dull or ugly everything that had been built or painted or written (except for certain poetry and the prose of certain contemporary English divines) after 1850. Moreover, he was, by heritage and by instinct, anti-Semitic, and soon after we met Jerry Zumwalt, he dumbfounded me by saying, "I would never have a Jew as a close friend." And they never had been close—not in the way he was close with friends from boarding-school and college days.

The sensible and wifely side of me looked on his games with Minnie with pleasure: I was glad he was having fun, and perhaps his attraction to her meant that he was relaxing his rigidity. The hermit side of me, the secret boozehead side, looked on the alliance with even greater pleasure: I was blissfully addicted to the fantasies the genie of the

Country Britches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bottle contrived for me each night they went for a late swim in the lake, each day they went clamming on the mud flats of the tidal river.

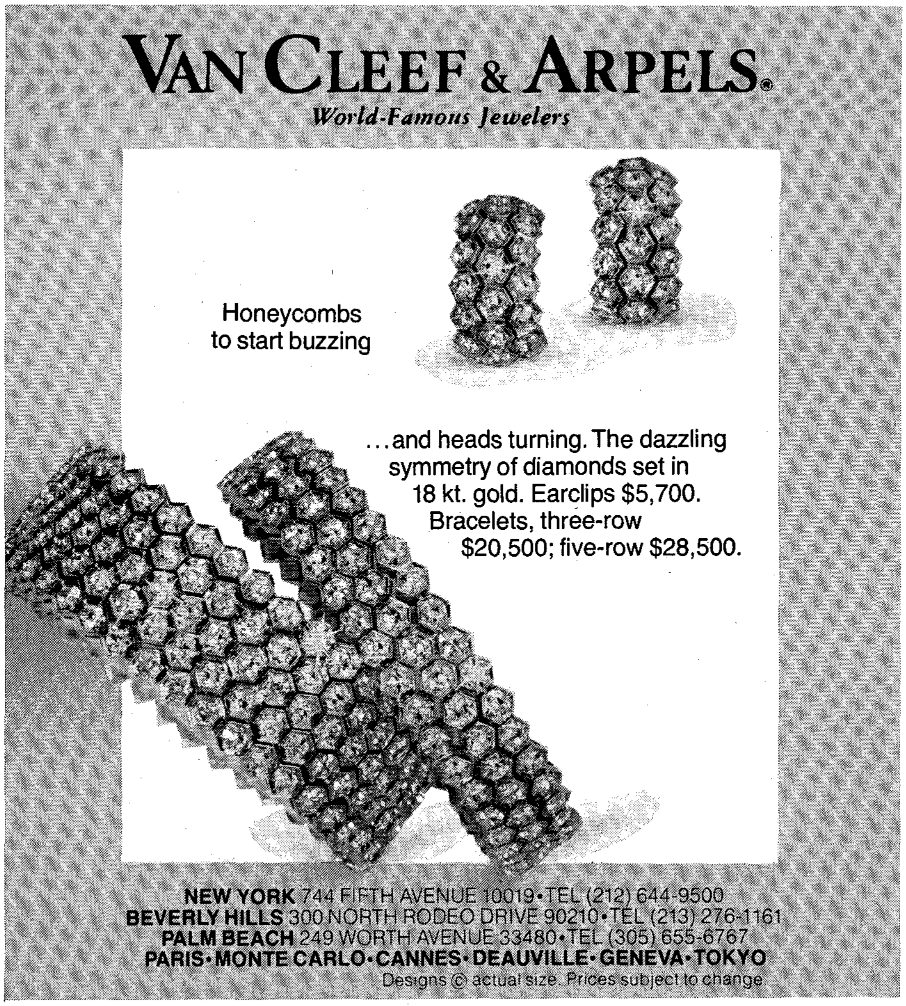
BECAUSE now there was no longer anything for us to say to each other, we sat in separate cars on the train from Camden to Boston, but we did so with discretion, and with explanations ready on our tongues lest we encounter anyone we knew. We were so in concord in this desire to keep up appearances that it had not been necessary for us to plan our behavior before we boarded the train. Until Wiscasset we sat together in a parlor car, and for the benefit of the ticket-taker and the porter and for the passengers Theron listed again to me (as he had done to everyone in Edwards Mills, down to the cretinous child who peddled his mother's homemade bread) the reasons we had decided, after all, not to live in Maine.

So on the train, among the travellers returning from Mt. Desert and Blue Hill, heedless of everything but the boats they had stored and the pleasures and problems of the city season they were now confronting, my husband, unknown to them, loudly addressed congratulations to us both on our sensible leave-taking. And when the derelict schooner in the Sheepscott at Wiscasset loomed forth, he felt he had said enough, and, turning to me with a perfect imitation of solicitude, even bending forward to look into my face, he said, "You look worn out. Don't you want a drink?"

I nodded, accepting his signal, and gathered together my purse and scarf and book (I had not understood a printed word for months) and, matching my manners to his for the sake of those total strangers, I said, "You needn't come. I know you want to work."

"You're a dear," he said and picked his briefcase up off the floor, opening it to show a Loeb "Confessions of St. Augustine," distended with sheets of onionskin on which for a year or so he had made fine notes, cryptic and self-centered, in black ink, which, however, dried as purple, giving the pages a schoolish look. "I'll join you when I've finished Monica's death."

Liar, I thought. Swindler. Ten minutes before the North Station you'll come into the club car, where you'll find me drunk; the sight of you will drive me wild, for I will know what you have been doing, with your eyes so piously attentive to the Latin of your little book. You will have been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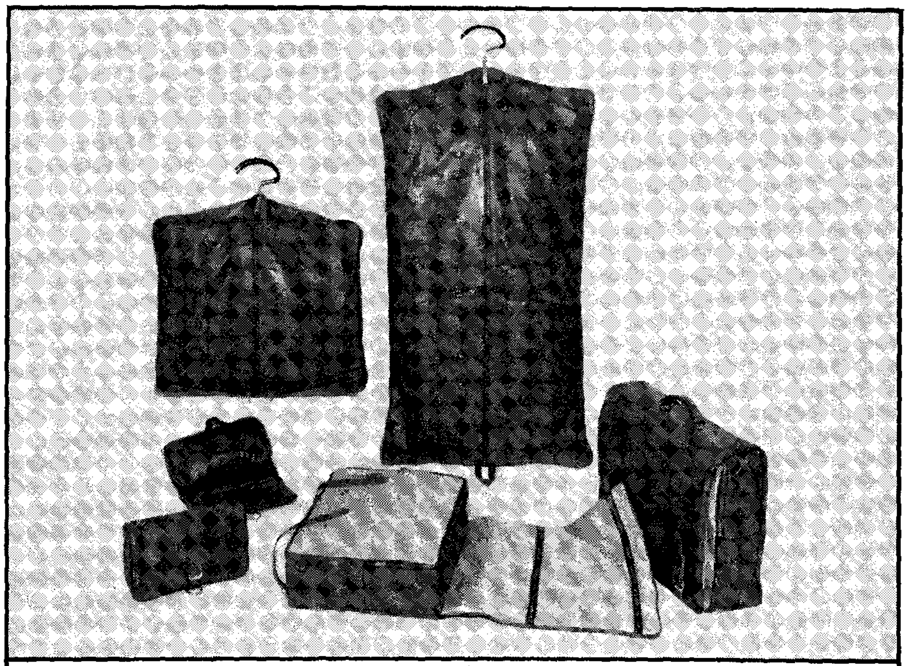

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dreaming, mooning, delighting yourself with thoughts of your reunion with Minnie, your playmate, this very night. (He had dismissed me with that word. "I don't *want* a wife," he had said, "I want a playmate.")

I could not help myself. I said, "Where will you have din-din tonight with your playmate?"

My question enraged us both, and I got up before he could answer. As I left the car, I looked back; apparently deep among the Manichees, he was thinking of his doll-sized, doll-dressed doll with her bisque-doll skin.

The bar car was empty except for two Army officers recollecting D Day. It was not necessary for me to be surreptitious as I took a phenobarbital before I started to drink my lulling drink, but even so, having asked the waiter for a glass of water, I explained, with Theron's kind of insistence, that I was taking a headache pill, and I was careful not to say aspirin, fearing he might observe how small the pellet was. Like Theron, I stared at the pages of a book; like his, my mind was far.

We would say goodbye at the North Station and I would then go to the South and take a train for New York, where I had an appointment with a psychoanalyst two days hence.

We had killed Pretty Baby and killed her kittens. Theron himself had put them in a gunnysack and weighted it with stones and had rowed halfway out to Loon Islet and dropped them among the perch and pickerel.

He beached the boat. I was waiting for him on the front stoop; I had already locked the door. The idling of the motor in the waiting taxi was the only sound that broke the silence of that absolutely azure and absolutely golden early autumn day.

—JEAN STAFFORD

•

(LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND)—IN LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND, THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPIC COMMITTEE TODAY CONFIRMED A TENTATIVE DECISION ALLOWING LOS ANGELES TO HOST THE 1980 SUMMER GAMES. RESULTS OF BALLOTING AMONG ALL MEMBERS SHOWED 73 MEMBERS SUPPORTING THE CITY'S PROPOSALS, THREE VOTES AGAINST AND NINE OTHER WEIRD SWORDS.
—*A.P. wire dispatch.*

Just give the news, please.

•

The furlough plan would require city workers to take a payless two-week vacation. Not paying salaries to city workers for two weeks would save the city about $147.0 million, based on the annual total of $3.846 billion which the city spends on galarico.—*City News.*

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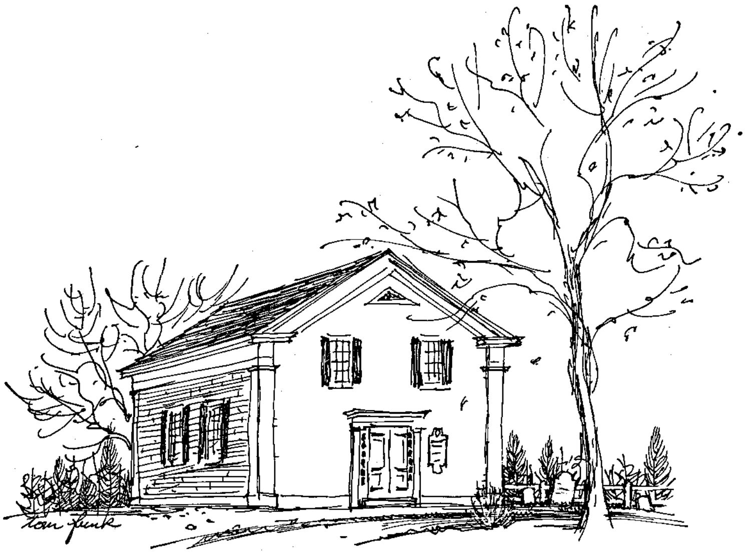
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE MASHPEES



LATE last year, a trial took place in federal district court in Boston to determine whether the several hundred Wampanoag Indians who live in the town of Mashpee, on Cape Cod, are a legally constituted tribe. I followed the trial with more than passing interest, for, as it happens, I have been observing the fortunes of the Mashpees, as they have long been called, since the autumn of 1962, when I paid my first visit to the town. It was a landmark case, to say the least, for not only did the question of tribal definition go to a jury for the first time in the United States but hinging on the outcome was the right of the Mashpees to a second trial, which would determine the validity of their claim to eleven thousand-odd acres of undeveloped land—approximately three-quarters of the town—whose worth has been estimated at fifty million dollars. In a suit filed in August of 1976, the Mashpees asserted that the land had been taken from them illegally by a process that began in 1842, when the Commonwealth of Massachusetts divided ancestral lands that had been held in common by the Indians and parcelled them out to the Mashpees individually, and that culminated in 1870, when the legislature adopted laws changing the old Mashpee Indian District into an ordinary town and conveying the remaining tribal lands to the town. By so doing, according to the plaintiffs, the legislature had violated the federal Nonintercourse Act of 1790, which was passed by the First Congress to protect the Indians from land grabbers, and which has been amended, but preserved, by subsequent Congresses to the present time. The Nonintercourse Act prohibits the sale of Indian lands without the express approval of Congress, and it does so in very specific terms. It states that "no sale of lands made by any Indians, or any nation or tribe of Indians within the United States, shall be valid to any person or persons, or to any state, whether having the right of preëmption to such lands or not, unless the same shall be made and duly executed at some public treaty held under the authority of the United States."

Shortly after its passage by the First Congress, the act was explained to members of the Seneca Nation in New York by President George Washington, who told them that "when you find it in your interest to sell any part of your lands, the United States must be present, by their agent, and will be your security that you shall not be defrauded in the bargain you make." Washington went on to assure the Senecas that the act was designed to demonstrate "the fatherly care the United States intends to take of the Indians." During the century that followed, the first President's paternal feelings for the Indians occupied precious little space in the hearts of most of his countrymen. Territory west of the Mississippi was expropriated by a succession of Congresses, whose members simply stole Indian land "fair and square" by ratifying a series of treaties and approving virtually every land-taking proposal that came before them. In regard to the eastern part of the country, the Nonintercourse Act was virtually ignored, apparently on the convenient assumption (Washington's words to the Senecas notwithstanding) that its provisions applied only to federally recognized tribes out West. This assumption has now come back to haunt the owners of former Indian tribal land in the East, for recent court decisions have determined that the provisions of the Nonintercourse Act apply to all Indian tribes, whether they are federally recognized or not, and to tribes within the states that evolved from the thirteen original colonies as well as to those in other parts of the country. As a result, whereas Western tribes have little legal recourse these days except to complain to the Indian Claims Commission that they were improperly compensated for their tribal lands, Eastern Indians from Maine to Louisiana are laying direct claim to the land itself on the ground that it was taken from them in violation of the law.

The amount of real estate at stake is significant by any standard. In Maine, members of the Passamaquoddy Tribe and the Penobscot Nation are claiming ten million acres—half the state—and have already won a decision in the federal Court of Appeals for the First Circuit affirming that they come under the federal protection afforded by the 1790 statute; the next step will probably be the acceptance of a settlement proposed by Senator William Hathaway and endorsed by President Carter and all of the landowners involved. In Massachusetts, not only are the Mashpees putting forward their claim but the Wampanoag Indians of Gay Head, on Martha's Vineyard, are seeking the return of two hundred and thirty-eight acres, and their potential claim could include the entire twenty-five hundred acres of the town. In this suit, Dean Albert Sacks, of the Harvard Law School, has been appointed mediator by Governor Michael Dukakis, and both sides seem to be nearing agreement. In Rhode Island, the Narragansett Indians, who filed suit in 1975 for thirty-two hundred acres in Charlestown—a town on Block Island Sound—have recently agreed to a settlement of nineteen hundred acres. In Connecticut, the Western Pequots, the Schaghticokes, and the Mohegans are suing for a total of nearly four thousand acres, and have already won two court decisions holding that the passage of time cannot bar their claims under the provisions of the Nonintercourse Act; a settlement similar to the one in Rhode Island looks possible. In New York, the Oneidas have laid claim to two hundred and forty-six thousand acres bordering the lake that bears their name. After winning a unanimous Supreme Court decision allowing them to bring suit in federal court, the Oneidas subsequently won a decision from the federal district

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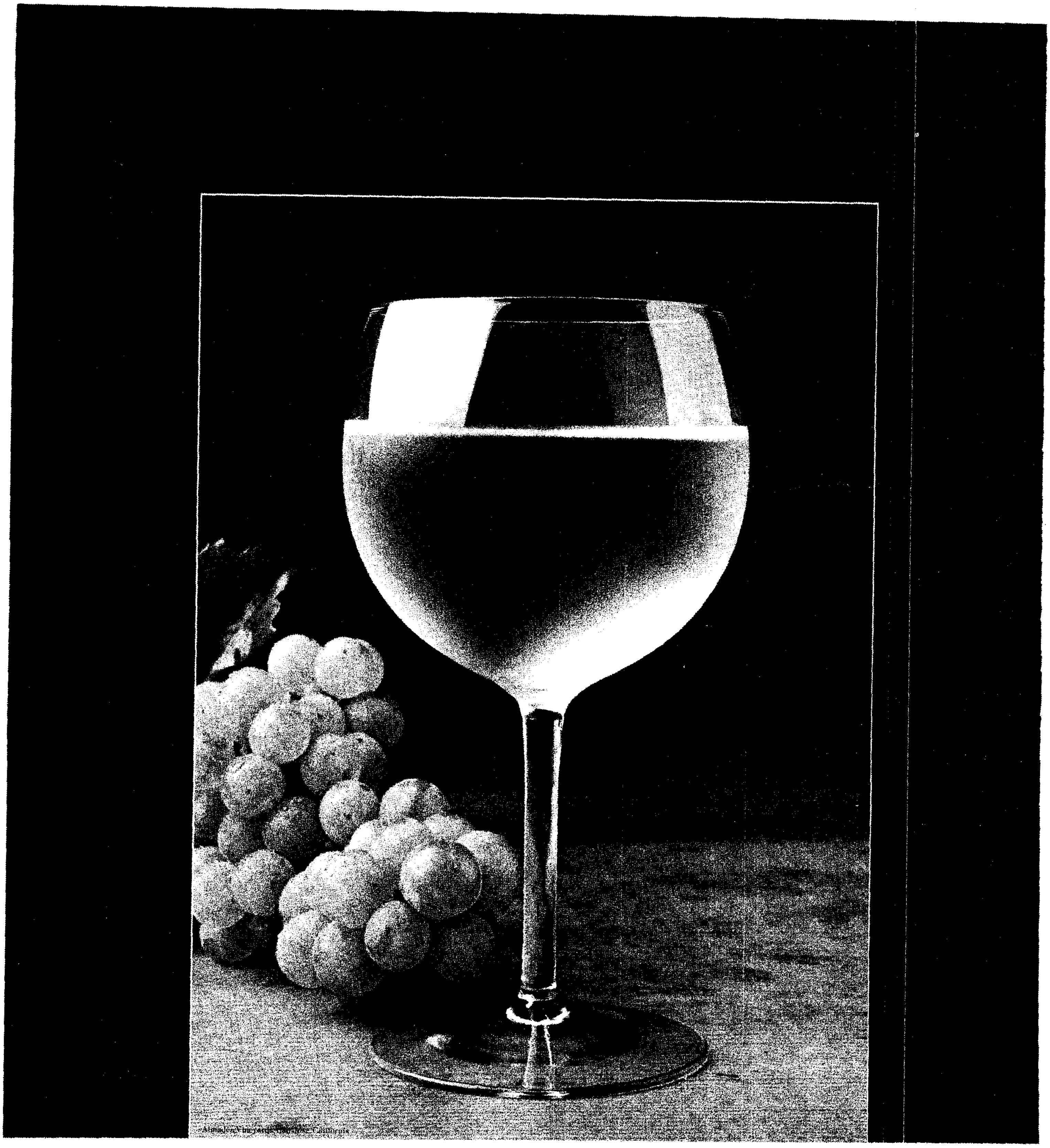

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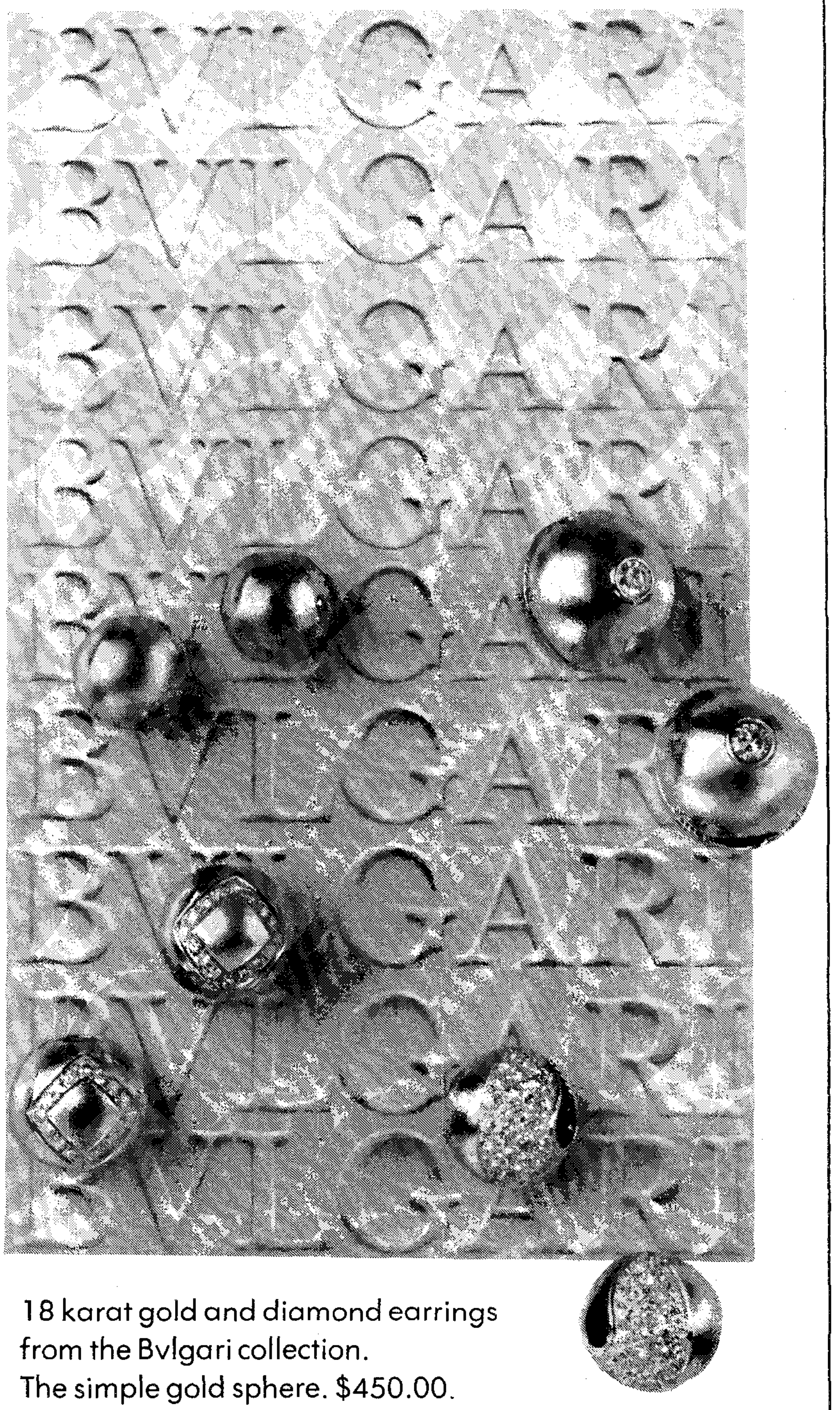
court on remand, holding that they are, indeed, entitled to recovery. Precisely what they will recover will be determined in a future trial, unless their claims, which are now being negotiated, are settled out of court. Elsewhere in New York, the Cayugas are seeking sixty-four thousand acres, including a three-mile-wide strip around the northern half of the lake named after them; and the St. Regis Mohawks are demanding the return of fifteen thousand acres near the St. Lawrence River. All three claims are being supported by the Department of Justice and the Department of the Interior, whose officials are planning to file additional suits on behalf of the tribes for recovery of the lands and for monetary damages resulting from nearly two centuries of trespass. In South Carolina, the federal government has put together a task force to work on a settlement in the case of the Catawbas, who have laid claim to a hundred and forty-four thousand acres. And in Louisiana the Chitimacha Tribe is seeking the return of some eight hundred acres in the southern part of the state, near the Gulf of Mexico.

Not surprisingly, the sheer size of these claims and the rulings already made in favor of some of the Eastern tribes have produced consternation and debate at virtually every level of government, from the Office of the President on down. The rulings have also called into question the fundamental allegiance of the nation to its judicial system. In Congress, for example, where the possibility that the Eastern Indians might win the return of their tribal lands has been called the controversy of the decade, Representative William Cohen, of Maine, who is considered a liberal for his work in favor of impeachment during the Watergate hearings, has proposed that the claims of the Maine tribes be wiped out and the tribes be permitted to sue only for the value of the land when taken—two centuries ago—plus simple interest.

The impact of the economic problems and the political pressure arising from Indian land claims can be seen in the chain reaction that took place in Mashpee, where over the past fifteen years real-estate development has been by far the largest industry. After the Indians filed suit, banks refused to grant mortgages and loans, land development halted, construction came to a standstill, and people found it difficult, if not impossible, to sell their homes. This situation produced some overblown and illogical rhetoric. One of the white selectmen in Mashpee warned his fellow-townspeople that "you and I are an endangered species," and that the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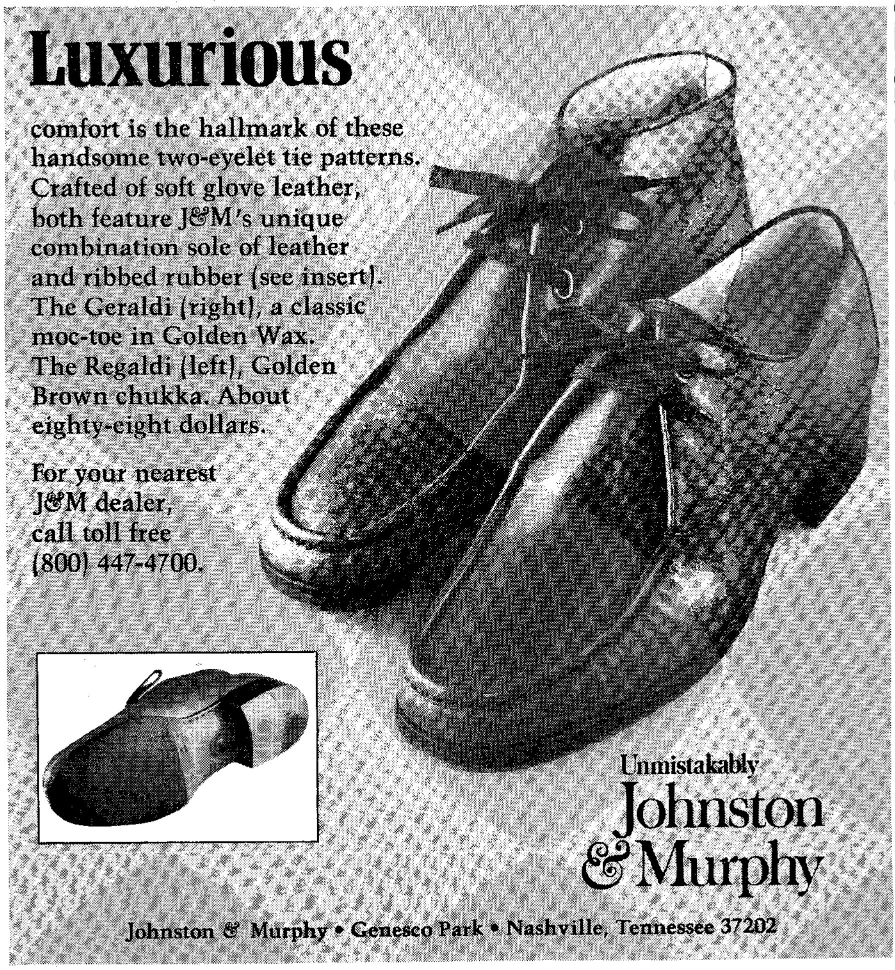

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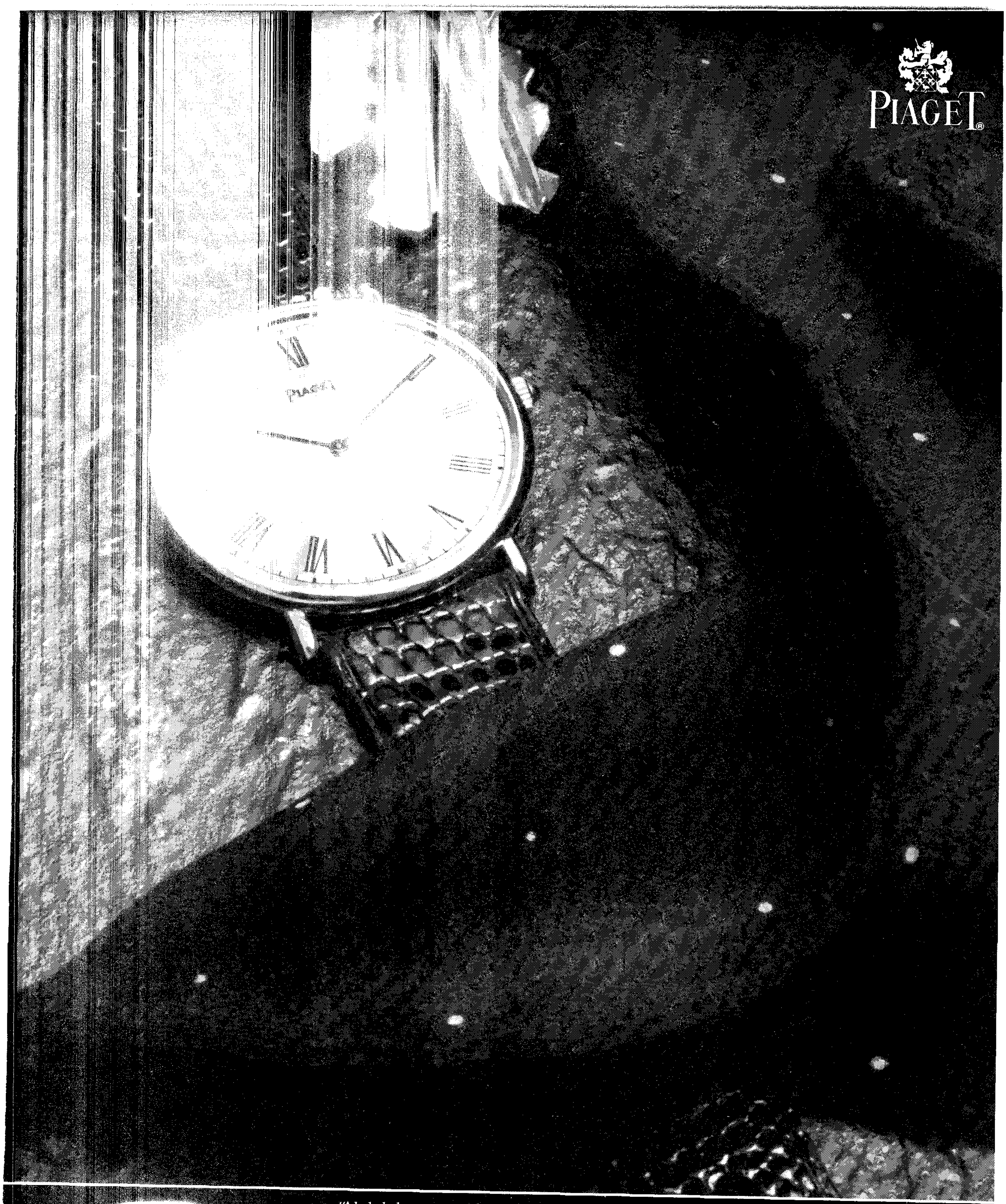
Indian-rights movement was a cancer that could "destroy the United States of America as we know it now and as it was conceived by our Founding Fathers." Another selectman, who apparently missed the point of the whole case, declared, "We can't be held responsible for what our ancestors did to the Indians more than one hundred years ago."

In this mood, the selectmen rejected all attempts to settle the matter out of court, including a proposal by a special representative of President Carter that a federal mediator be appointed. The case went to trial in a federal court in Boston on October 17, 1977, and on January 4, 1978—after thirty-eight days of testimony and the presentation of thousands of exhibits—it went to an all-white jury of eight men and four women, who were instructed by Judge Walter Skinner to determine whether the Mashpees were a legally constituted tribe at certain key dates in their history. Two days later, the jury declared that although the Mashpees were a tribe for an eight-year period between 1834, when the Indian District was created by the legislature, and 1842, when the legislature authorized formal partition of the district land among the Indians, they were not a tribe in 1790, when the Nonintercourse Act was passed by Congress; or in 1869, when the legislature first allowed them to sell their lands to non-Indians; or in 1870, when the legislature abolished the Indian District and incorporated it as a town; or in 1976, when the Mashpees filed their suit. The verdict was a standoff in that neither side was able to claim a clear-cut victory, but the ambiguity of the jury's decision puzzled many people. "We have a mystery," said one of the attorneys who had argued the case for the Indians. "We have a tribe that was in existence in 1834. What became of it?"

On January 26th, both sides submitted arguments—requested by Judge Skinner—as to what action could validly be based on the jury's verdict, lawyers for the Mashpees arguing that it had internal inconsistencies and was illogical, and the defense asking for a judgment of dismissal. On March 24th, Judge Skinner upheld the jury and dismissed the Indians' suit, declaring that the Mashpees had failed to substantiate their assertion of tribal existence, and had proved only that they were an ethnic group "like any other." The dismissal marked the first outright defeat for any of the Eastern tribes in recent years. It was greeted with only cautious optimism by white residents of



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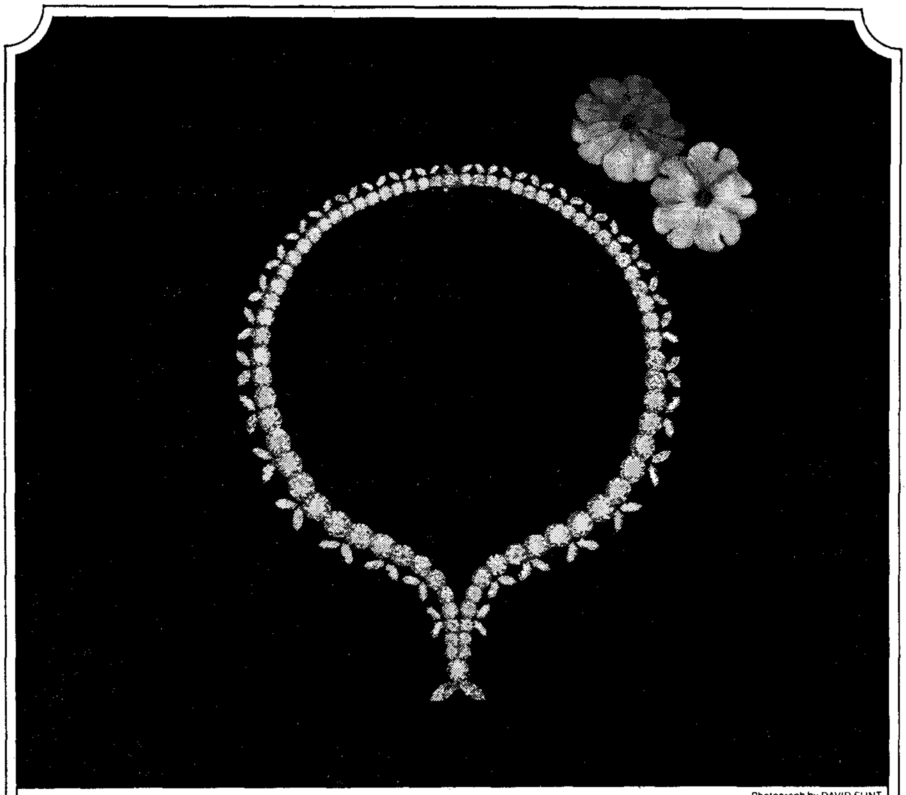

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Mashpee, however, for they do not expect the cloud on land titles to be removed until the appeal process, which could take many years, has been exhausted.

For their part, the Mashpees reacted to the verdict and the dismissal with a mixture of disappointment and resignation. To some outside observers, it appeared that the Indians had gambled on the fairness of the American judicial system and lost. One attorney declared that if the case demonstrated anything it was that Indians had better learn not to go before juries. Whether the Mashpees would have fared any better at the hands of Congress or a federally appointed mediator is, however, another matter. Certainly few things that have occurred in the three hundred and fifty-odd years since they first came in contact with whites could have led them to believe so, for during this entire period they have been faced with a seemingly endless series of no-win situations. In short, as anyone who knows the history of the Mashpees can attest, losing is nothing new to them.

I WELL remember the occasion of my first visit to Mashpee, in 1962. It was a midweek afternoon in late September—a day filled with intimations of the season's changing—and I had put a fly rod, a pair of hip boots, and a basket creel in the trunk of my car and driven west across Cape Cod from Orleans to Mashpee to go trout fishing. The distance is about thirty-five miles. Orleans, where I spent my vacations in those days, is on lower Cape Cod, nearly two-thirds of the way to Provincetown, and Mashpee lies on the upper Cape, near the canal. The town of Mashpee, an irregularly shaped tract of land that extends north from Nantucket Sound nine miles into the interior of the peninsula, is bounded on the west by Falmouth, on the north by Sandwich, and on the east by Barnstable, and it was a place I had been intending to visit for some time, not only because I kept hearing that the trout fishing there was excellent but also because of its history. Mashpee, I had been told, had the distinction of being the only town on Cape Cod that was not settled by Englishmen. It was settled by Wampanoag Indians. The fact is that Mashpee was never really settled in any formal sense of the word. It was simply inhabited by the Wampanoags, whose ancestors had been coming there to fish for herring and to gather clams and oysters since the earliest aboriginal times, and whose local descendants currently represent, with

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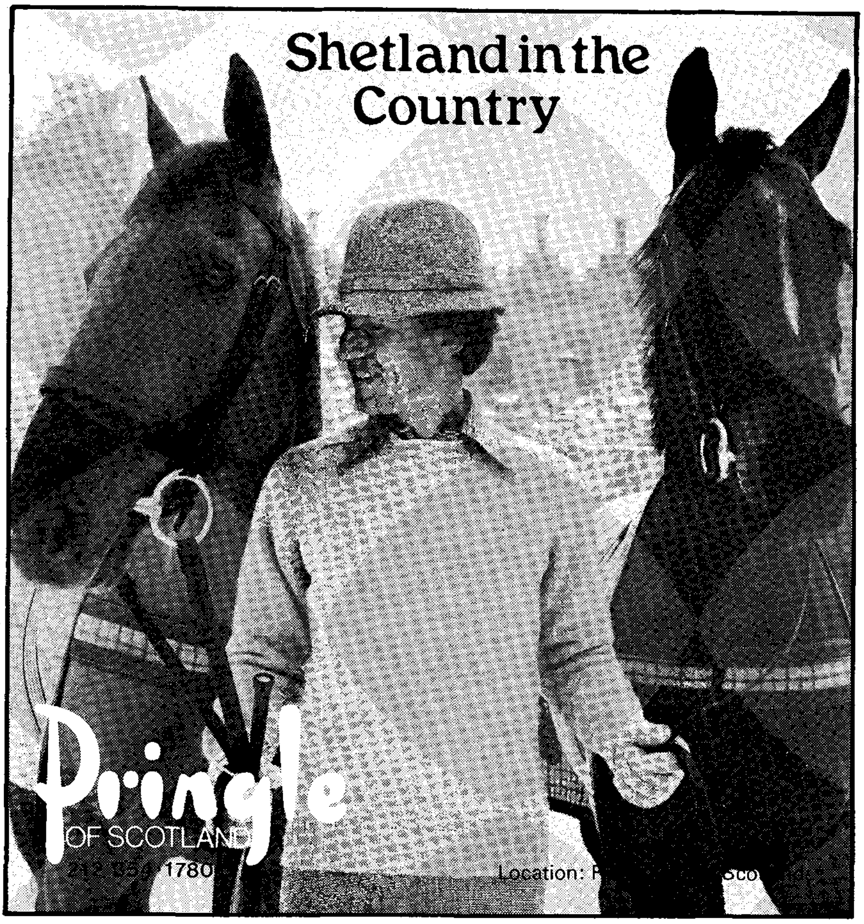
the exception of the Penobscots and the Passamaquoddys of Maine, the largest body of Indians in New England. Mashpee was also said to be unusual in another respect. To a remarkable degree, I was given to understand, the six hundred and fifty year-round residents of the town had survived as a race of Indians, notwithstanding a history involving English settlers, African slaves, Hessian mercenaries, Portuguese Negroes from the Cape Verde Islands, and black American veterans of the Second World War—all in all, a mixture that, one might suppose, could easily have obliterated the original strain.

The village of Mashpee lies in the northern section of the town, at the south end of Mashpee-Wakeby Pond, and is linked by several narrow, winding roads with Route 28, which parallels the shoreline of Nantucket Sound. On the day of my first visit there, I turned off onto one of these roads and drove past fifteen or twenty frame houses. Some of them were painted and others were covered with weathered cedar shingles, and most of them looked as if their occupants lived in them all year and didn't have much money; several of the back yards contained such residual clues to poverty as rusted kerosene drums, discarded refrigerators, and the stripped remains of old cars. After a mile or so, I came to a small wooden building identified by a sign: "Mashpee Post Office." Beyond, the road climbed a slight rise, and I emerged into an open area shaded by some tall elm trees, where another road entered from the left. Here, facing the junction, stood a store with a sign that read "Ockry Trading Post." A fire station with a sagging roof and walls that were covered with curling shingles stood beside the store. I took the road to the left and drove up a hill past a modern brick school and a shack identified by a sign as the "Mashpee Library." Diagonally across the road was a Baptist church of uncertain age and style, with shingles stained a dark, glowering brown. That seemed to be the end of the settlement, so I drove back to the junction, pulled up before the Ockry Trading Post, and got out. Overhead, a few leaves were drifting off the elms, and some gulls were soaring inland on a stiff southwesterly breeze. A pair of hounds lay snoozing by the wall of the ramshackle fire station. Except for the gulls and the hounds, there wasn't a sign of life.

I went into the trading post and found it to all appearances equally deserted. It was one of those small,



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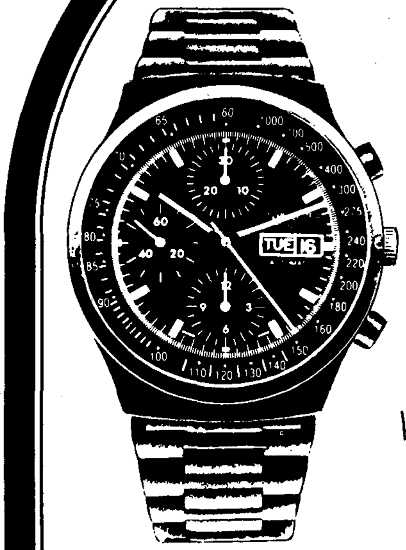

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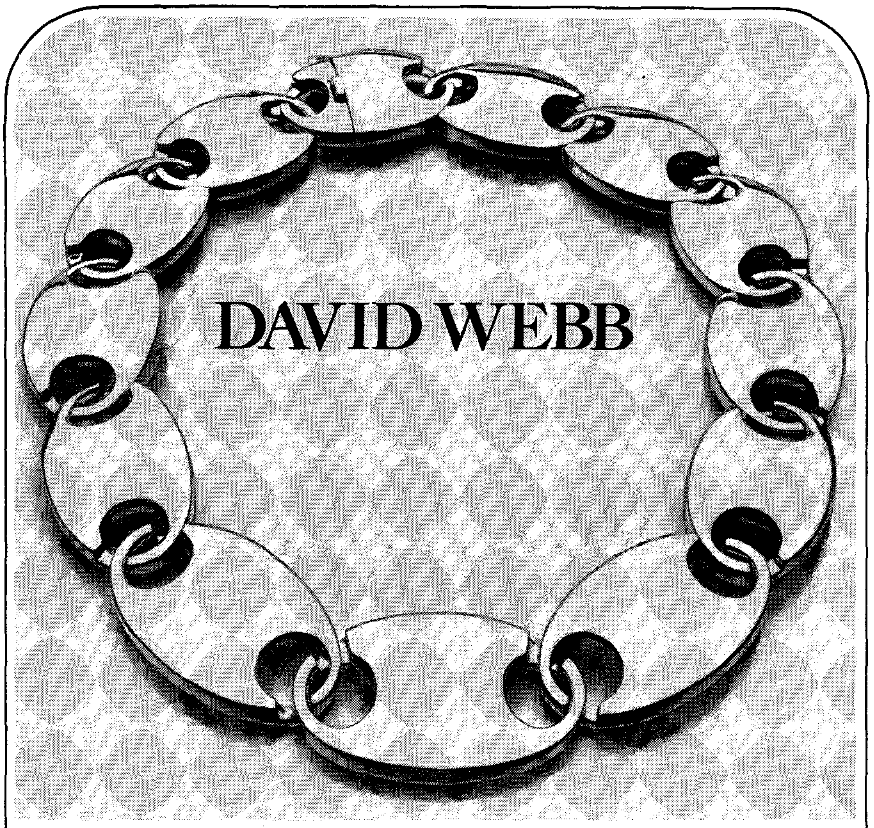

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dingy country stores which seem to be stocked with a little of everything. What had not been stuffed into cases and racks, or piled on shelves and counters, hung from hooks fastened to the walls and to wooden posts that supported the ceiling. I took a few steps along a cluttered aisle leading to the rear, and then turned and started back toward the front. I was about to call out when I was stopped short by the sight of a large mounted trout hanging above the entrance. It was a brook trout about twenty-four inches long, and it was a beauty. While I was admiring it, a woman stepped out from the shadows behind a counter to my left. She was a thin, pale-complexioned woman in her late thirties, with long black hair and large brown eyes, and as I turned toward her, startled, she smiled shyly and asked if she could help.

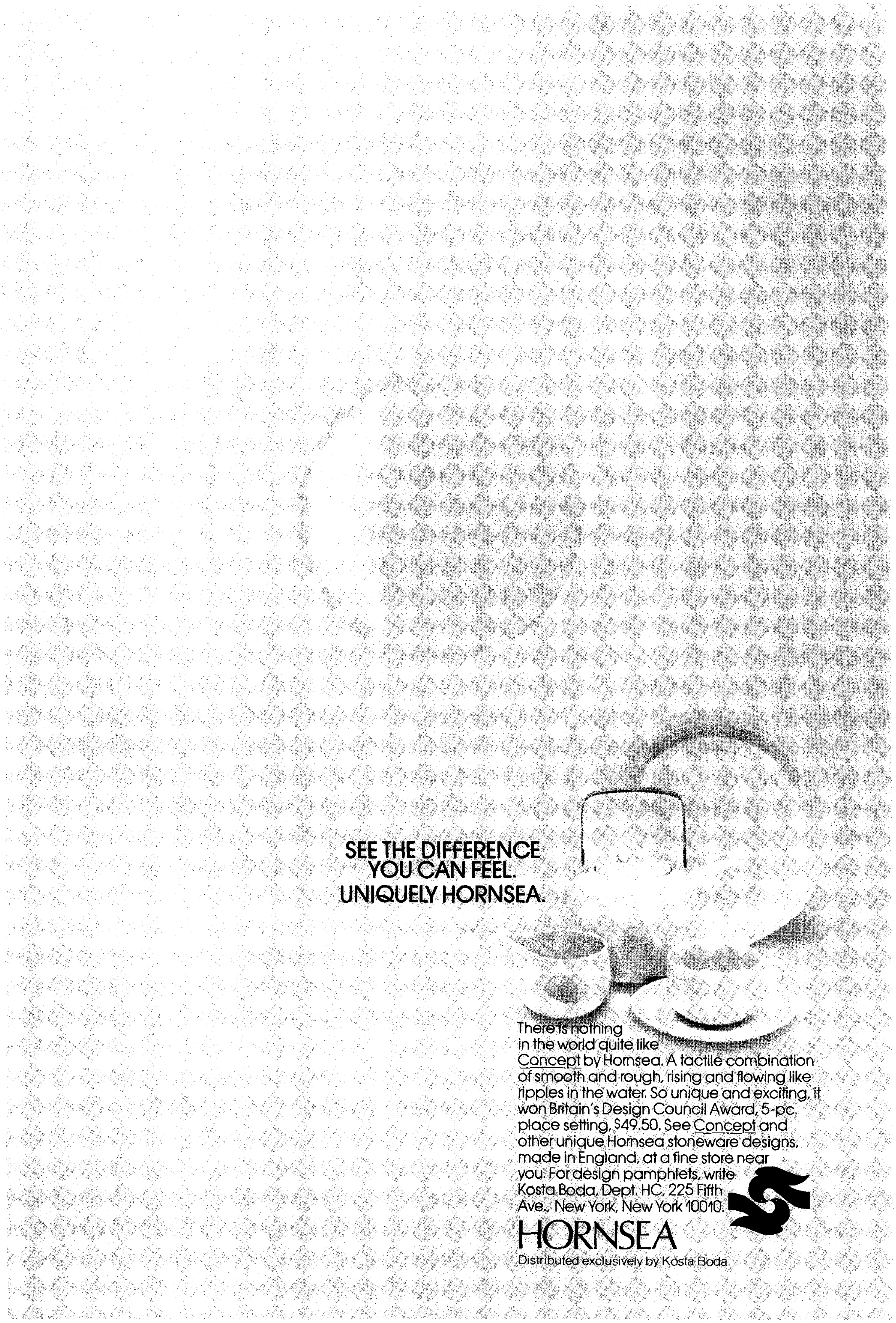
"Can you tell me where that trout was caught?" I said, pointing to the fish above the doorway.

"I'm afraid I can't," she replied. "My father-in-law, Ferdinand Mills, caught it many years ago, but I don't know whether it came from Mashpee Pond or from one of the streams. If my husband, Elwood, were here, he could probably tell you, because he's a fanatic about fishing and knows all the best places to go. I take it you're a fisherman, too."

I said I was, and introduced myself, explaining that I had come to Mashpee not only to fish but in the hope of learning something about the town and its inhabitants.

At this, Mrs. Mills shook her head. "I can't help you much there, either," she said. "You see, I'm not a native. I'm of Italian descent, and I was born and raised in Philadelphia. If you're interested, though, I guess the best person to see around here would be Mabel Avant. She's supposed to know more about the town than anyone else. You should also talk with my husband's younger brother, Earl. He lives in Falmouth, where he's director of athletics at the high school. Earl is chief of the Mashpee Wampanoag Tribe here and president of a local group that's been raising funds to restore the old Indian meetinghouse."

The front door banged open just then as two small boys burst in and went directly to a glass case filled with candy. One of them had copper-colored skin and the angular facial features of an Indian; the other was darker, with softer features, suggesting black ancestry. The boys had only a few pennies to spend, and Mrs. Mills, who greeted them by their first names,



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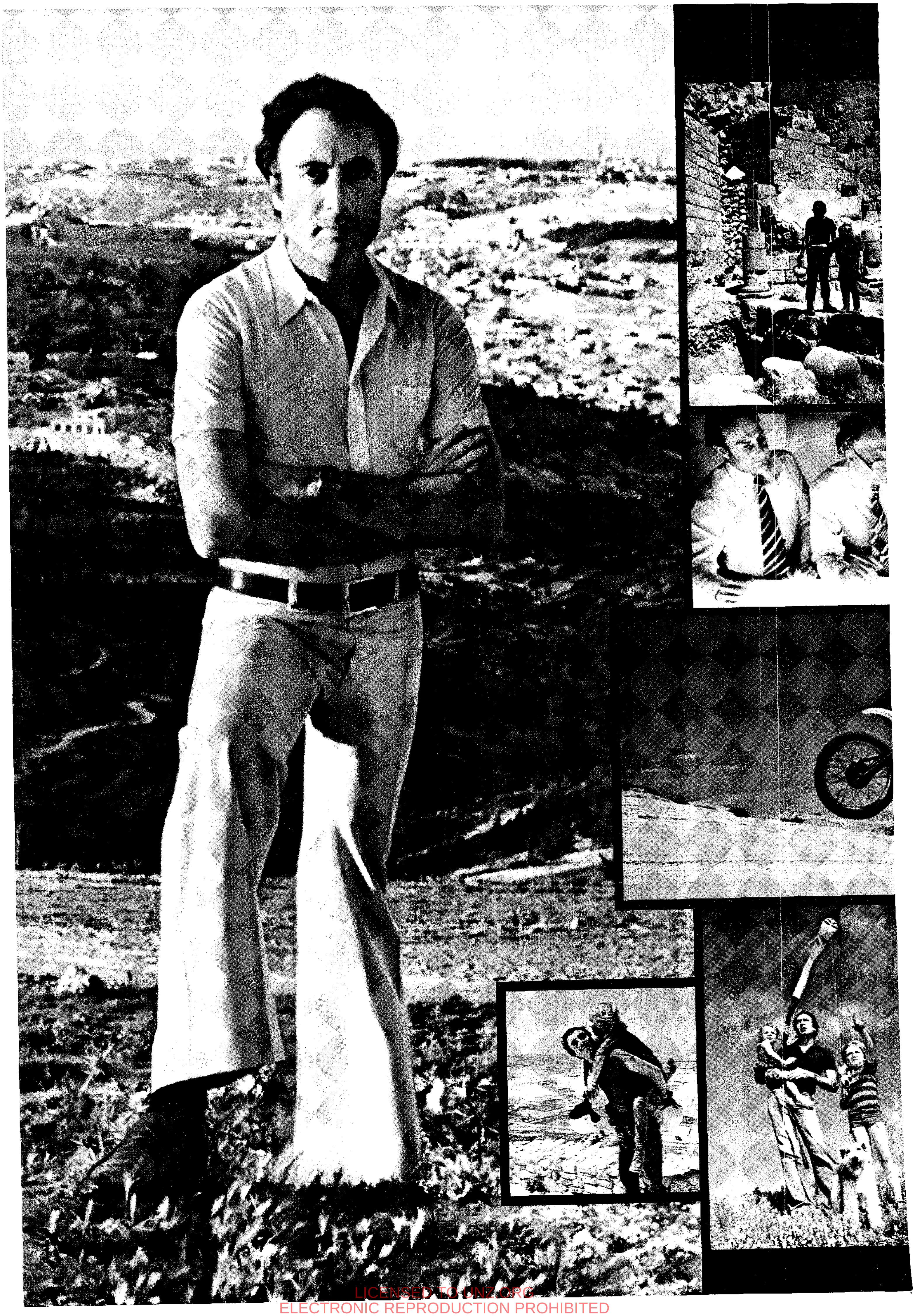

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A movie of the life of Efraim Arazi would definitely not be done in black and white. This colorful entrepreneur has been doing things in an unorthodox but highly successful way since he left high school.

At 21, Arazi, a native Israeli, left Jerusalem to seek new challenges in America. He took with him fifty dollars, some electronics training from the Israel Air Force and a faith in his ability to make the future work. "Your worst mistake is to come to a dead stop just because the future is unclear."

Ten years later, Arazi returned to Israel with a B.S. from MIT, advanced electronics training from Harvard and Itek Corporation, and plans for a corporation called SCI-TEX.

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Arazi is an expert skier and motorcycle racer. "Most of my real racing is against myself. I won't take silly chances, but I love to race very hard." His son, Michael, and daughter, Monica, join him on outings to the historic countryside around Jerusalem. The Judaean Desert is Arazi's practice area for dirt bike competitions.

A man who constantly ventures into new markets has to be well-informed. Arazi puts SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN at the top of his reading list.

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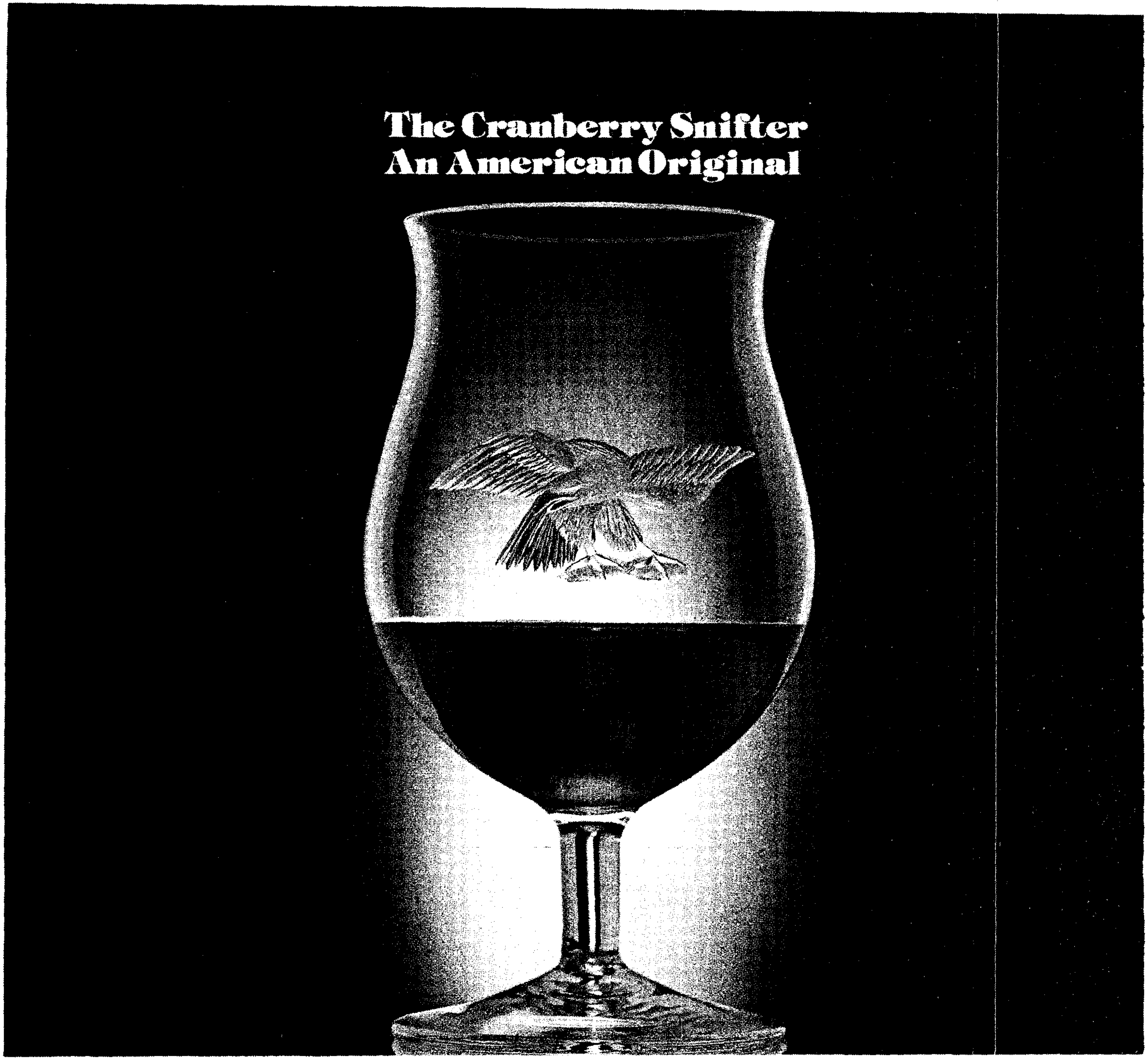

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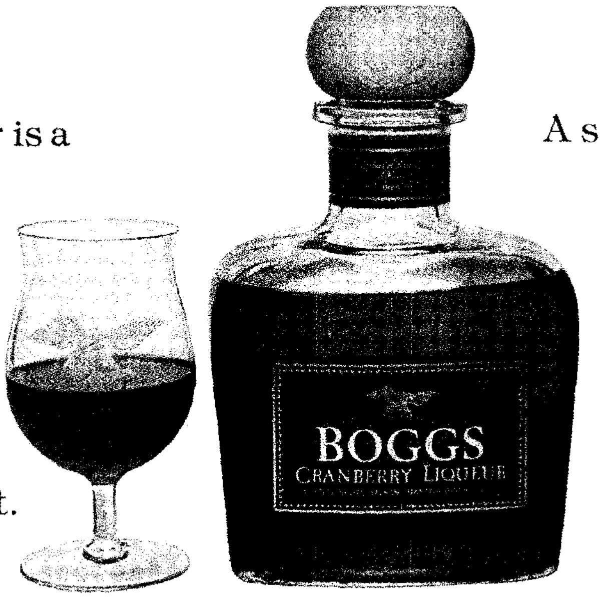

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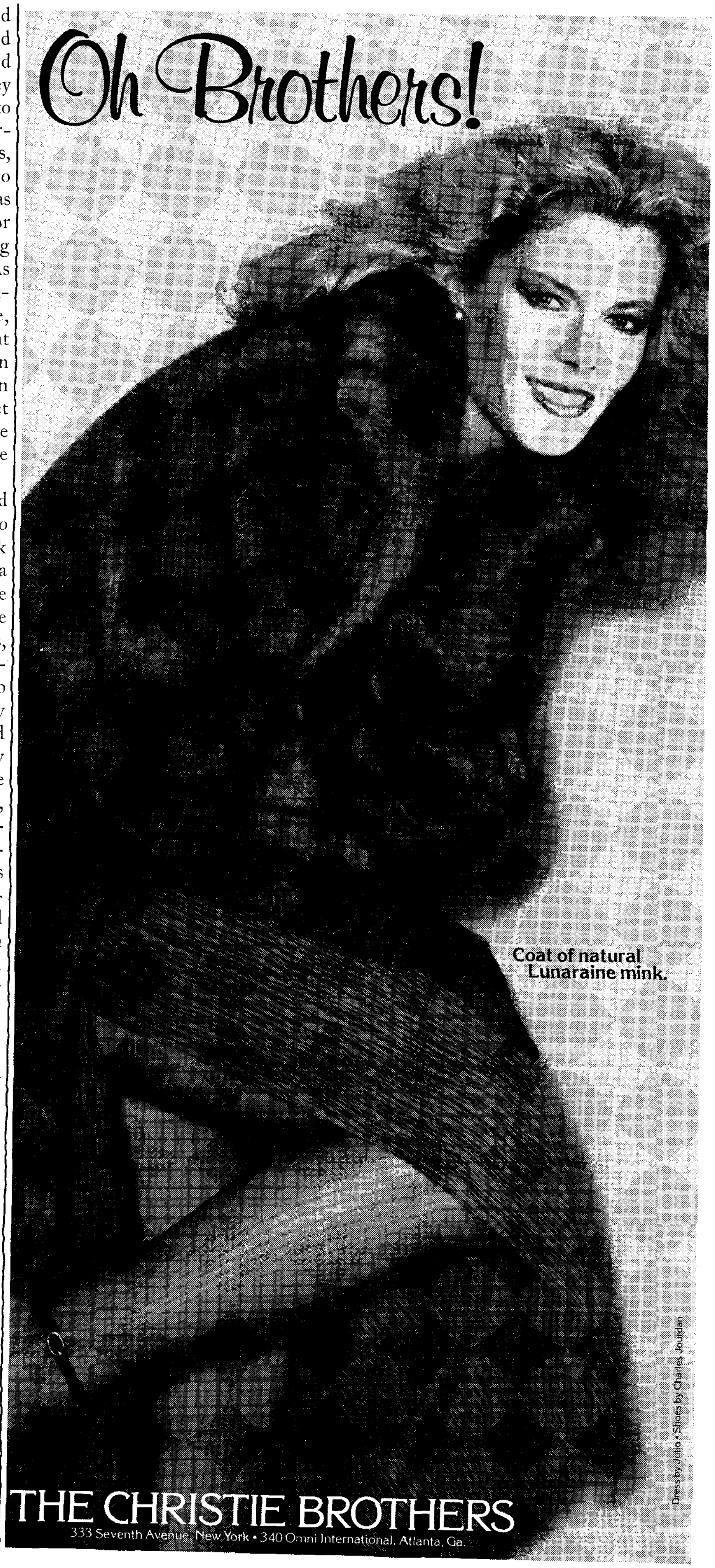
waited patiently while they decided what to buy. At last, having completed the transaction, they darted out, and she looked fondly after them as they ran across the road. Turning back to me, she said, "I suppose it might surprise you—it surprises some strangers, at least—to know that those two youngsters are brothers. There has been mixed ancestry in Mashpee for many generations, but it's something people here don't talk about much. As for the meetinghouse, it's a sort of rallying point for the people of Mashpee, and if you have time to spare you ought to visit it. It's the oldest church on Cape Cod, and it's the oldest Indian church in the United States. To get there, you just follow Meetinghouse Road, which is the first left beyond the school."

I thanked Mrs. Mills, went out and started my car, and, having decided to save the fishing for another day, took the road to the meetinghouse. For a couple of miles, I drove through the kind of jungle that covers much of the interior of Cape Cod—a tenacious, thirsty-looking, and nearly impenetrable tangle of cedars, pitch pine, scrub oak, wild grapevines, and blueberry bushes, with here and there the charred trunk of some larger tree, ravaged by a forest fire. Then, abruptly, I came upon the meetinghouse—small, square, with cedar-shingled sides and a clapboard front—standing alone in a clearing at one side of the road. It was hemmed in on three sides by the tombstones of a burial ground and, beyond them, the bleak woods, and it had a chaste, Spartan symmetry well suited to its austere background. Unlike many other old New England meetinghouses, it had survived through the years without the embellishment of a steeple or a belfry atop its peaked roof. I got out and, after learning from the inscription on a bronze tablet affixed to a nearby rock that the meetinghouse was built in 1684 and moved to its present site some three decades later, I walked around the building to examine it in greater detail. Grooved pilasters stood at either end of the façade, topped by frieze boards and cornices, and in the center was a large and typically Colonial door, flanked by narrow, vertical windows and by pilasters of its own, and topped by a molded lintel. Above the door were two oblong windows, and high up in the center of the façade was a fifth window, small and triangular, whose two upper sides paralleled the pitch of the roof. In each side of the building was set a pair of large shuttered windows, each with twenty-four panes of



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glass, and in the rear was a semicircular pulpit window.

For the next half hour, I wandered through the burial ground, reading inscriptions on the tombstones. Many of the names were Indian (Pocknett, Attaquin, Webquish, Keeter, Queppish, and Couett, for example); others were English (Amos, Cobb, Peters, and Stevens), adopted by the Mashpees from the settlers; and a few were derived from the Portuguese-African immigrants who came to Massachusetts from the Cape Verde Islands around the beginning of the century. The tombstones were mostly of slate, which in some instances had so weathered and flaked away that the inscriptions were barely legible. The oldest grave I came across belonged to Deacon Zacheus Popmunnet, who died on October 2, 1770, at the age of fifty-one. Not far from it was a stone marking the grave of Ebenezer, son of Nancy Squib, who died at sea on October 23, 1849, "aged 17 y'rs 2 mo's." Part of the burial ground borders on busy Route 28, and not until I reached it and saw cars speeding by with their headlights on did I realize that night was approaching. By the time I got back to the meetinghouse, the woods at the edge of the clearing were dark, the gray stones of the burial ground had merged with the rough turf around them, and only the sky and the silvery cedar sides of the old church retained the last light of day.

On my way home, I stopped at a filling station and called Earl Mills at his house in Falmouth. I told him of my visit to Mashpee that afternoon and asked if I could come over sometime and talk with him about the town. "I don't see why not," he replied, in the subdued, gentle voice that I have since come to associate with the people of Mashpee. "How about toward the end of the week—say, Friday afternoon?" I said Friday would be fine, and we agreed to meet around four o'clock at the high-school football field, where he would be coaching the freshman team. He recommended that I also talk with Mabel Avant, and I said that I was already planning to. "Mabel's our unofficial historian," he went on. "She's an elderly lady and not always very kindly toward strangers to begin with, but I'll give her a ring and tell her you're coming. She has always been interested in preserving our heritage, and she'd been urging us to restore the meetinghouse for years before we finally got around to it, back in 1956. By that time, the place was a terrible mess. We've already spent nearly ten thousand dollars on it, and we're going to need about fifteen thousand more. Some of this will

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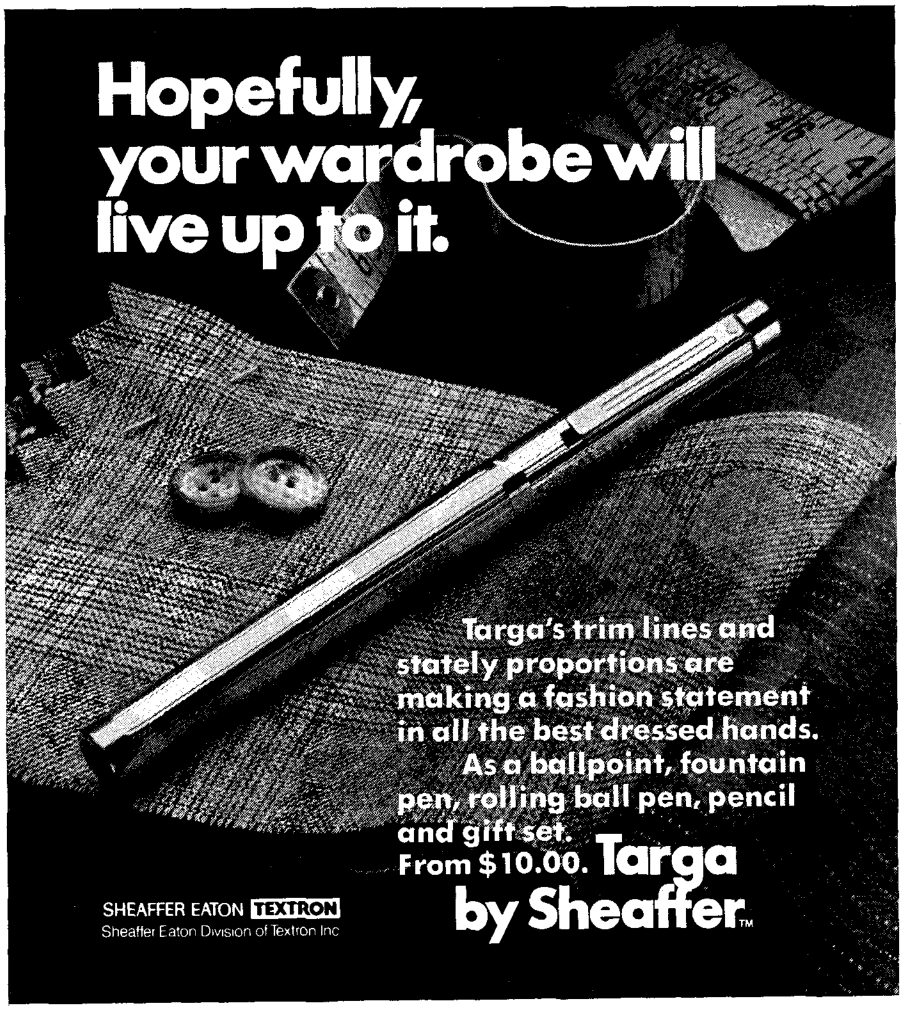

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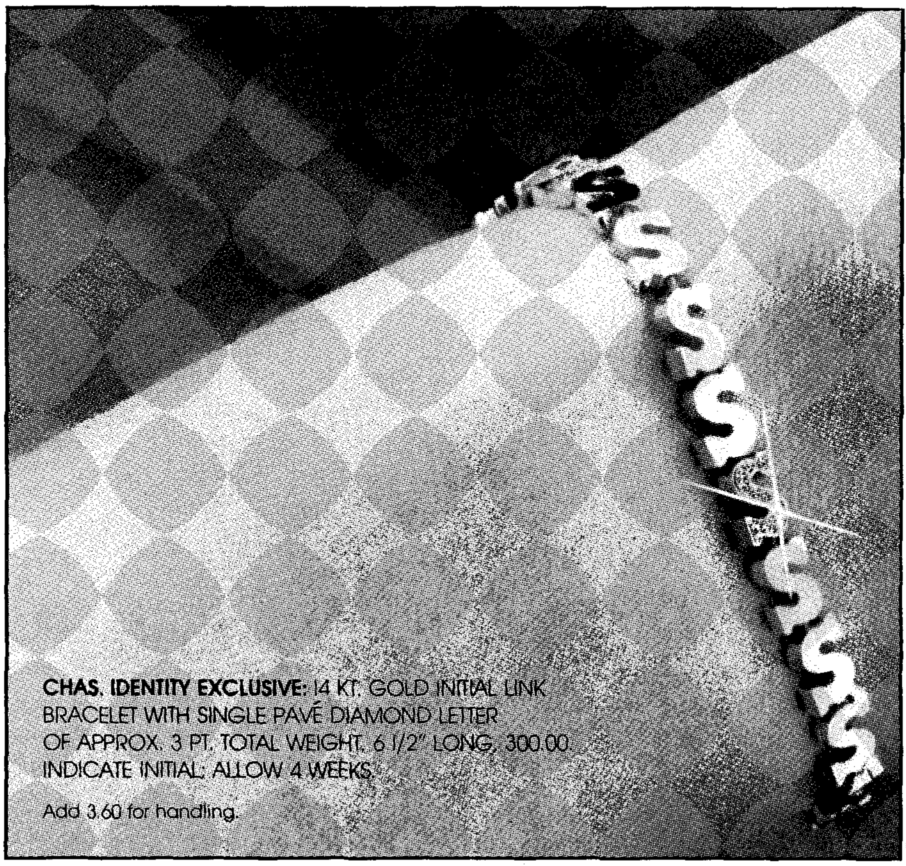

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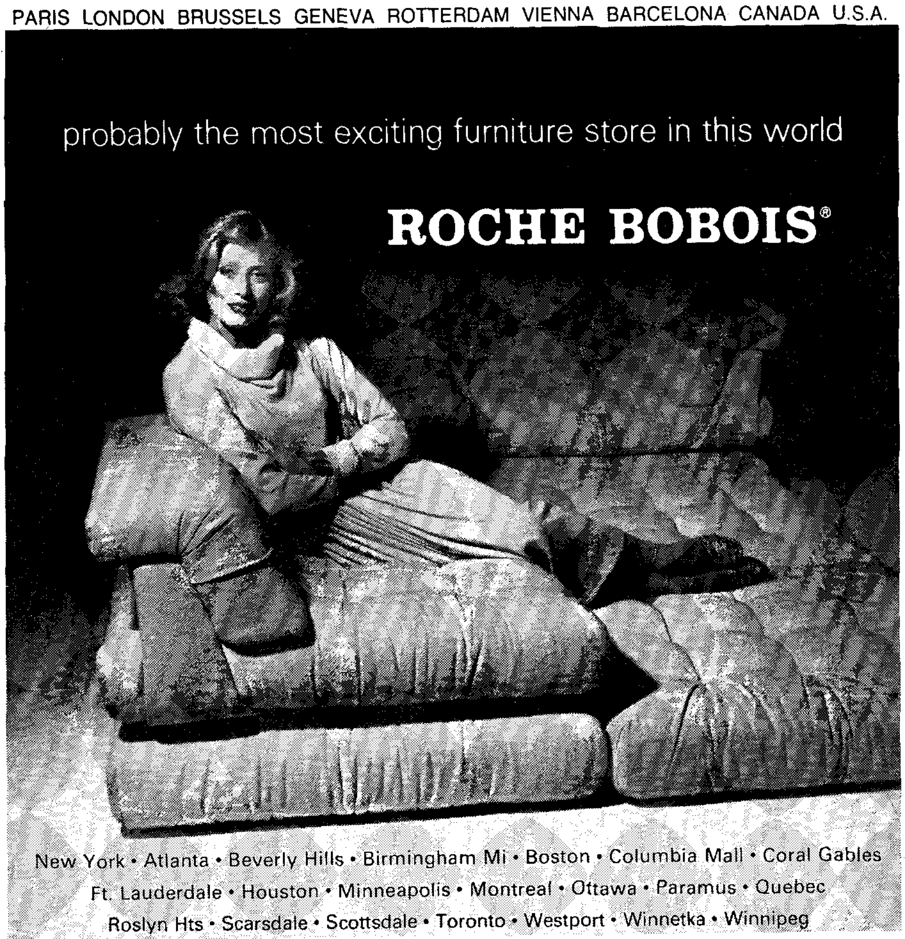

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come from admission fees to our annual powwows, and we're hoping that the rest will be made up by public donations. Raising funds has been a terrific effort, but it's been worthwhile. That old church means more to us than anyone can know."

THE meetinghouse was built for the Indians in 1684 by Shearjashub Bourne, of Sandwich. Bourne wanted some land near the Mashpee River as the site for a gristmill, and the Indians, who had become Christians, and who up until that time had met for worship beneath an oak tree, wanted a permanent church. It was one of the few decent bargains they ever managed to strike with the white man. Shearjashub Bourne, however, had come well recommended. His father, Richard Bourne, an agent for Plymouth Colony and the town of Sandwich, had been the Indians' trusted friend for years. In fact, Richard Bourne had been preaching to the Mashpees—they were commonly called the South Sea Indians in those days, because they lived near the sound, which the Dutch had named the South Sea—since 1657. He had also looked after their temporal interests by arranging for them to obtain a written deed for the land they lived on—some eighteen thousand acres—from a pair of local sachems named Weepquish and Tookenchosun. This deed was executed on December 11, 1665, and in it the two chieftains declared that "wee freely give these lands forementioned unto the South Sea Indians and their Children forever, and not to bee sold or given away from them by anyone without all their Consents thereunto."

Thanks to the elder Bourne's beneficent guardianship and the relative isolation of Cape Cod, the inhabitants of Mashpee, who around that time also became known as Praying Indians, were not involved in the Indian uprising called King Philip's War, which broke out in 1675, and thus they escaped the savage reprisals of the victorious whites, who elsewhere in New England used the rebellion as a pretext for slaughtering the Indians and appropriating their land. Moreover, in 1685, the year in which Richard Bourne died, the original deed from Weepquish and Tookenchosun to the Mashpees was officially confirmed by the Court of Plymouth Colony, which granted "said land to the said Indians, to be perpetually to them & their children, as that no part of them shall be granted to or purchased by any English whatsoever, by the Court's allowance,

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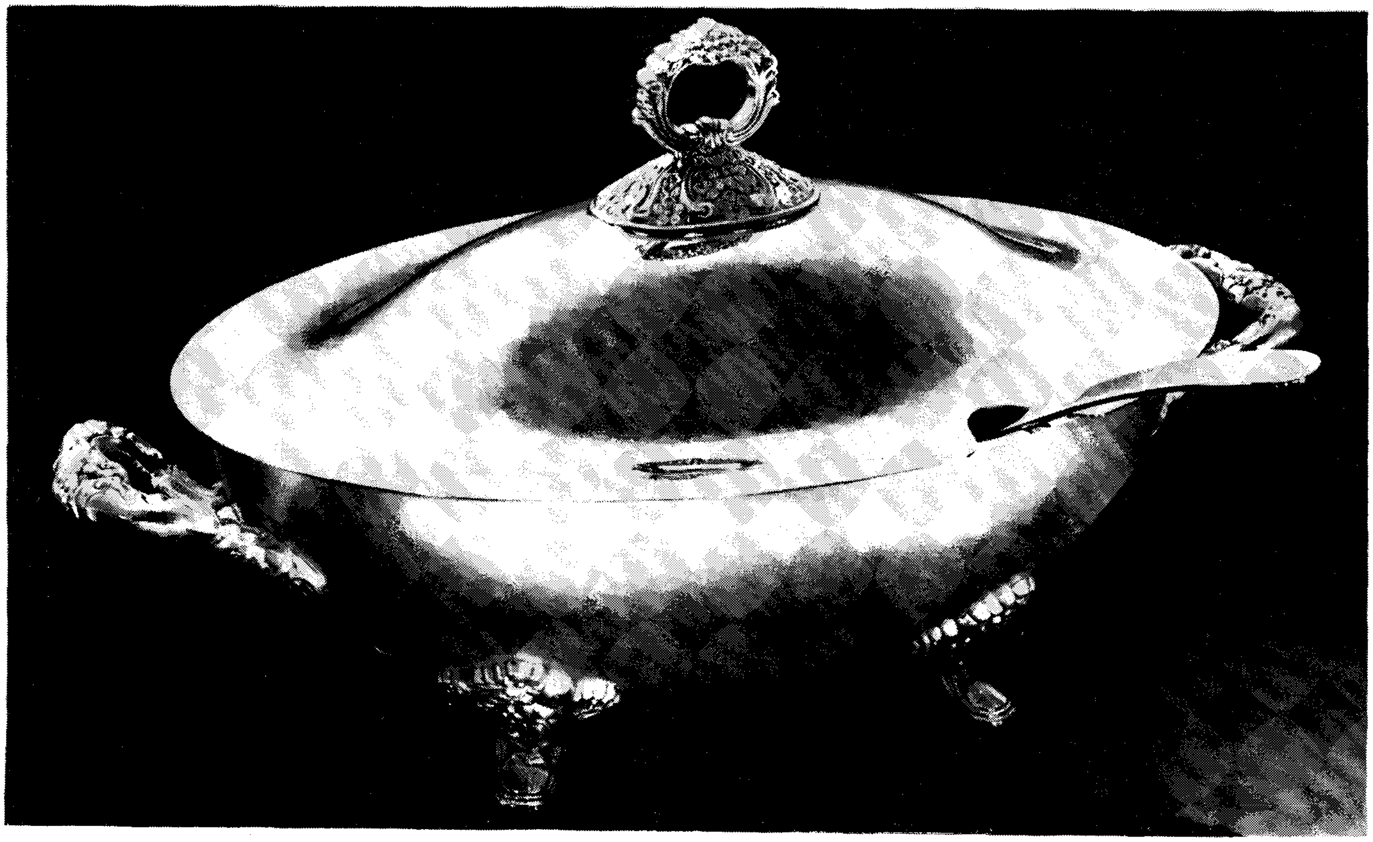

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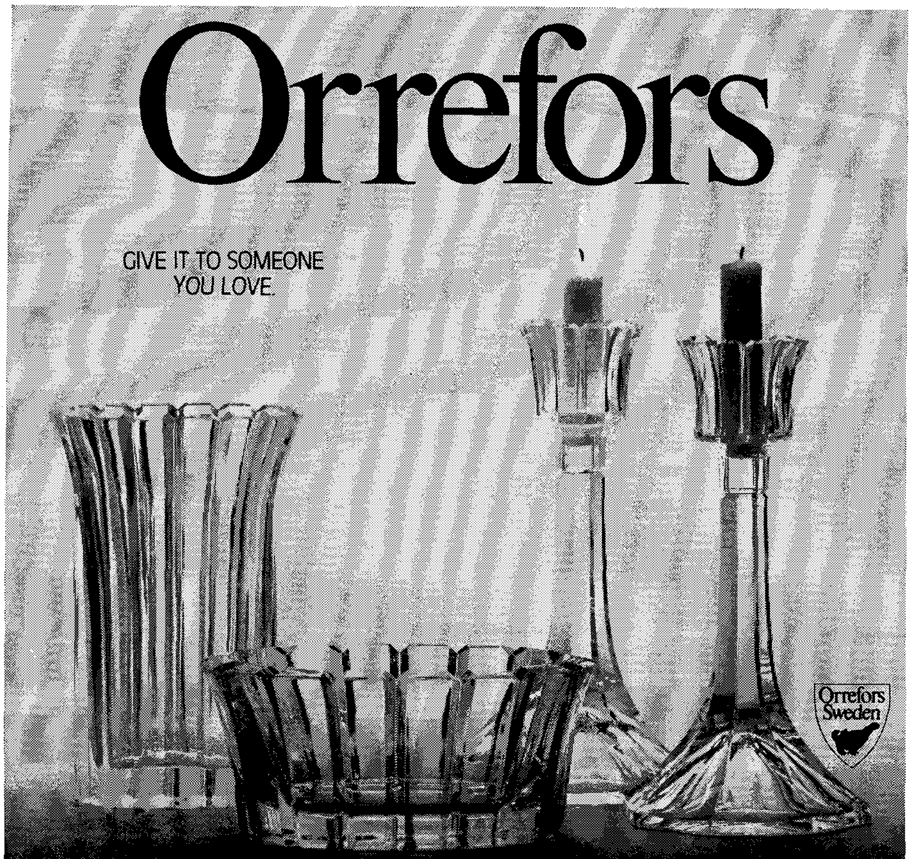
without the consent of all the said Indians."

Six years later, when Plymouth Colony was united with the Massachusetts Bay Colony to form the Massachusetts Colony, two hundred and fourteen adult Indians were living on the Mashpee plantation, as it was called, and they found themselves officially consigned to the protection of the new government. Their spiritual interests were looked after by missionaries who were appointed by the Society for the Propagating of the Gospel Among the Indians in North America, and after 1746 their secular affairs were managed by overseers who were appointed by the General Court.

As early as 1748, the Mashpees were bitterly protesting the actions of the overseers, telling the court that "we are more hurt since they have intermeddled about our lands and meadows," and that "we lived better before they came." By 1760, the situation had become so intolerable that they sent Reuben Cognehew, a Mohegan Indian who was living among them, to England to appeal directly to the new King, George III. Cognehew's journey turned out to be an ordeal. First, he was shanghaied to be sold into slavery by the captain of the ship he embarked upon in Rhode Island; then he was shipwrecked in the West Indies, and rescued by a British naval vessel, only to be impressed into service as a seaman; and finally, having persuaded a British admiral that he was an Indian on his way to conduct important business with the King, he was allowed to proceed to England, where he presented the monarch with a list of grievances concerning the encroachments of the Massachusetts Colony upon the lands and the fishing rights of the Mashpees. As a result, the King ordered the colony to remedy the situation, and in 1763 the colonial legislature passed a law changing the Mashpee plantation into a legal district and giving its Indian proprietors the right to elect their own overseers.

This improvement in the lot of the Mashpees was, however, only temporary. Although they strongly supported the Colonies during the Revolutionary War—at least twenty-six of them enlisted in the First Continental Regiment, and only one of those survived—the Massachusetts legislature disregarded their sacrifice. In 1788, the legislators repealed all former laws regarding the Mashpees, appointed new overseers to rule the plantation, and granted the overseers oppressive powers over the inhabitants, including the right to lease their lands, to sell timber from their



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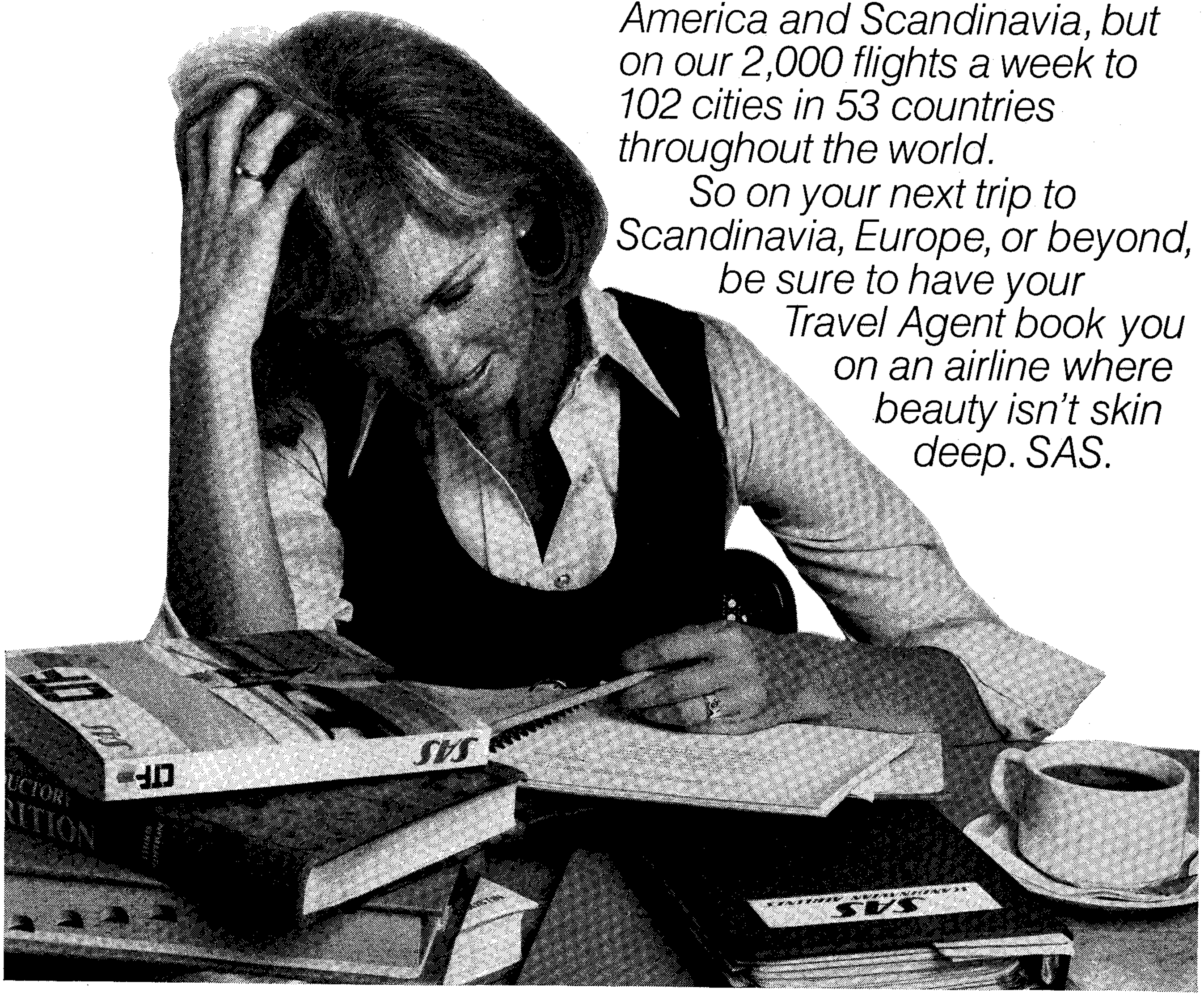

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forests, and to hire out their children to labor. The Mashpees drew up petitions complaining against these encroachments, but to no avail. In vain, again, in 1811, the Mashpees voiced bitter opposition when Phineas Fish, a young Harvard minister, was appointed their pastor. Six years later, they sent a pitifully worded petition to the legislature "to grant us the unspeakable privilege of choosing our own overseers," and this plea, too, was disregarded. Meanwhile, the Mashpees were well on the way to becoming the mixture of three races that they are today. "The inhabitants of Mashpee are denominated Indians but very few of the pure race are left; there are Negroes, mulattoes, and Germans," the Reverend James Freeman, a white minister, wrote after visiting the plantation early in the nineteenth century. He was right as far as he went. During the preceding century, escaped Negro slaves had been hospitably received in Mashpee, and at the time of the Revolution a number of Hessian prisoners from General Burgoyne's army, sent there to operate a saltworks, had married the widows of Indians who had died fighting for the Colonists. As a result, some of their names—Hersch and DeGrasse, for instance—still survive among the townspeople. The Reverend Mr. Freeman neglected to mention, however, that on occasion, since the earliest days of the Pilgrims, local settlers of English stock had also married Mashpee women, and had thus pioneered in thinning the ranks of the pure race. The minister went on to describe the Mashpees' meetinghouse as "a cage of unclean birds" and to disparage their community as a place where "hunting, fishing, and fowling, the usual employments of savages, train them up to be insidious." Again, his account was more critical than complete, for it overlooked the fact that many Mashpee men had abandoned these employments to become seamen and whalers—thereby, incidentally, acquiring contact with the outside world that encouraged them when they returned home to intensify the Indians' protests against the missionaries and overseers who were thrust upon them.

JUST before sunset on a Saturday in May of 1833, an itinerant preacher named William Apes presented himself at Fish's residence, and was invited by Fish to preach at the meetinghouse on the following morning. It was an invitation that, certainly by no intention of Fish's, marked a turning point in the lives of the Mashpees. Apes

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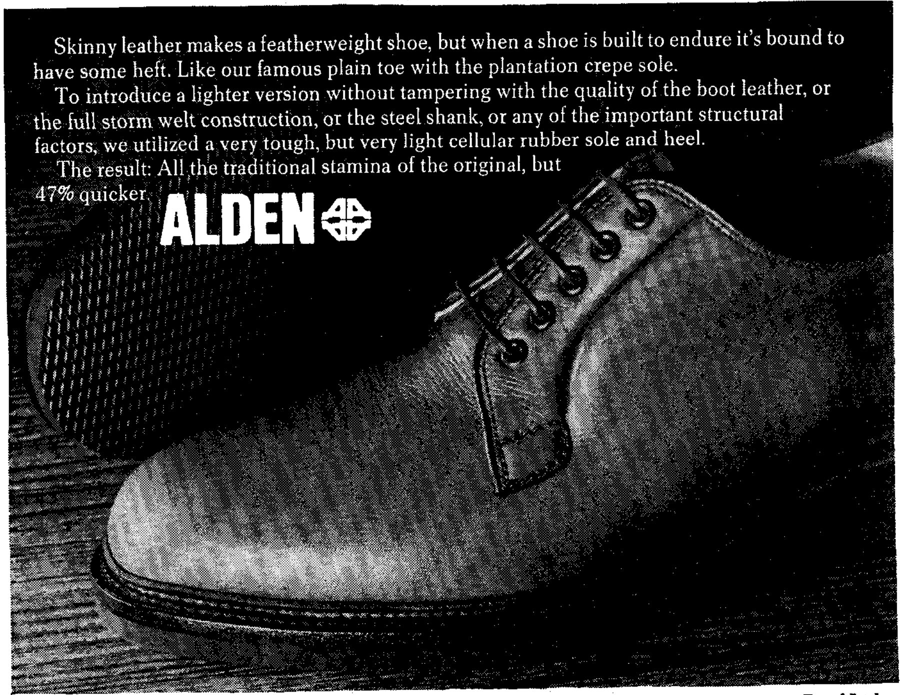

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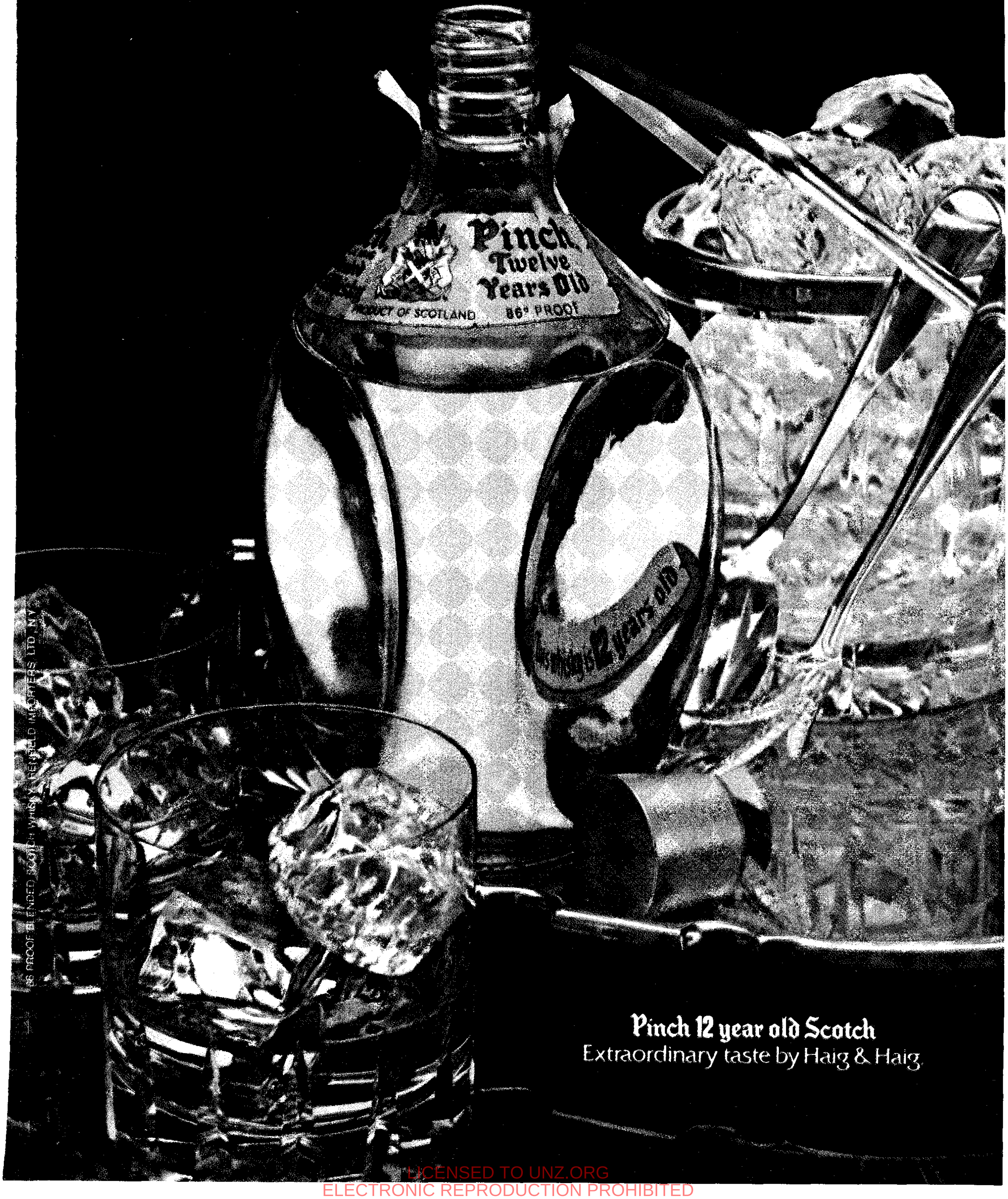
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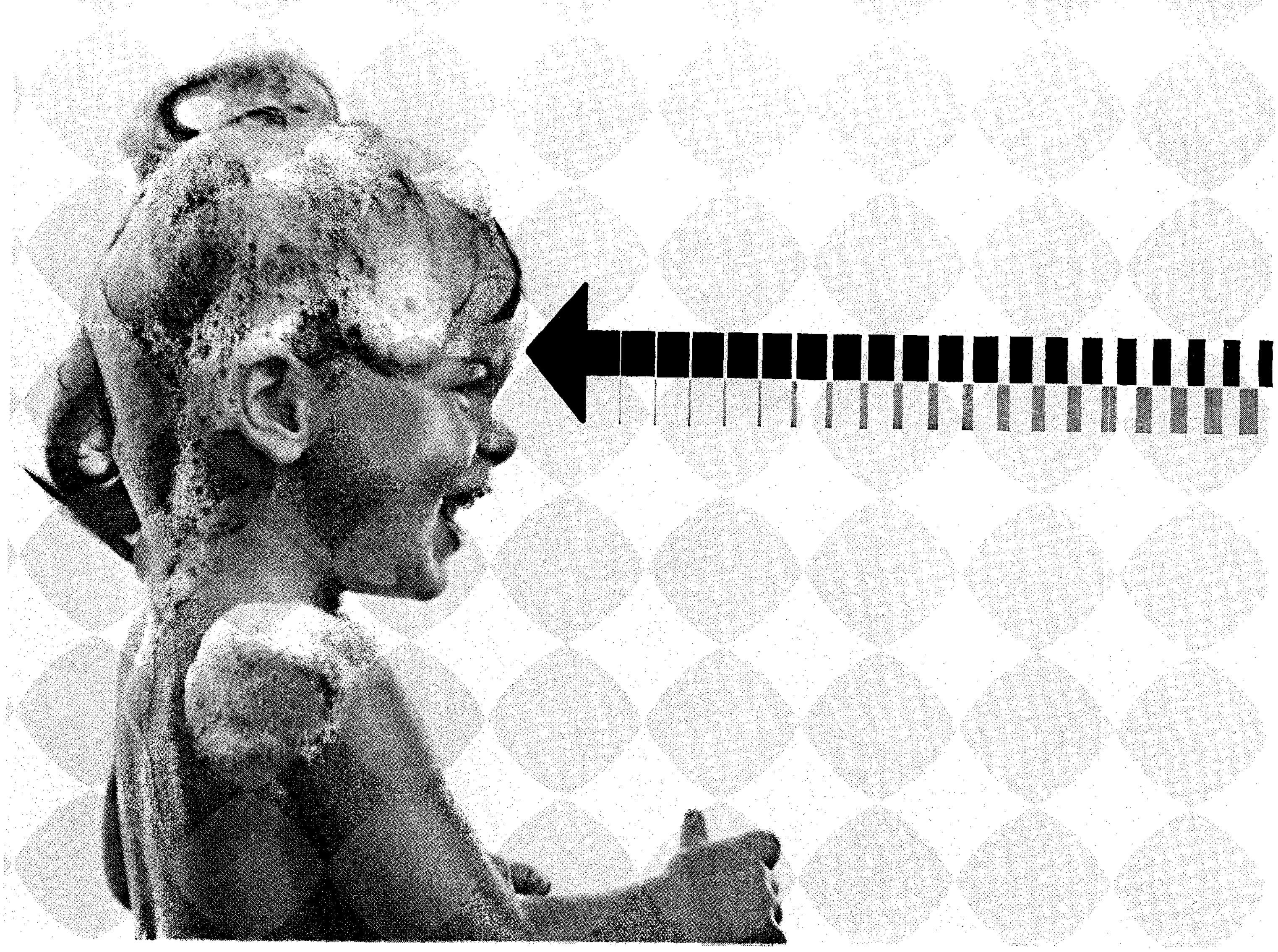

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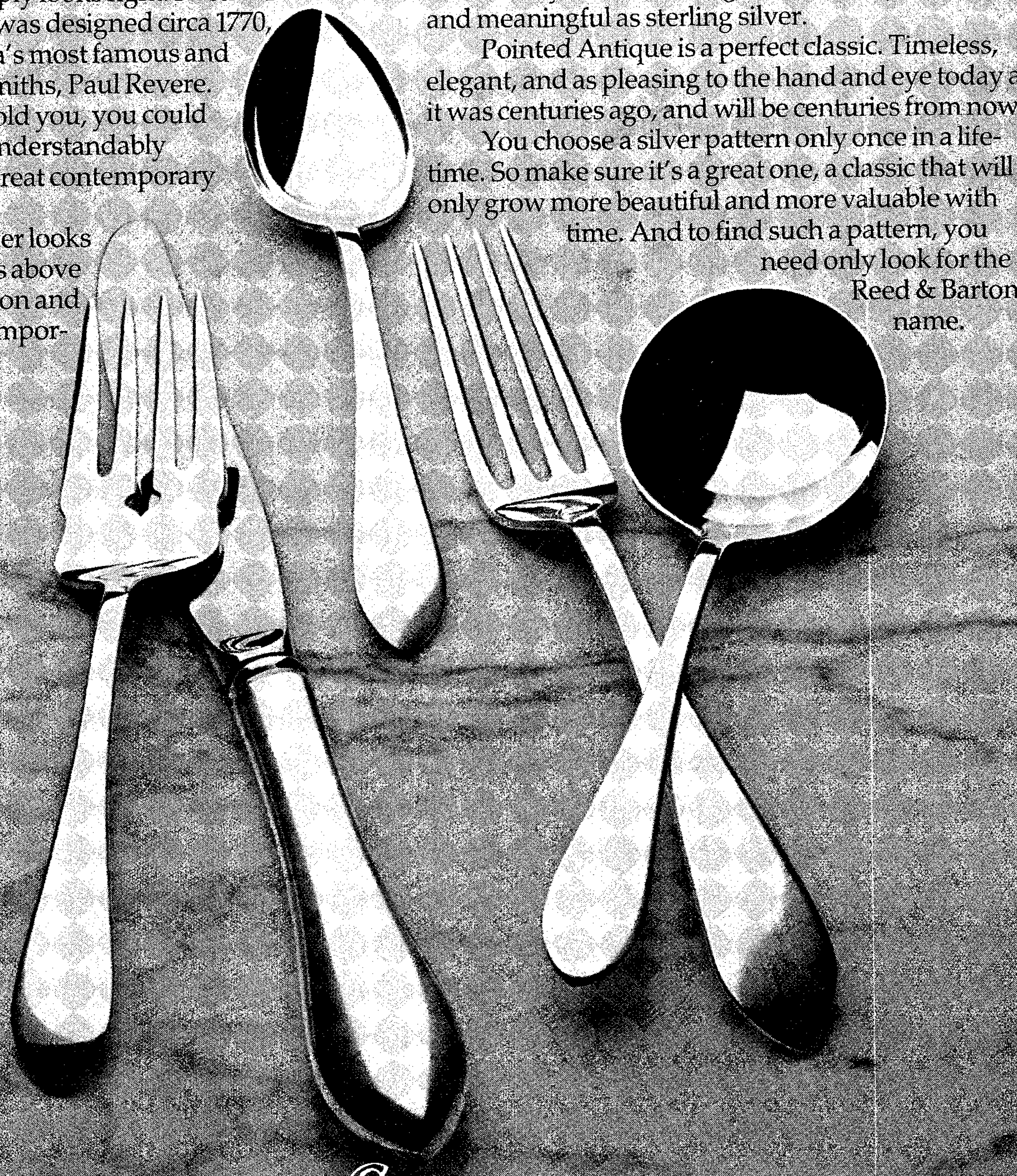

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New Seabury, which was then being built in South Mashpee, on the shores of Nantucket Sound, where the Indians had always harvested shellfish. The developer was enthusiastic about the prospect of using miles and miles of Mashpee fire roads as bridle paths. Many of them, he explained, had been laid out along old trails that historians call the Indians' "ancient ways." He was contemptuous of the U.S.O. building that served as the town hall, and of the ramshackle fire station, and he made it clear that he hoped to bring Mashpee up a notch or two in the public's estimation. "What's needed in Mashpee is long-range planning," he told me. "We're going to pull what now passes for the center of town down to the traffic circle on Route 28, and we're going to build churches, public buildings, and a shopping area for the entire section of the Cape down there. There'll be parking problems, of course, but we'll handle them with lots of pavement."

When I asked him whether the Indian residents of Mashpee would go along with these plans, he shrugged. "Our ideas reflect what modern Americans are seeking," he replied. "The Mashpees can go along or not. It won't make any difference."

The developer was right, of course. The kind of progress he wanted came to Mashpee, and what the Indians may have wanted made no difference whatever, for they no longer owned the land. Over the next decade, New Seabury spread; the shellfish beds in South Mashpee were largely destroyed; a shopping center was built at the traffic circle on Route 28; land values skyrocketed; and the year-round population of the town of Mashpee increased from six hundred and fifty to more than two thousand. In 1964, a white selectman was elected, and by 1968 the Indians had lost their majority on the board, so they no longer had political control of the town.

The loss of political control and the patronage that went with it came as a tremendous blow to the Mashpees, who had apparently assumed that they would always be able to run the town. The Indians also assumed that even if they did not actually own the land they would always be able to use it as they had in the past. They were taken aback when newcomers who bought homes on the ponds, rivers, and oceanfront in Mashpee posted no-trespassing signs and erected chain-link fences—some even extending out into the water—that prevented the Indians from reaching their traditional fishing places. Since

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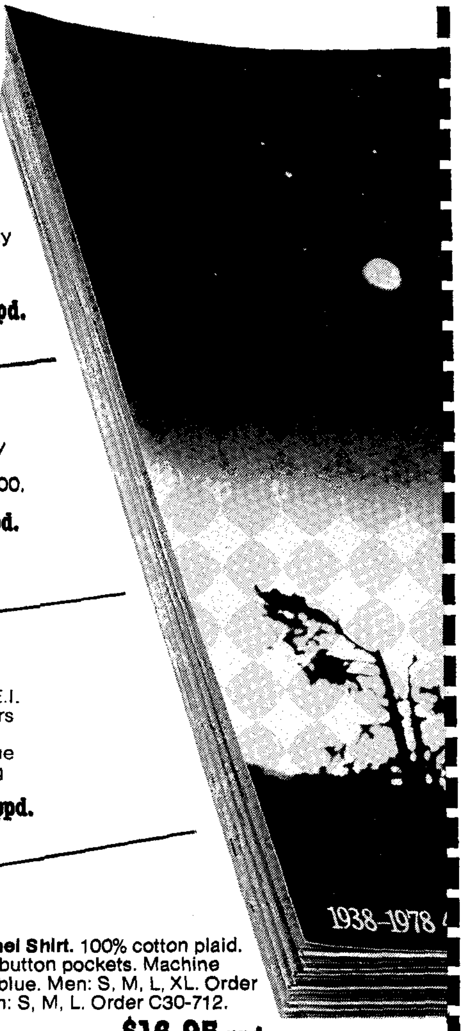

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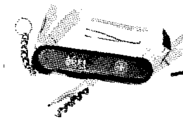

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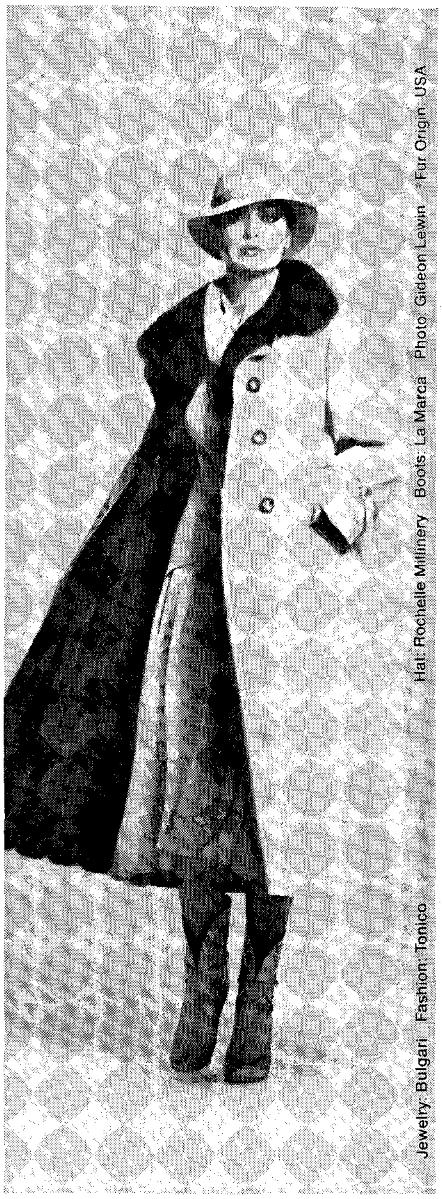
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they had always considered the ponds, the rivers, the ocean, and the fish therein a common treasure, it had never occurred to any of them to actually *live* by the water, let alone erect fences in order to prevent common access to it. They were bewildered and depressed by the actions of their new neighbors, and, feeling helpless to do anything about the situation, they grew downcast. For this reason, many observers consider this period to have marked the lowest ebb in their long and troubled history.

Having hit bottom, however, the Mashpees finally realized that if they were to continue as a cultural entity they would have to develop a strategy for survival. The first step was to organize. In 1974, in order to get federal grants that were being made available to Americans of Indian descent, they incorporated the Mashpee Wampanoag Indian Tribal Council, which soon became their legal and business arm in dealing with the local, state, and federal governments. Early in 1975, the council learned of the key ruling by the United States Court of Appeals for the First Circuit in the dispute between the Passamaquoddy Tribe and the State of Maine: the court had held that the 1790 Nonintercourse Act applied to all Indian tribes, including those that were not federally recognized. The council then got in touch with Thomas Tureen, an attorney for the Native American Rights Fund, or NARF—a nonprofit law firm, financed by a variety of private foundations, that had been formed in 1971 to handle Indian grievances across the nation and was then representing the Passamaquoddys—to find out if the Mashpees might also have a case under the Nonintercourse Act. Tureen, who has been a prime mover in the recent efforts of half a dozen of the Eastern tribes to regain their lands, sent a young lawyer named Barry Margolin to Mashpee in the spring of 1975, and, after listening to the Indians tell how they had lost control of their land, he spent the better part of the next year reconstructing the history of the Mashpees by digging through state, county, and library archives and examining thousands of pages of legislative documents, Colonial records, and land transactions. In the spring of 1976, Margolin informed the Tribal Council that the Mashpees did indeed have a case for recovery of sixteen thousand acres of ancestral lands under the Nonintercourse Act, and on August 26th the council filed suit in federal district court against the New Seabury Corporation, the town of

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Meanwhile, an ugly incident had taken place, and it united the Mashpees at a crucial time. Earlier in the summer, with the help of federal funds, young people in the town had erected the frames for several wigwams and an Indian longhouse in Attaquin Park, at the south end of Mashpee-Wakeby Pond, and one evening in late July twenty or thirty of them gathered there with a group of visiting Cherokees from Oklahoma to have a clambake and to listen to some Indian drumming and singing. Shortly after midnight, two or three dozen policemen swooped down upon the youths, most of whom were by then asleep. The ranks of the police included members of the Mashpee town force and policemen from several surrounding communities, and they were accompanied by dogs. After routing the young people from under their tents and blankets, roughing them up, and confiscating their drums, the police carted twelve of them (including Earl Mills' son, Earl, Jr.) off to jail and charged them with a variety of crimes, such as disturbing the peace, assault, and threatening the lives of officers. Ten months later, in Barnstable County Court, all the youths were acquitted by a judge who declared that they were innocent and should never have been brought before him to begin with. At the time of the arrests, the Mashpees were enraged by the excessive show of force on the part of the police and were convinced that the raid was a naked attempt by the town to intimidate them and put down the Indian movement. A few nights later, some two hundred Indians packed the auditorium in the town hall to vent their displeasure and to demand explanation from the selectmen, who were unable to provide satisfactory answers. As far as the Mashpees were concerned, the incident in Attaquin Park was the last straw. It focussed the anger that had been building in them for years, and it rallied them behind the lawsuit.

ONCE the suit had been filed, relations between Indians and many non-Indians in Mashpee deteriorated rapidly. Appalled by the sudden halt it caused in real-estate sales and the construction of new houses, some whites charged that the Indians were practicing extortion, destroying the basic economy of the town, and causing people to lose their jobs. The Indians pointed out that for years they had endured the highest rate of unemployment on Cape Cod, and that most of them had

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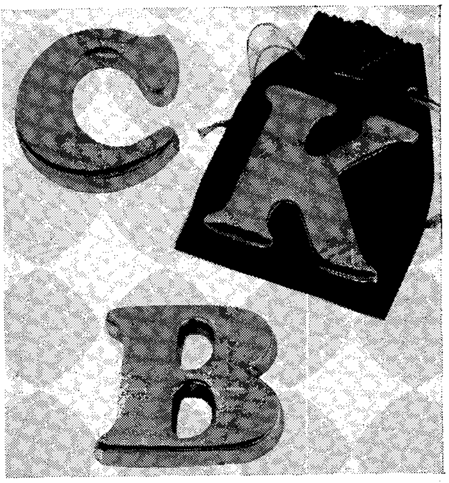

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been forced to make their living outside Mashpee. They also pointed out that land development and housing were a false economic base for the town, in that they would soon come to an end. By October, the town selectmen, who had at first considered the lawsuit something of a joke, had retained James D. St. Clair—the Boston lawyer who defended Richard Nixon in the Watergate-tapes case—at an initial fee of sixty-five thousand dollars. (Eventually, the town's legal fees and disbursements exceeded three hundred thousand dollars.) In their answer to the suit, St. Clair and lawyers for the New Seabury Corporation challenged the plaintiff's assertion that they were a tribe, saying that the Mashpees were a mixed race and could not claim legal status as a tribe. The Mashpees regarded this attempt to disparage their heritage as a tactic of desperation, and declared that they would welcome the opportunity to prove their tribal identity in court. With the battle lines thus drawn, each side set about hiring a team of expert historians and anthropologists and preparing its case.

While this was going on, tension mounted in the town. Anti-white slogans appeared on buildings at the Quashnet Valley Golf Course, in Mashpee, where excavators had unearthed the skeleton of a Wampanoag a year before, and in New Seabury a tennis building was set on fire. Although proof was lacking, most whites in Mashpee were quick to assume that Indians were behind the vandalism and the arson. Town officials even issued warnings about the possibility of violence by summertime if the lawsuit was not settled quickly. However, attempts to achieve an out-of-court settlement came to nothing. Early in 1977, the Indians offered to drop their claim to all developed property in exchange for most of the town's thirteen thousand acres of undeveloped land—including bodies of water and access to shorelines—which would then be preserved for recreation, hunting, and fishing. Although the proposal had some support from environmentalists, it was rejected by the town selectmen, the real-estate developers, and a majority of the non-Indian homeowners, who, without making a counterproposal, demanded that Congress enact legislation guaranteeing them full and clear title to their property.

The Indians, seeking to convince the whites that their basic objective was not to displace homeowners but to prevent further development, voluntarily amended their suit in August, 1977, to

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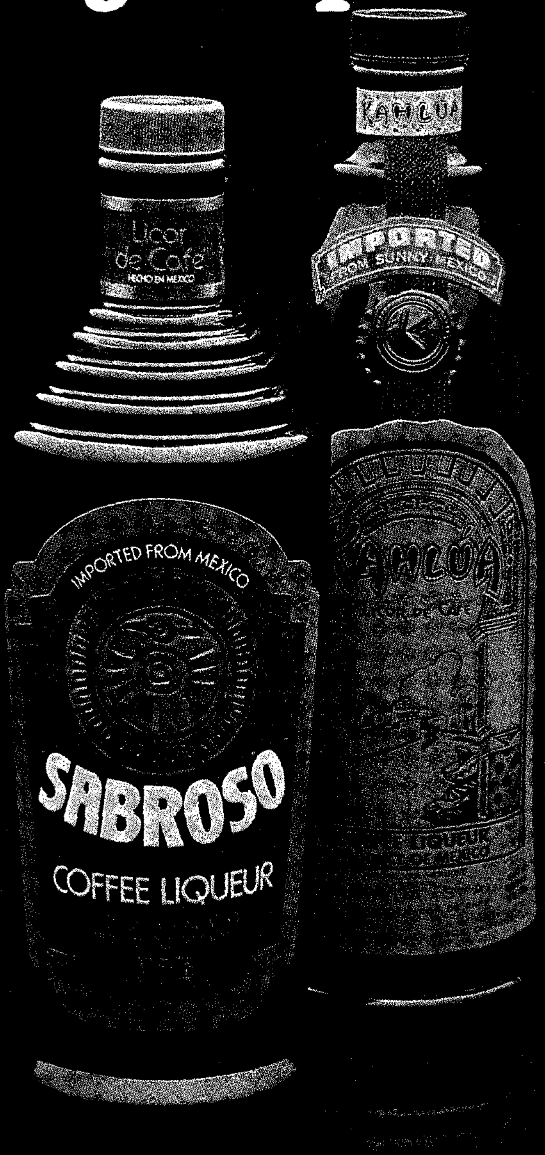

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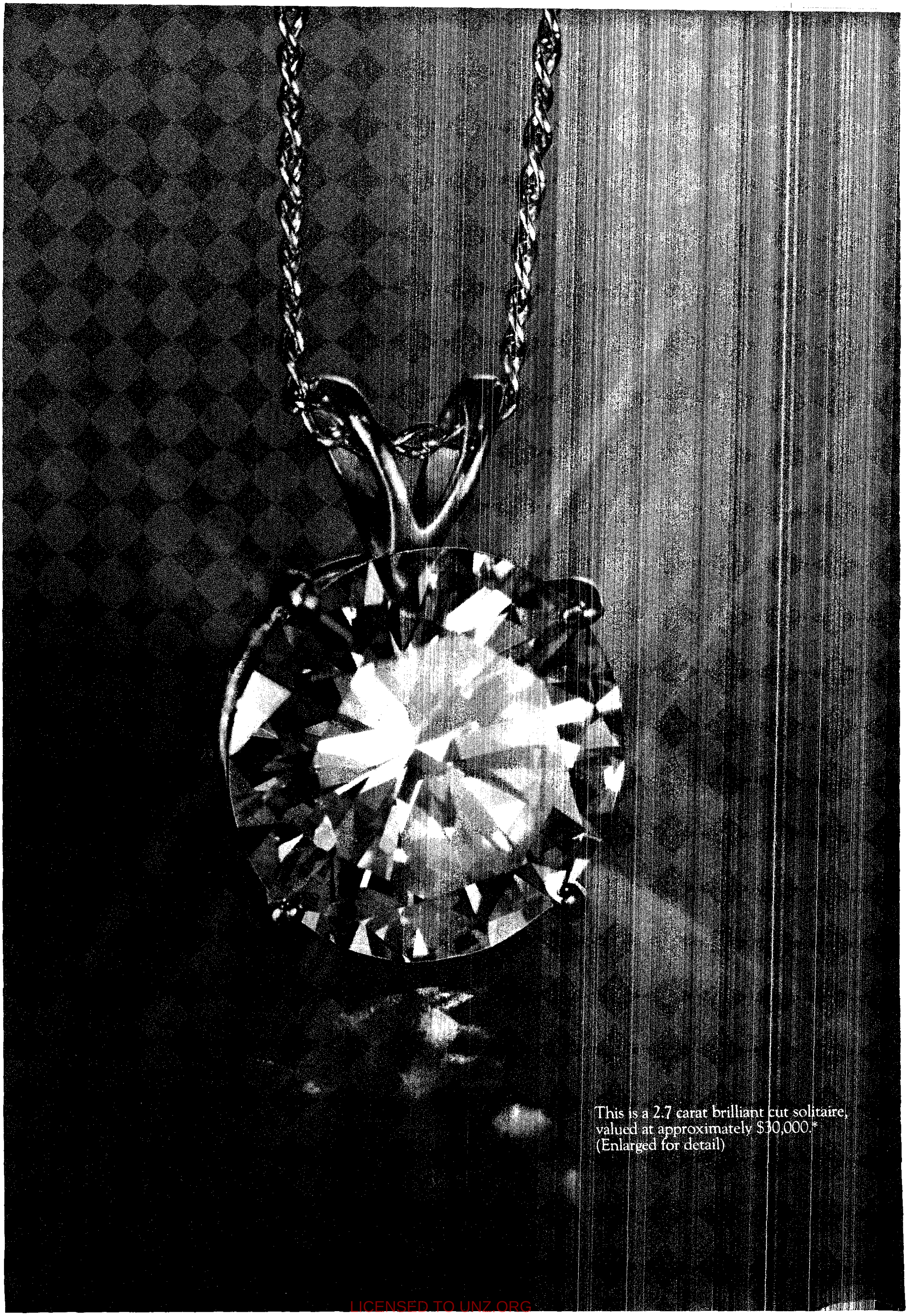
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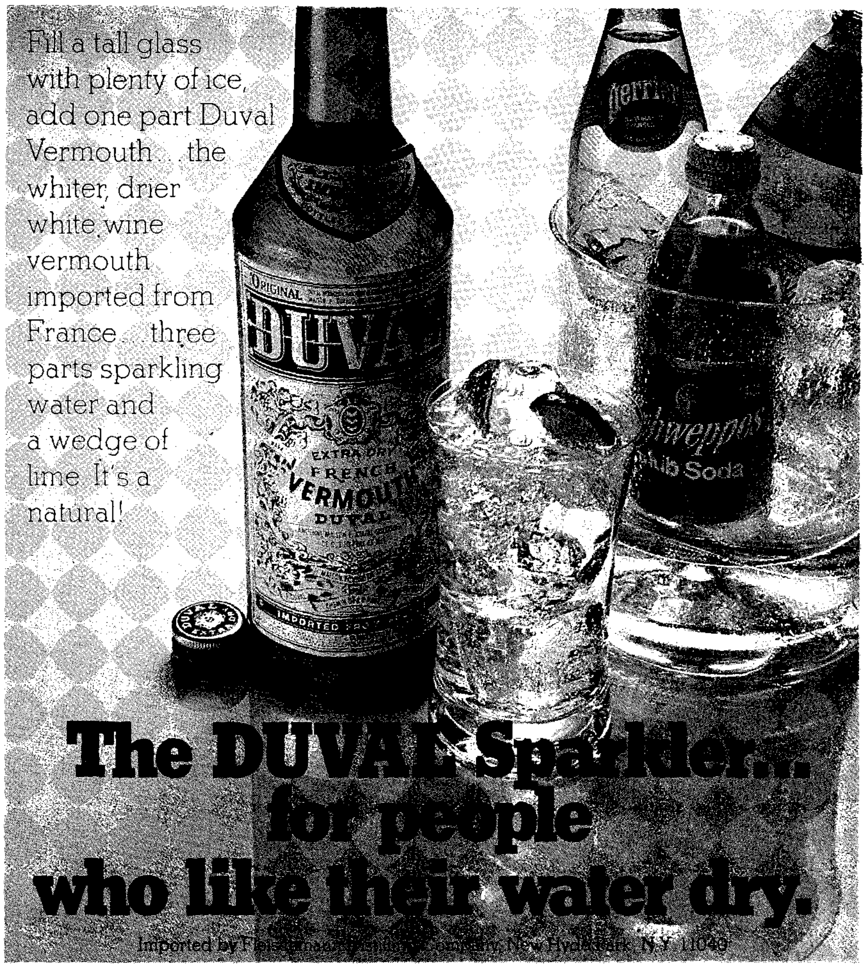
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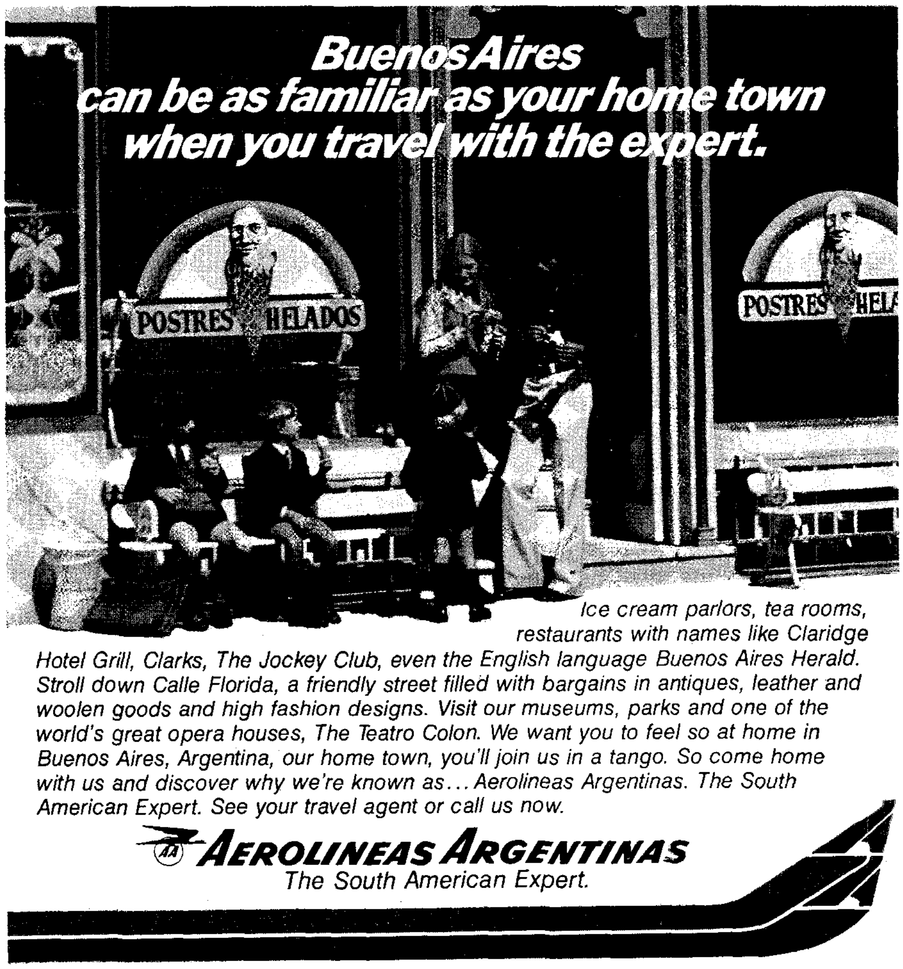

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exempt all private homes and accompanying land of an acre or less. This reduced the total amount of real estate they claimed to about eleven thousand acres. That same month, William B. Gunter, a retired Georgia Supreme Court justice who had been studying the situation in Mashpee since April as President Carter's special representative for Indian land claims, withdrew from the case. Judge Gunter said he could find no viable solution to the dispute, and he recommended that the question of whether the Mashpees were a tribe proceed to court. In September, a suggestion by Gunter that a federal mediator be appointed—a proposal welcomed by the Indians—was turned down by the selectmen, and they also refused to approve last-minute legislation to resolve the matter, which was proposed to the Senate's Select Subcommittee on Indian Affairs by Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Senator Edward Brooke, and Representative Gerry Studds. This legislation would have given clear title to all lands occupied by private homes or businesses in return for a payment of four million dollars by the federal government to the Mashpees, and at no cost whatever to the town of Mashpee or the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Moreover, the subcommittee was prepared to act favorably on the measure if the selectmen, two of whom had been in the real-estate business, had been willing to give their approval.

THE long-awaited trial began on October 17th, lasted through the end of the year, and proved to be tremendously complex. From the beginning, lawyers for the Mashpees argued before Judge Walter Skinner that he should accept as the legal definition of a tribe one that had been handed down by the Supreme Court in 1901, in the case of Montoya v. the United States, which concerned the Apache Tribe in New Mexico. In that decision, the Court had defined an Indian tribe as "a body of Indians of the same or a similar race, united in a community under one leadership or government, and inhabiting a particular, though sometimes ill-defined, territory." Lawyers for the defense argued that, since the land claim was based upon an alleged violation of the federal Nonintercourse Act of 1790, the Judge should accept as the legal definition of a tribe the one that was generally understood at that time, which, they claimed, stressed the concept of sovereignty and political autonomy.

Lawrence Shubow, the attorney

NARF had retained to argue the case for the plaintiffs, declared in his opening statement to the jury that the Mashpees would show they were a tribe by proving that they were people of Indian ancestry who considered themselves Indian and were considered Indians by the outside world; that they had lived in Mashpee for more than three hundred and fifty years; that during this time they had made up a cohesive, permanent community with a common heritage and many shared ways of living; and that they had always had their own form of organization and leadership. St. Clair countered by telling the judge and jury that the federal government had never recognized the Mashpees as a sovereign Indian tribe; that the disputed land had not been granted to Wampanoags to begin with but to a mixed group of Indians, who after being converted to Christianity had left the Wampanoag Federation and become assimilated; that many of the Indian customs in Mashpee were of comparatively recent origin; and that because of intermarriage over two centuries the jury would have to decide whether the Mashpees had always considered themselves Indians or whether they had come to consider themselves blacks.

During the thirty-eight days of testimony that followed, the jury heard a welter of conflicting evidence as witnesses for both sides described and analyzed the history of the Mashpees over the last three centuries. Testifying on behalf of the plaintiffs, Dr. James Axtell, a visiting professor of history at Northwestern University and a National Endowment for the Humanities research fellow at the Newberry Library, in Chicago, declared that the Mashpees had been a tribe in 1870 and were a tribe at the present time, because of their ancestry, Indian nature, and social organization. Axtell went on to say that the Mashpees had survived because the earliest deeds gave them land that could not be sold without the full consent of everyone in the tribe; because they had accepted Christianity as a protective cover and had avoided becoming involved in King Philip's War; and because they had been able to run their own affairs at given points in their history, which, in turn, had allowed them to develop their own leaders. On the other hand, Dr. Francis Hutchins, a political scientist from Harvard who had been a fellow at the Newberry Library's Center for the History of the American Indian, testified that the Mashpees had not been a tribe since the sixteen-fifties, when they

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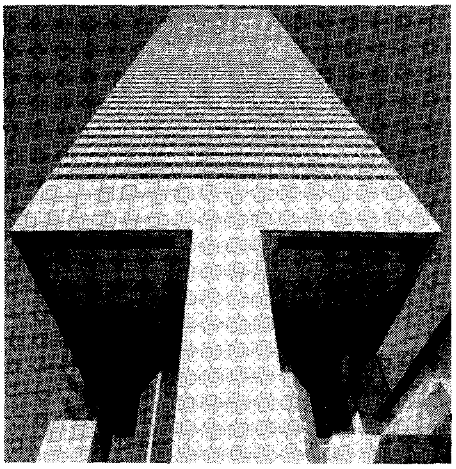

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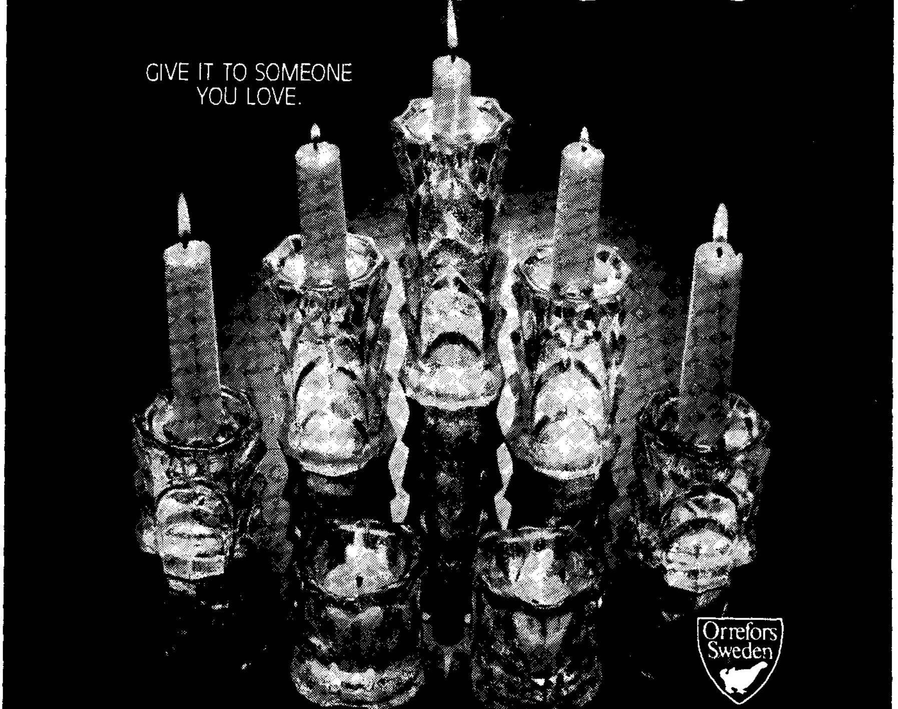

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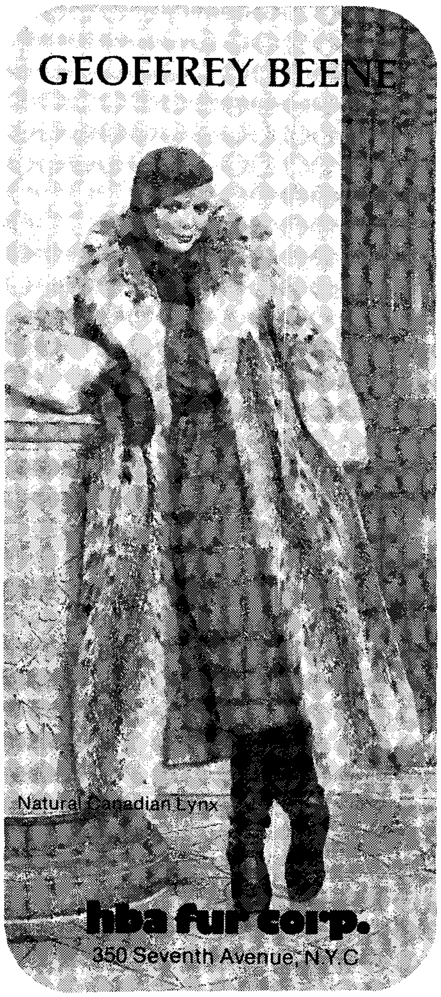
voluntarily placed themselves under the laws and jurisdiction of Plymouth Colony. Dr. Hutchins also offered the opinion that the failure of the Mashpees to pack up and move West after King Philip's War constituted a voluntary abandonment of tribal status.

Another witness for the plaintiff was Dr. Jack Campisi, an anthropologist from the State University of New York at New Paltz, who testified that the Mashpees of today were a tribe, and whose definition of one closely paralleled the Supreme Court's Montoya decision: a closely knit and extensive kinship system comprising a community, some form of political leadership, and an indigenous concept of homeland. Dr. Campisi's definition was strongly supported by Dr. William Sturtevant, who is curator of North American ethnology at the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution and adjunct professor of anthropology at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Sturtevant testified that the tribal characteristics found by Dr. Campisi in the Mashpees were common and could be seen in all groups of Indians in the United States. On the other hand, Dr. Jeanne Guillemin, a professor of sociology at Boston College, testified for the defense that in her opinion the Indian community in Mashpee did not constitute a tribe because it did not have an independent political organization or economic autonomy and because it was not culturally distinct.

Throughout the trial, St. Clair and Allan van Gestel, an attorney engaged by a group of land-title insurance companies to represent the interests of clients owning land in Mashpee, strongly challenged the Mashpees' claim to tribal status on the ground that the Indians lacked a separate government and an independent leadership with strong authority over tribal members. To prove this contention, they called a number of Indians to the witness stand and elicited from them testimony that they did not consider Earl Mills and other tribal officials to be their political leaders. Shubow argued that a continuing leadership provided by a network of closely interrelated families had existed in Mashpee for three hundred and fifty years, and that whether the Indian leaders were called sachems or selectmen made little difference. When Earl Mills testified, he described his own leadership of the Mashpees as follows: "I have no power over anybody. I carry out their will. We operate by consensus."

Predictably, perhaps, the question of race became an issue in the trial. Most of the Mashpees who were called to the



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stand traced their ancestry to people listed as Indians in a census taken by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1859. As a result, the jury kept hearing over and over again the old Mashpee family names of Pocknett, Attaquin, Webquish, Queppish, Amos, Peters, Mills, and Oakley, which can be found on the stones of the graveyard beside the meetinghouse. St. Clair, however, pointedly referred to the Mashpees as "persons with a reputation for some Indian ancestry," and continually raised the subject of miscegenation in cross-examination, which brought charges from some quarters that he was pursuing a racist strategy. A typical example occurred during his questioning of Selena Coombs, a sixty-year-old woman whose great-great-uncle was Blind Joe Amos, the Baptist preacher. After Mrs. Coombs had testified about traditional Indian dishes such as sheldrake stew, eel stifle, a stew called potato bargain, and cornmeal dumplings, St. Clair pointed out to her that the censuses of 1849 and 1859 contained different descriptions of the racial origins of some of the Mashpees.

"When you say Indian, you mean a person you believe has some Indian blood," he told Mrs. Coombs.

"I didn't come here to talk about blood quantums," she replied.

St. Clair had already brought up the matter of racial intermarriage with Vernon Pocknett, a twenty-eight-year-old aquafarmer who was reseeding the shellfish beds in Poponesset Bay, in South Mashpee, with the aid of a federal grant. Pocknett is a great-grandson of Mabel Avant and a descendant of the Indian sachem Paupmunnuck, who in 1648 sold what is now the town of Barnstable to Miles Standish for two brass kettles and a hoe. During cross-examination, St. Clair confronted him with the fact that town records of 1897 identified the race of one of his grandfathers with the letter "M," for mulatto.

"Do you recognize the letter 'M' as indicating mulatto in the town's records?" St. Clair asked.

"I don't know what mulatto is," Pocknett answered.

Shubow countered by exhibiting the 1859 state census, which identified Pocknett's great-grandfather as Indian. He pointed out that the English had referred to the Mashpees as blacks since before the Revolutionary War, and that census-takers had often repeated the error throughout the nineteenth century. The jury learned that for years it was a practice at the Falmouth High School that Mashpee Indian girls had to take household arts

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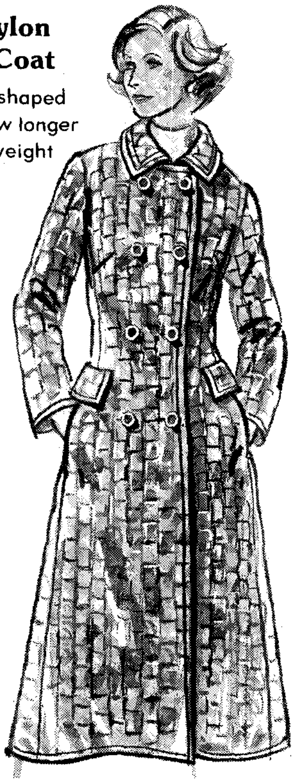
and Mashpee boys went into agriculture. The jury also was told that during the first part of this century no fewer than ten Mashpees had attended the federal Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. In addition, a professional genealogist testified that she had carefully checked the ancestry of the present members of the tribe back to the 1859 census, and that every Mashpee selectman from 1834 to 1964 either was an Indian or was married to an Indian. Ultimately, the question of whether St. Clair should have injected the racial issue into the trial to begin with was placed in doubt by the testimony of another witness for the plaintiff, Vine Deloria, Jr., an Oglala Sioux, who is a lawyer and the author of the book "Custer Died for Your Sins." Deloria told the jury that some federally recognized tribes had no full-blooded Indians whatever.

In his closing statement, St. Clair continued to hammer away at what he obviously considered the two weakest points in the Mashpees' claim to be a tribe—the question of racial mixture and the question of whether there had been continuous political leadership among them. Of their being Indian, he was openly skeptical, if not downright scornful. "I suspect that some of that belief has become more pronounced in the last couple of years," he declared. "In any event, it is clear that some people having an option to decide whether or not they were Portuguese, black, mulatto, or a whole variety of other races have elected to consider themselves at least part Indian." St. Clair went on to tell the jury that belief of partial Indian ancestry on the part of the Mashpees was not sufficient to warrant their claim. As for tribal status, he said that when Mashpee was incorporated, in 1870, the inhabitants did not have the slightest idea that they constituted an Indian tribe. St. Clair described Earl Mills as a ceremonial figurehead, who could not even control beer-drinking at the annual powwows, and he made light of efforts to assert cultural identity in terms of Indian dishes such as cornmeal dumplings and potato bargain. He concluded by telling the jury that "last-minute efforts to create the appearance of a tribe won't do the trick," and that the fact that a lot of people in Mashpee are related to one another does not make the place "really different from any other small rural community."

Shubow began his closing argument by asking the jurors if they had been told of any other rural community in Massachusetts where two hundred adults and their children had been liv-



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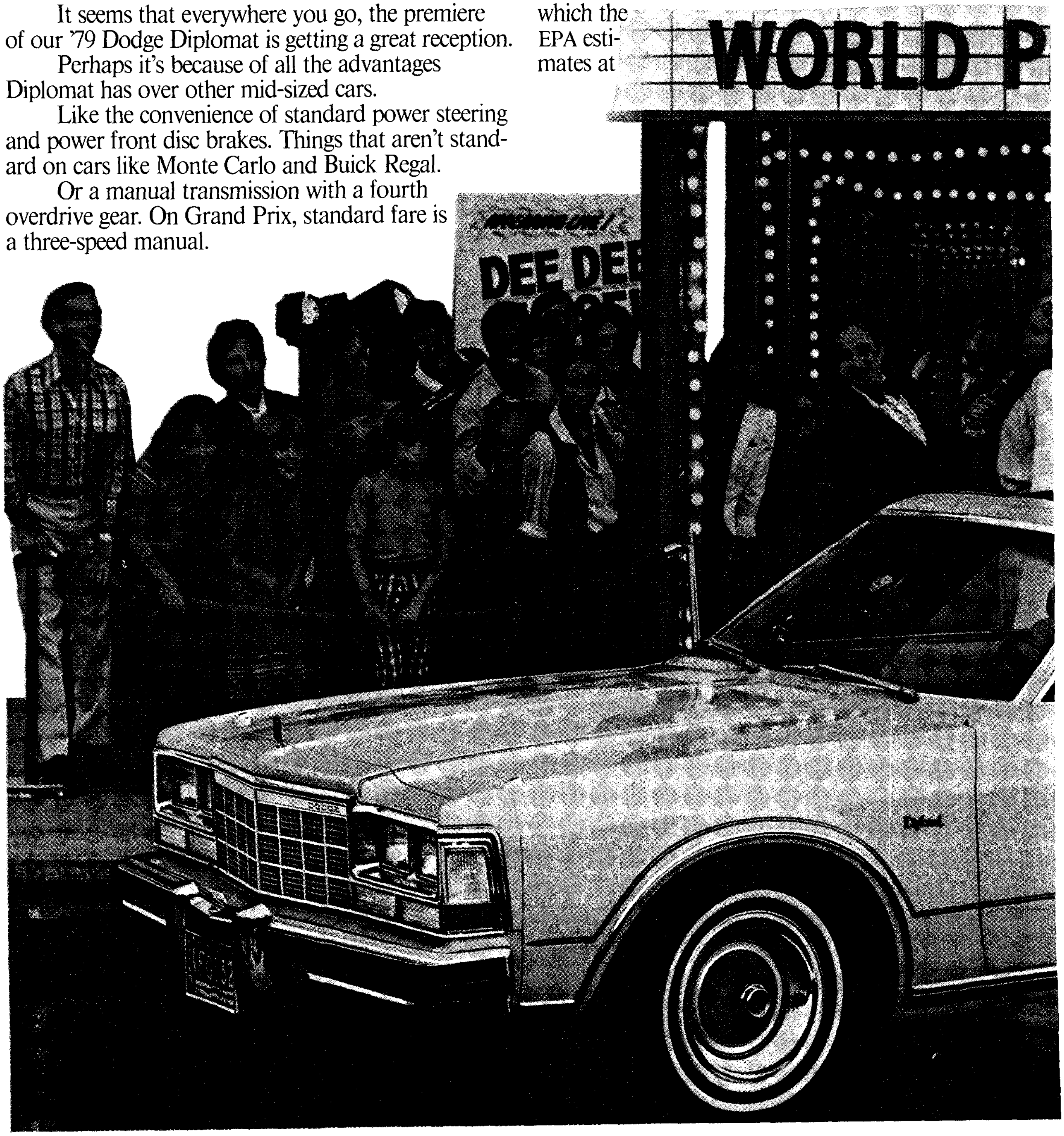

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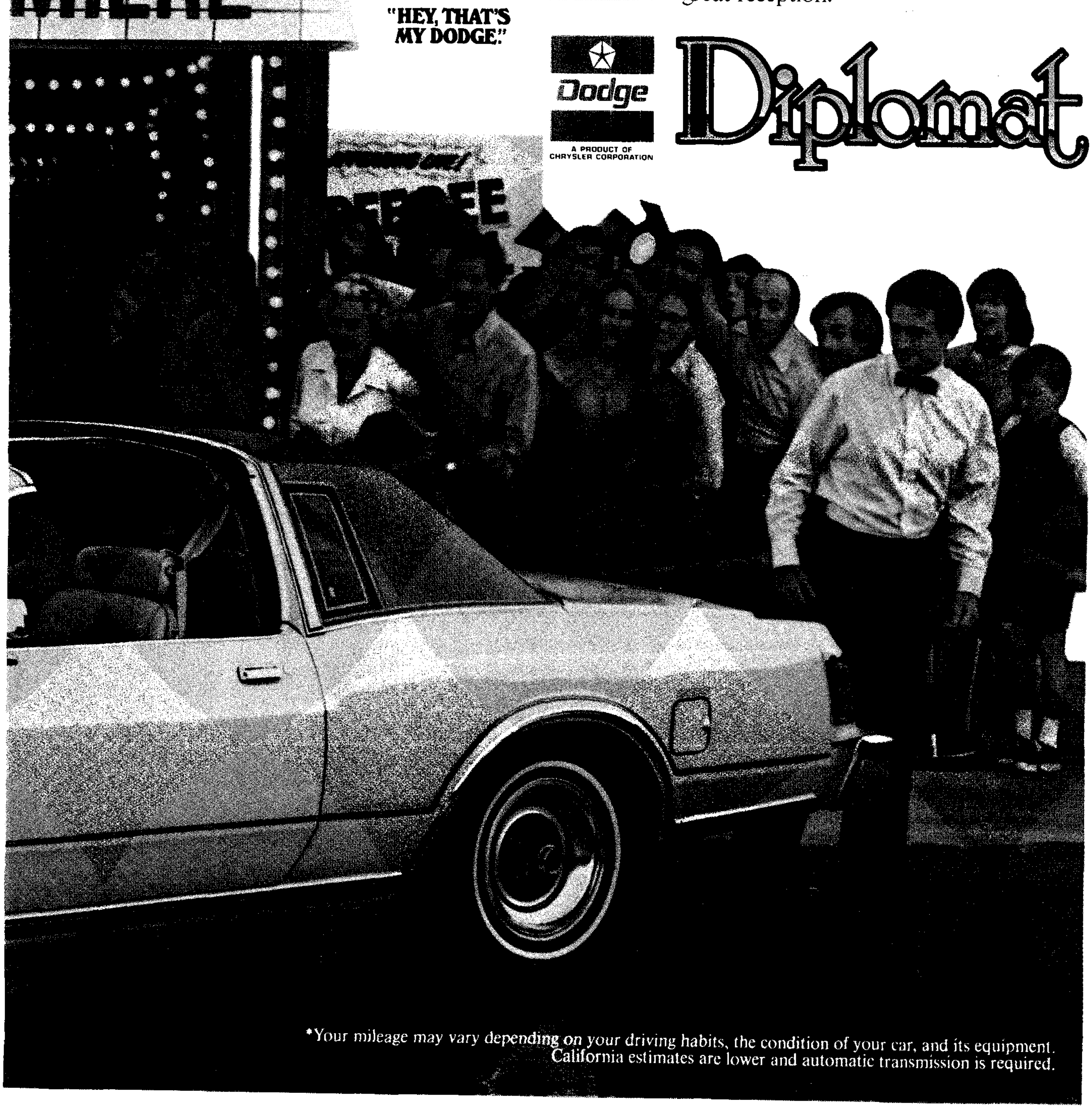

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ing in a network of closely related families for more than three hundred years. He went on to remind them that the word "tribe" was not Indian but English in origin; that it was not employed in America until 1750; but that from then on it was applied regularly to the Mashpees both by the Mashpees and by their white neighbors. As for the question of leadership, Shubow pointed out that the government of the Mashpees had always rested in the family structure of the community; that the political leadership of the Indians resembled that of the New England town meeting; and that the tribal chief therefore did not rule with an iron hand but carried out the will of the people. Concerning Earl Mills' alleged inability to control beer-drinking at the powwows, Shubow remarked that he was "struck by Jimmy Carter's problem with Billy Carter," and told the jury that it was not a fair test of leadership to require a leader to exhibit absolute power every day of the week. Shubow admitted that it was difficult at first for him to accept the idea that an Indian tribe could exist on Cape Cod in 1977, but said that the difficulty arose only because Americans were conditioned to think of Indians in terms of unrealistic stereotypes. He also told the jurors that there had been a hidden appeal to racial prejudice in the case, which should be brushed aside as irrelevant. After reviewing the long epic of the Mashpees, Shubow declared that their survival was a social miracle, and that it had occurred because of the determination, will, and leadership of the Indian community. "Don't deny these people their identity," he said. "They have done nothing to deserve such a fate at the hands of jurors. They have been fighting for their identity for three hundred and fifty years."

FROM the beginning of the trial, it had been clear that Judge Skinner's charge to the jury would be crucial to the outcome, since it was up to him to instruct the jurors in how they should go about determining whether the Mashpees were an Indian tribe. On January 4th, 1978, the day after St. Clair and Shubow made their closing statements, the judge delivered his charge in a discursive three-hour speech that contained many of his own opinions on the evidence and issues in the case. To begin with, he read the formal questions of the charge, telling the jurors that they must decide whether the Mashpees were a tribe on any of six specific dates—the earliest being July 22, 1790, when Congress passed the first version of the Nonintercourse

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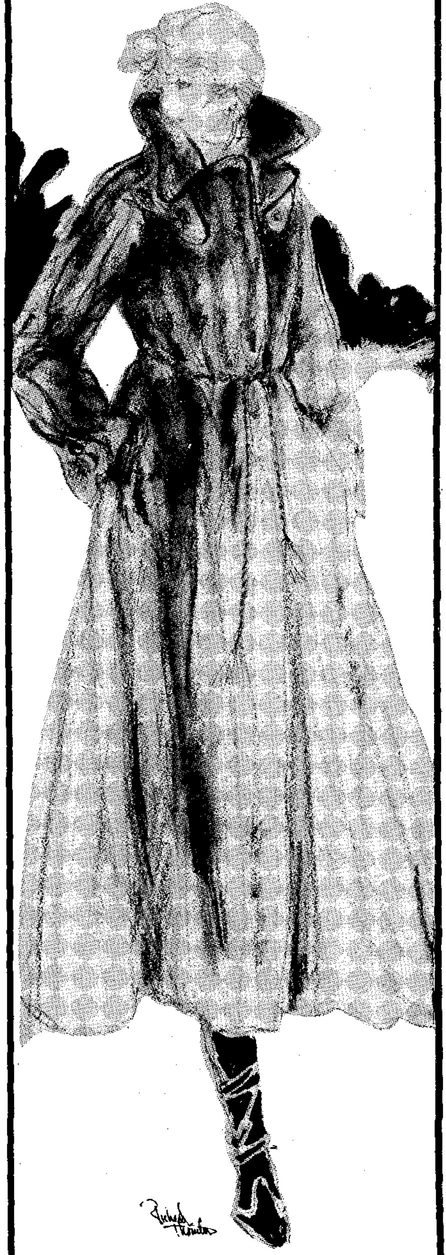

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Act, and the latest being August 26, 1976, when the Mashpees filed their lawsuit—and that if they found that the Mashpees were a tribe on any of the dates before 1976 they must also determine whether the tribe existed continuously from that point on. He then said that the burden of proof was on the plaintiffs, and that if the jurors were in doubt on any particular issue they must find for the defendants. Judge Skinner had already informed lawyers for both sides about his feelings in this regard, saying he believed that the land claim of the Mashpees was a radical remedy for the alleged wrong. "It seems to me quite proper to say that whoever seeks that remedy has got to show that they are in a radically different kind of status than other people," he told them.

After reviewing the testimony of the witnesses, Skinner continued his charge by instructing the jurors that the essential definition for the existence of an Indian tribe was to be found in Montoya *v.* the United States: "a body of Indians of the same or a similar race, united in a community under one leadership or government, and inhabiting a particular, though sometimes ill-defined territory." He then examined the various elements of this definition. Concerning the question of whether the Mashpees were really Indians, he began by telling the jurors that he had been very surprised, when he read through Montoya, to find Supreme Court Justices talking at the turn of the century about the natural infirmities of the Indian character—that such language demonstrated the essentially racist nature of the American attitude toward the Indians, and that its use in the highest court in the land could only have reflected an enormous prejudice in the streets and villages of the nation. For this reason, he cautioned the jurors not to be surprised to find Indians and blacks lumped together in old census records and other documents pertaining to the Mashpees. Concerning St. Clair's attempts to assert that intermarriage between Mashpees and blacks had disqualified the Mashpees from consideration as Indians, Skinner declared that such intermarriage was both normal and natural, and that if it had not occurred an impermissible level of inbreeding would have resulted. "The question is a question of fact and not of law," he told the jury. "On the evidence, are you satisfied that the tribal existence survived, and that the outsiders were incorporated into the tribe and became part of it?"

Judge Skinner went on to comment

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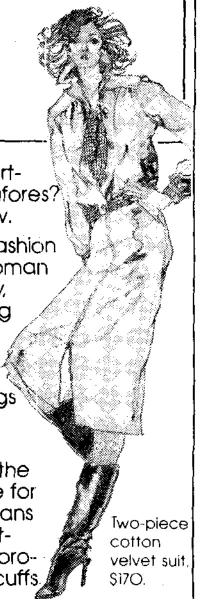

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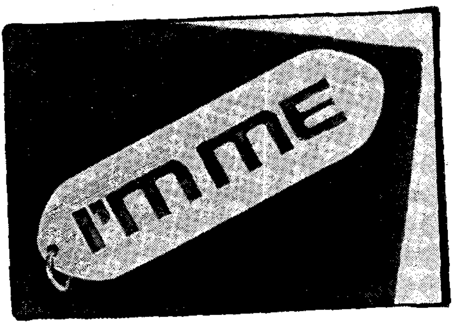

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on the requirement in the Montoya definition that there be an Indian community, saying that such a community had to have some cultural boundary separating it from the surrounding society. He observed that during certain periods in Mashpee history—particularly between 1870 and 1920—the evidence for this was scanty. When he came to the requirement that the Indians inhabit a particular territory, he digressed by reminding the jurors that conquest was the basis for every land title in the United States, and telling them that "we cannot simply ignore the existence of a rather elaborate civilization at this point." He then described the land deeded in common to the Indians and their children by Plymouth Colony as an estate of entailment—referring to the restriction that none of the land could legally be sold without the consent of all the Indians. After noting that part of the entailment was removed in 1842, when the Massachusetts legislators authorized formal partition of the Mashpee District lands among the Indians, and that the rest of the entailment was abolished in 1869, when the legislature for the first time allowed the Mashpees to sell their lands to non-Indians, Skinner told the jurors that they must decide whether, in accepting this property, the Indians intended to give up their tribal status and accept an English form of government or whether it was simply a question of the tribe's carrying on as property owners under a different label. Commenting upon abandonment and the necessity for historical continuity, he declared that "once tribal status has been voluntarily abandoned, it is my opinion that it is lost and cannot be revived." As for the opinion offered by Francis Hutchins that the failure of the Mashpees to pack up and go West after King Philip's War constituted voluntary abandonment, Judge Skinner dismissed this out of hand. "I instruct you that that is not a permissible inference as a matter of law, because there were too many other considerations," he told the jury, adding that the Indians obviously had no free choice in the matter, considering the hazard of warfare with the whites, the risk of encountering bounty hunters, and the fact that their entire economy was based on shellfish and herring, which were not to be found in the Western forests.

Far and away the most important part of Judge Skinner's charge centered on the question of leadership and government. After a digression into the history of the concept of sovereignty, he concluded that Indian tribes had been

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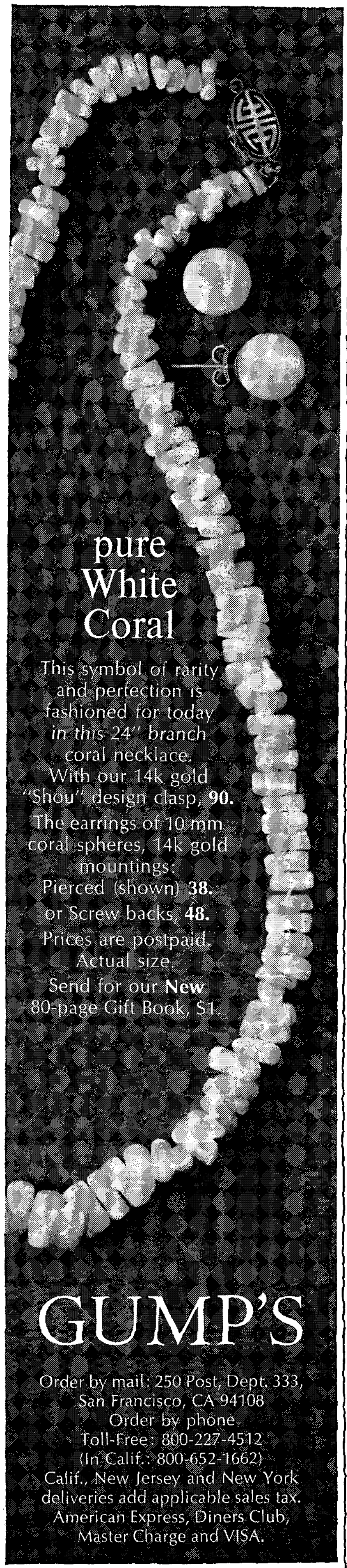
deprived of any real sovereignty from the time they were subjected by the Europeans, but he told the jurors that sovereignty, or the lack of it, really had no bearing on the matter of tribal existence. He then instructed the jury that what was applicable in the case of the Mashpees was whether a concept of leadership that derived from a once independent Indian political community had continued and whether it had substantially governed the Indians' internal affairs. He also offered the opinion that, except when the Indians had filed certain petitions, evidence of political leadership in the early days of the Mashpees was scarce.

As for the leadership existing in Mashpee today, Skinner reiterated his belief that in order to satisfy the definition in Montoya it must exercise some measure of control over the internal affairs of the people. "For the leadership to be such as qualified the group as a tribe, there must be followers," he declared. He appeared to be unimpressed by the contention of the Mashpees that their leaders were leaders with respect to a way of life, and even told the jury that he found the testimony in that connection to be neither very strong nor very full. "You must find that the leadership, whatever it is, has a significant effect upon a majority of the group," he said.

CONSIDERING the complexity of the case, few observers were surprised when the jury came back two days later with the finding that the Mashpees had been a tribe on some of the dates in question but not on others. What no one expected, however, was the specific way in which the jury split its verdict. Attorneys for the plaintiffs were especially puzzled as to how the jurors could decide that the Mashpees were a tribe in 1834 and 1842 but not in 1790, since this finding seemed not only to defy any historically logical point of view but also to contradict Judge Skinner's instruction that once tribal status had been abandoned it could not be revived. Shubow went as far as to speculate that the jurors may have wished to acknowledge the existence of a tribe at some point, but not on the significant date of July 22, 1790, since acknowledging its existence then would have been to acknowledge that the lands of the Mashpees were under the protection of Congress, and would have provided powerful substantiation of the Indians' claim that their territory had later been taken from them illegally. For their part, lawyers for the defendants seemed to feel that the key date in determining the outcome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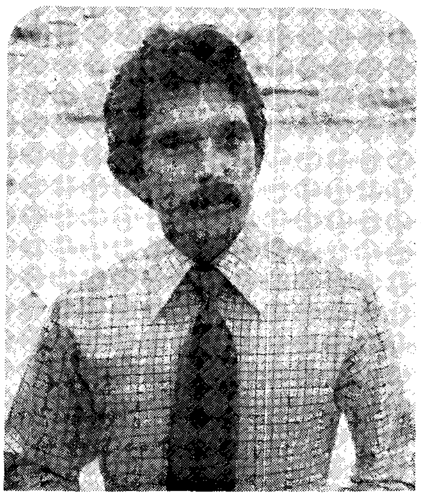
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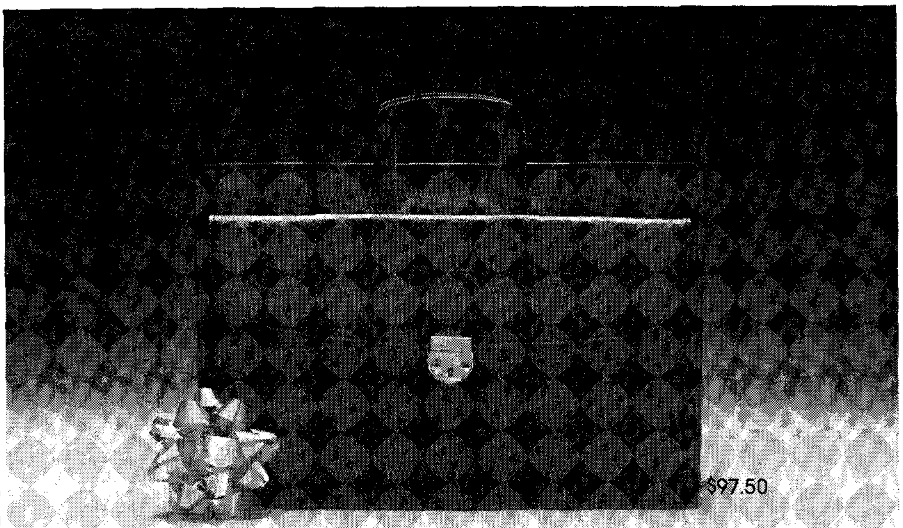
was 1976. By voting that no tribe existed then, they claimed, the jurors had found that no one had been entitled to bring suit in the first place.

In spite of the fact that the verdict appeared damaging to the cause of the plaintiffs, Judge Skinner did not dismiss the Mashpees' lawsuit then and there but gave their attorneys several weeks to show why he should not enter a judgment of dismissal. On January 26th, opposition to entry of judgment was argued before him by Barry Margolin, of the Native American Rights Fund, who declared at the outset that the special verdicts returned by the jury were irreconcilably inconsistent and could not represent a correct application of the law to the evidence. Margolin pointed out that the jury had found the proprietors of Mashpee to have been an Indian tribe between 1834 and 1842 and for an undetermined period between 1790 and 1869. Margolin reasoned that, since it was undisputed that between 1790 and 1869 the Indian proprietors owned most of Mashpee in common, the land came under the protection of the United States as the Nonintercourse Act stipulated. He then argued that, since the jury had decided that the Mashpees were not a tribe in 1869, and since there had been no congressional action terminating the tribe, this decision could be based only upon a finding that the Mashpees had voluntarily abandoned their tribal status between 1842 and 1869.

At this point, Margolin cited a number of court decisions to prove his contention that abandonment was a precise legal term, signifying an act of absolute and deliberate relinquishment; that it could never be presumed but must be proved by unequivocal and decisive evidence; and that voluntary abandonment of tribal status must reflect the intent of the entire tribe. He went on to say that the jury's decision concerning the Mashpees was the first finding by any federal court in history that a tribe had voluntarily abandoned its status without action by Congress, and he added that no reasoned view of the evidence could support such a finding. As proof of this, Margolin argued that the only major changes that had taken place in Mashpee between 1842 and 1869 were the partitioning of most of the proprietors' lands under the state act of 1842, and the removal of sale restrictions on the partitioned tracts under the state act of 1869. "These events could not, as a matter of law, support the finding of tribal abandonment," he declared. "The Supreme Court has consistently held that the allotment of tribal lands and the grant of citizen-



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Arguing that the jury's findings for 1842 and 1869 were in fundamental conflict and could not both be correct, Margolin went on to tell Skinner that, since the findings for 1870 and 1976 were dependent upon the finding for 1869, they were invalid. By the same token, he said, the jury's finding for 1790 could not be reconciled with its finding for 1834, since the court had instructed the jury that once a tribe was dissolved it could not emerge again. After pointing out that the court had broad discretion to refuse to accept jury answers that resulted from confusion or inconsistency, Margolin told Skinner that the Indians were entitled to expect that their claims would be resolved on the basis of an objective and rational evaluation of the issues. He then made an observation that went far beyond the case at hand: "A judgment based on these self-contradictory special verdicts would be a rejection of the plaintiff's claim for justice, not because the plaintiff was wrong but simply because the claims were too hard for the legal system to resolve."

A FEW days after Margolin had put forward his argument, I visited a friend—an attorney who lives in Boston and who had been following the trial since its beginning—and asked his opinion of how things had gone. "There's an old saying that hard cases make bad law," he replied. "What that means is that when the court is overly worried about the consequences of a ruling, it often changes the rules to avoid the consequences. Theoretically, of course, the court is not supposed to change the rules because it doesn't like the consequences of the law. The court is supposed to be neutral, and the law is supposed to be blind."

My attorney friend went on to say that in the case of the Mashpees what the court was supposed to do was not to consider the consequences of applying the federal Nonintercourse Act of 1790 but to rule on whether it had been violated. "For this reason, Judge Skinner may have committed a serious error when he informed counsel for both sides at the end of the trial that because of the severity of the remedy being sought by the Mashpees he had decided to put a heavier than ordinary burden of proof upon them," he declared. "He may have made another error when he told the jury, in effect, that there wasn't much leadership in Mashpee. In fact, he may have erro-

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neously directed a judgment against the Indians."

On the same day, I paid a call on Barry Margolin in a temporary office that had been opened by the Native American Rights Fund in a building just across the street from the federal courthouse, on Post Office Square, in downtown Boston. A tall, bespectacled man of twenty-eight, Margolin was wearing a pair of baggy bluejeans and a white shirt that had come partly untucked. When I asked him how he felt Judge Skinner would rule on the objections he had made to a judgment of dismissal, he smiled and shrugged and said he expected the decision to go against him. "It is obvious that there was no basis for a finding of voluntary abandonment by 1869," he continued. "So it is obvious that the jurors either did not understand the court's instructions or didn't understand the evidence. As for Judge Skinner, he is caught on the horns of a considerable dilemma. He can't give the case back to the jury for further consideration, because the jurors have gone home. He can't enter findings in place of the jury, because the defendants refused to waive trial by jury. He can't wait for the Department of the Interior to decide on the case, because he has already rejected that solution. And he isn't likely to order a new trial, because that would be too expensive and time-consuming. Which doesn't leave him with much choice, does it? My bet is that he will dismiss the case and risk being overturned on appeal."

As it turned out, Margolin's assessment was right. On March 24th, Judge Skinner rejected the argument that the special verdicts were inconsistent, and dismissed the lawsuit, declaring that the jury's answer was "perfectly rational and does not reflect a lack of understanding." In his written opinion, Judge Skinner elaborated on his earlier interpretation that the Nonintercourse Act of 1790 placed a particularly heavy burden of proof upon the plaintiffs. "The standards of that Act, at least as I have interpreted it, require that a tribe demonstrate a definable organization before it can qualify for the extraordinary remedy of the total voiding of land titles acquired in good faith and without fraud," he wrote.

On March 24th, Judge Skinner also rejected a motion by lawyers for the defense, who had filed for a directed verdict in their favor on the ground that the protection of the Nonintercourse Act did not apply to Indians

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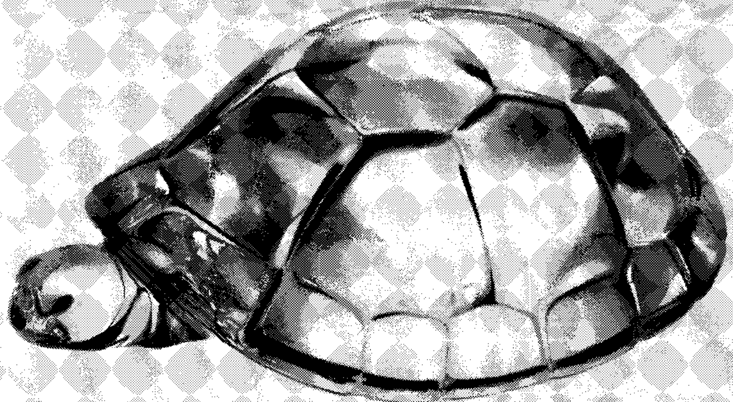

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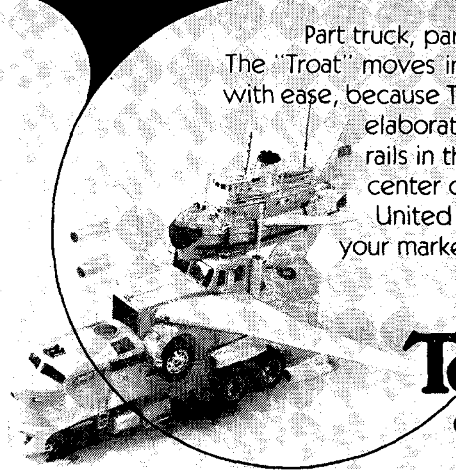

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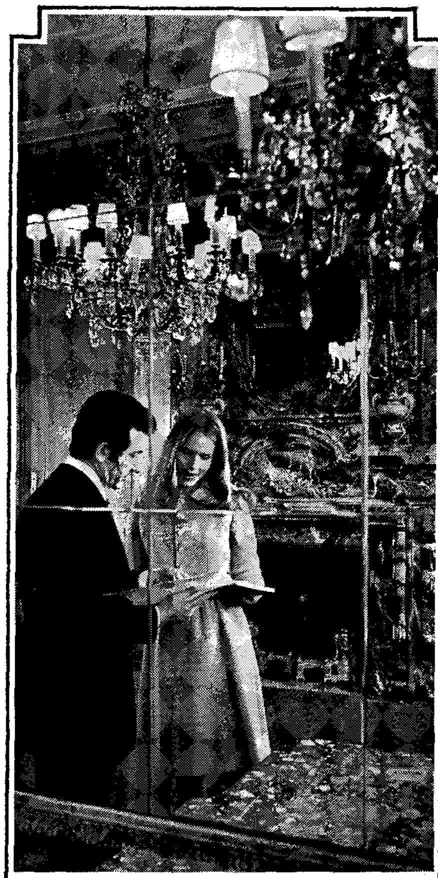

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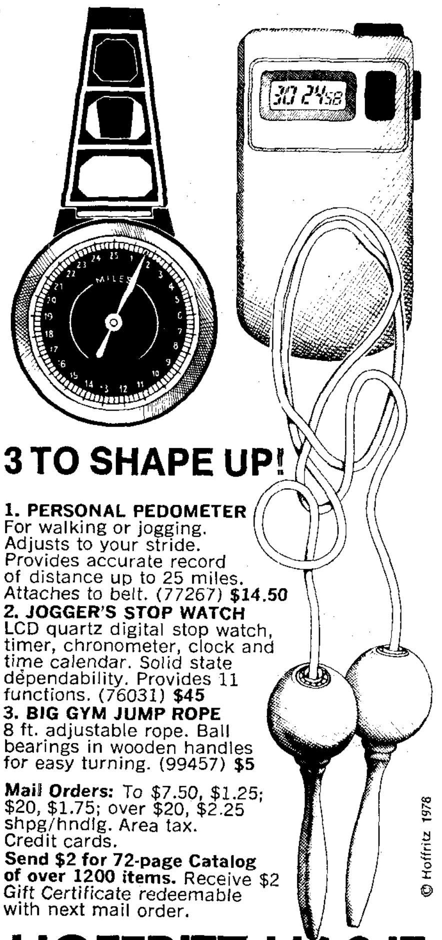
who, like the Mashpees, were living on land surrounded by settlements of citizens of the United States. The judge pointed out that a defense based upon "the so-called white-settlement exception" had already been rejected by a court ruling in the 1976 case of the Narragansett Tribe of Indians v. the Southern Rhode Island Land Development Corporation.

In the meantime, there had been a startling and unpublicized development in the case. On March 8th, Judge Skinner received a communication from an attorney who was a resident of Falmouth, and who said that he had discussed the case with one of the jurors, who also lived in Falmouth, while the trial was still in progress. Judge Skinner called an evidentiary hearing for the next day, at which time the lawyer who had sent the communication told the court that the juror had stated that he had received an anonymous telephone call in which the caller said, "You know how you'd better vote." On March 10th, the juror in question appeared before Judge Skinner and counsel for both sides, and testified that he had, indeed, received an anonymous phone call, telling him, "You know which way you better go;" that he had mentioned the call to his fellow-townsman but that he had not acted on the attorney's advice to report the incident. Judge Skinner refused to conduct an investigation into whether the threatened juror had discussed the telephone call with his fellow-jurors, or whether any of them had received similar calls. He decided that the call had not unduly influenced the juror and that it "did not impeach the jury's verdict in any way at all." He then ordered the investigation into the matter closed, and said that he would deny any motion for a new trial or a mistrial predicated on any of the evidence presented at the hearing.

In spite of Judge Skinner's ruling, the question of possible jury tampering in the Mashpee case was not laid to rest. On August 31st, in an appeal brief filed before the United States Court of Appeals for the First Circuit, Barry Margolin; Thomas Tureen, who had by then taken responsibility for the appeal; and Richard Collins and Moshe Genauer, two more NARF lawyers, sought to have Judge Skinner's dismissal of the Indians' lawsuit reversed by arguing that the judge had failed to conduct a thorough investigation into an unlawful attempt to influence the jury by curtailing the evidentiary hearing and by refusing to allow questioning of the other jurors in the mat-



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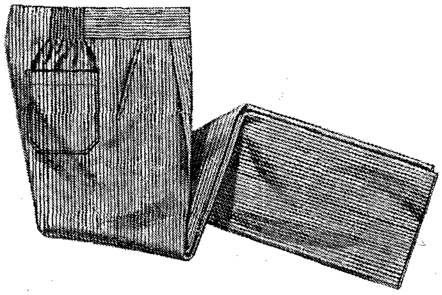

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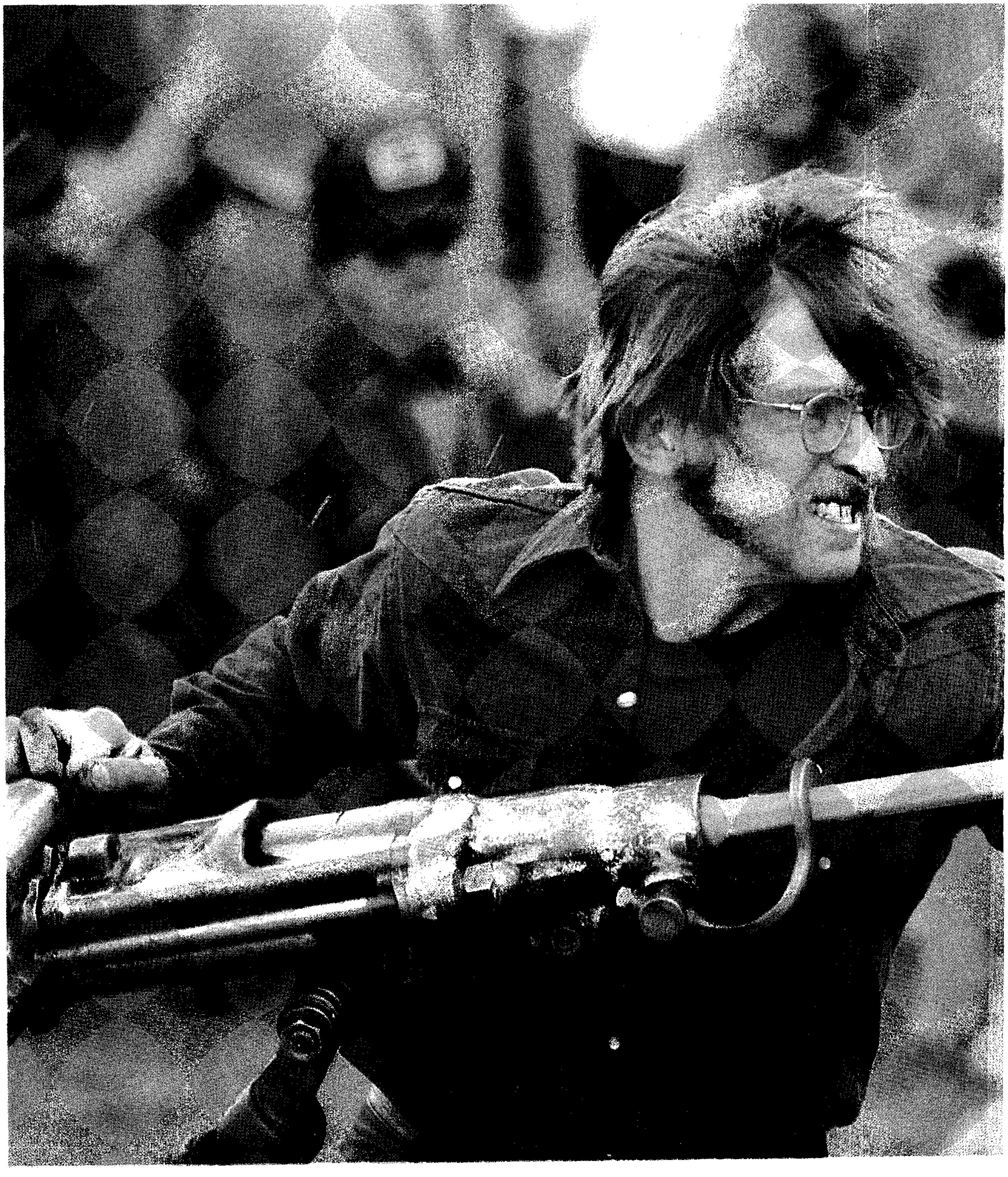

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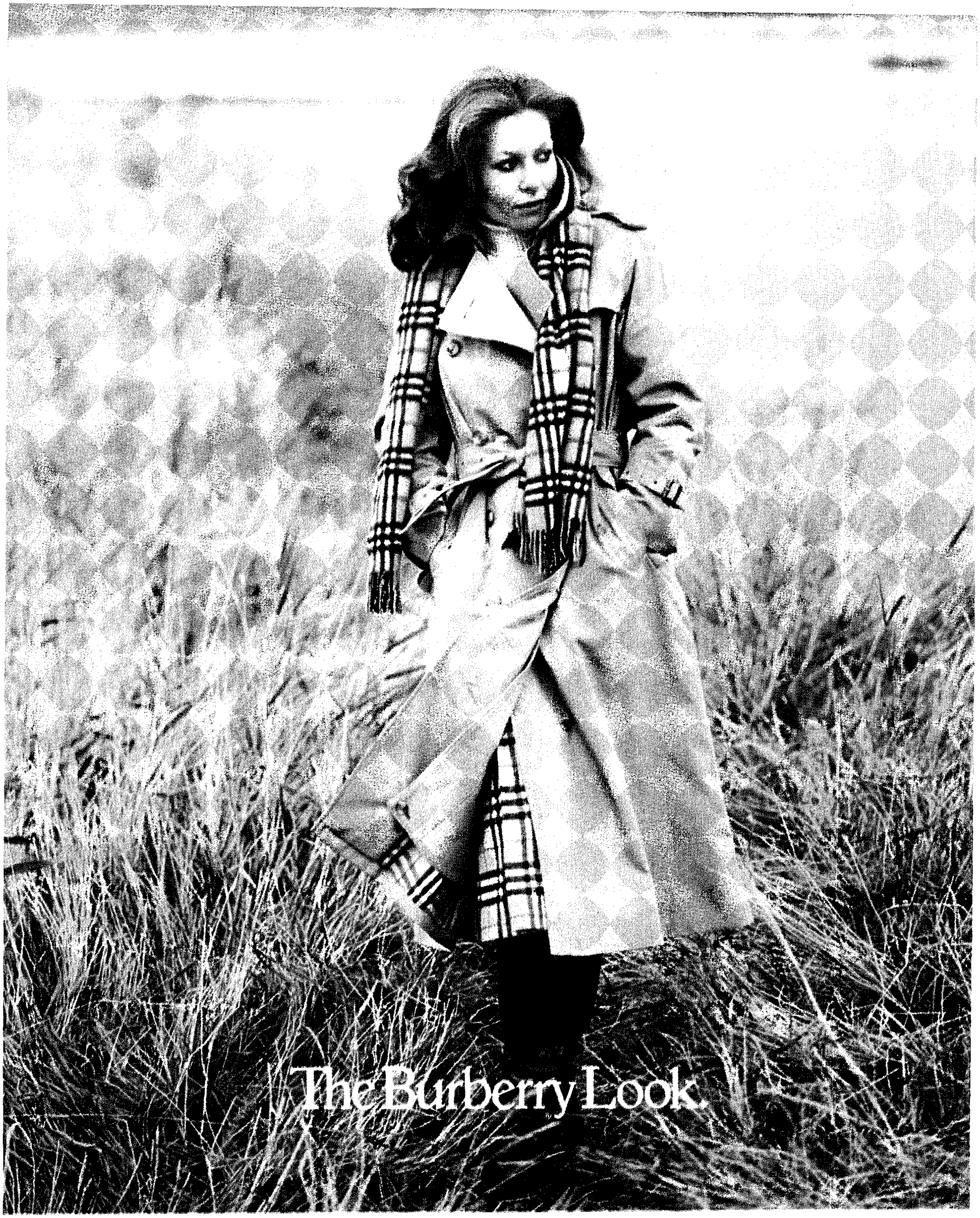
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ter. The lawyers for the Mashpees also argued that Judge Skinner had erred in failing to defer to the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior on the issue of tribal existence; in instructing the jury that a tribe must have a continuous leadership with binding authority over tribal members; and in refusing to instruct the jury that a tribe could cease to exist only through complete and voluntary abandonment of its tribal organization. Pointing out that the special verdicts returned by the jury were "irreconcilably inconsistent and fatally ambiguous," counsel for the Mashpees called upon the First Circuit to reverse Judge Skinner, to remand for a new trial, and to order the proceedings stayed pending the outcome of a determination by the Department of the Interior on the question of tribal status.

On October 10th, St. Clair, van Gestel, and lawyers for the New Seabury Corporation, and the other defendants filed a brief denying the validity of all of the assertions in the plaintiffs' brief. Concerning the charge of possible jury tampering, they argued that under the law the court had complete discretion to determine the extent and type of investigation into the matter; that Judge Skinner was not, therefore, required to hold a full evidentiary hearing; and that he had "properly denied the plaintiff's request to conduct a 'fishing expedition.' "

The question of whether the Nonintercourse Act of 1790 and the other Trade and Intercourse Acts that were subsequently passed by Congress applied to the Mashpees was the subject of still another set of briefs filed before the Court of Appeals. St. Clair and his colleagues argued that Judge Skinner had erred in denying their motion for a directed verdict in their favor on the ground that the Mashpees and their lands did not fall under the coverage of the Trade and Intercourse Acts and their land-trading provisions. According to the lawyers for the defense, these laws "specifically exempted Indians living on lands surrounded by settlements of citizens of the United States and within the jurisdiction of a state."

In their answering brief, Tureen and his colleagues asserted that the citizen-settlement exception applied only to transactions involving nontribal lands. They went on to point out that a defense based on the citizen-settlement exception had already been rejected by the court in the case of the Narragansett Tribe, and that in any event the Mashpee lands were "no more surrounded by citizen settlements than

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were most, if not all, of eastern reservations in the 19th century, including, for example, the reservations in New York."

And there the matter stands until November 8th, when all of the questions addressed in these two sets of briefs are scheduled to be argued orally before the Court of Appeals for the First Circuit. The Court's decision is expected during the early part of next year.

LATE last winter, I went back to Mashpee to see how the Indians were bearing up under the disappointment of Judge Skinner's dismissal of their lawsuit, and what they were planning for the future. On a clear, cold morning at the end of February, I spent several hours with Ramona Peters—a great-granddaughter of Mabel Avant, who had died in 1964. The Peters family has played a prominent role in Mashpee affairs over the years. Ramona's grandfather, Steven Peters, was a selectman for almost twenty-five years; her father, John Peters, who is a retired contractor, was the tribe's medicine man from 1956 until last year, when he became supreme medicine man of all the Wampanoags; her aunt Amelia Bingham was tremendously influential during the early nineteen-seventies in reviving the Mashpees' interest in their history; and her uncle Russell Peters, who is president of the Mashpee Wampanoag Indian Tribal Council, Incorporated, was a prime mover behind the lawsuit. Ramona, who is twenty-six, is a quiet, intense woman with long, dark hair. She is a graduate of the University of Arizona, and she teaches Indian history and culture to children of Wampanoag descent at the Mashpee elementary school under a grant from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. She is also working with her father to revive interest in the Indian religion in Mashpee. "There's a great rejuvenation going on here," she told me. "It's what Indians call preparing for Purification Time. By practicing rituals such as burning tobacco, offering thanks for all living things, and attending the naming ceremonies, we can protect our Indian identity and provide an alternative to the Christian system."

When I asked her what the effect of losing the lawsuit might be, she took a deep breath and shook her head. "There could be violence," she said quickly. "Everything is out in the open now. There has even been talk among the whites of bringing in the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society. All

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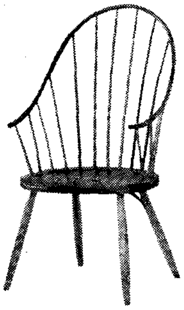

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I know is that if no remedy is provided, Mashpee will be a divided community forever." At this point, Ramona Peters paused. "Who knows?" she said wistfully. "If those of us who are tradition-minded find ourselves without a land base, perhaps we could go to the Penobscot territory."

That evening, I paid a call on her uncle Russell Peters, who lives on Route 28, not far from the old meetinghouse. He is a stocky man in his late forties with a forthright, urbane manner, and he had just returned from Boston, where he was working as director of a federally financed television series on southern New England Indians. "The decision of the jury was political, not legal," he told me. "Can you imagine an all-white jury ruling in favor of Indians against an all-white group of landowners? As for Judge Skinner, he rationalized over the harsh remedy we were seeking, and conveniently forgot how harsh our history had been. Of course, we'll have to appeal the jury's verdict. A tribe without land is no tribe at all. Meanwhile, we've rallied our people and made our cause known to the public. That's an accomplishment in itself. Who ever heard of us until we filed suit?"

When I returned to Mashpee to keep an appointment with Earl Mills a few days later, I drove over the same road I had taken on my first visit. Along the way, I noticed some changes—a motel, a garage, and half a dozen dwellings that had not been there before. In the center of the village, there were some other changes. The little frame post office was gone; the ramshackle fire station wore a sign saying that it had been condemned; and the Ockry Trading Post had become a liquor store. Farther up the road, Mabel Avant's house had been spruced up and now wore a sign proclaiming it as the Mashpee Wampanoag Indian Museum. Inside were the usual artifacts—some Indian baskets, several bows and arrows, a cradle board, and an assortment of stone arrowheads, axes, tomahawks, and sharpening tools—and in the front room, above a fireplace, hung a primitive painting of Richard Bourne preaching to an alfresco gathering of Indians under the famous oak tree.

After visiting the museum, I drove back down the road, crossed the herring run, and turned in at a drive leading up behind Mill Pond to a restaurant called The Flume, which Earl had built seven years before. I had not seen him for even longer than that, and when he opened the door of

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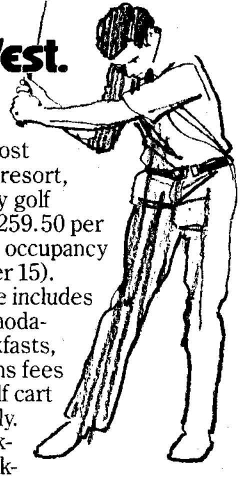

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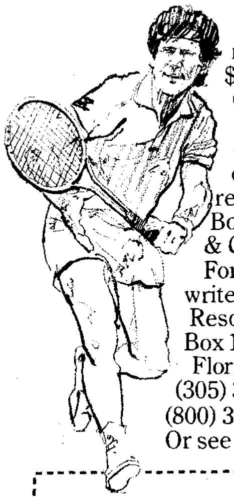

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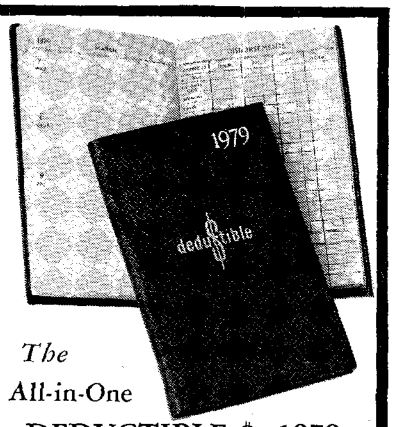
the upstairs apartment, where he was living, the first thing that struck me was how little he had changed. Of course, there had been changes other than physical, and for the first few minutes of our meeting we sat at the kitchen table and brought each other up to date. During the interval, he had been divorced and remarried, and had become the father of a daughter, now six years old, who came bounding into the room and asked him to fix her hair. While he busied himself brushing and braiding, he told me that his mother and father had died, and that Elwood had sold the trading post and left town in the autumn of 1976. "Elwood couldn't take the changes that had come in Mashpee," Earl said. "He couldn't fish where he wanted to anymore, and that helped drive him out. These days, he lives in a cabin on top of a hill in the Rangeley Lakes district, in Maine. I doubt he'll ever come back."

When I asked Earl how he felt about the trial, he told me he thought the Mashpees had shown themselves well under difficult circumstances. As for losing the lawsuit, he was not as upset as I imagined he might be, nor did he speculate on the outcome of the appeals that would be made. "The main thing is that there has been a new awakening among us," he said. "A new awareness of our heritage. A sudden nudge. Like a gust of wind on a sailboat. Soon our people will wake up to the fact that we still have a lot of land here and many other resources."

For a few minutes, Earl talked about the Mashpees' being a people of the earth, and how important it was for them to return to the land. He spoke with pride of the commitment of some of the young people to their Indian background, of their plans to plant communal vegetable gardens, and of the need for elders in the community to give the new movement a sense of direction. Then, abruptly, he changed the subject. "What the lawsuit did was to bring out the real feelings of the whites," he said softly. "It showed us the true depth of their hatred, their guilt, and their rage. We realize now that they would just as soon we disappeared off the face of the earth. Only, we aren't going to disappear." Mills finished braiding his daughter's hair, patted her on the head, and watched her run out of the room. Then he turned to me and told me exactly the same thing his father had told me more than fifteen years before. He said, "We're going to be here forever."

—Paul Brodeur



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NEWLY arrived at the Booth is "Gorey Stories," which the program describes as "An Entertainment with Music, written and designed by Edward Gorey." It consists of the weaving together of a number of Mr. Gorey's celebrated cautionary tales, plucked from one or another of the forty-odd books of gloomy crosshatched drawings and droll words that Mr. Gorey has been accumulating over the past quarter of a century. (His early works, published in small editions, are now so rare as to make him, to the despair of impecunious bibliophiles, one of the costliest of living authors; little Gorey books that once sold for two dollars now sell for two hundred.) The first thing to be said about the "entertainment" at the Booth is that if you are already a Gorey idolater you will have a happy evening; if you are not, then perhaps not, for the tiny plots of his stories are likely to strike a stranger to them as arbitrary in the extreme, and Gorey's air of Edwardian archness, especially in regard to the dreaded act of s-e-x, is much more pervasive and unrelenting on the stage than it is in print. The arbitrariness of the plots is, of course, calculated; it is often the case that a story will not so much end as be decapitated, which in Gorey's view no doubt amounts to a natural death. He gives not a fig for our common-sense expectations; to quote what I once had occasion to write of him in a catalogue of his drawings, "We stand staring in awe at his world, which has little to do with the conventional ordering of the world in which the rest of us wake and eat and drink and fall asleep. Sunlight and time passing and the force of gravity are trifles that Gorey dismisses out of hand . . . for in Gorey country it is nearly always dusk, or later than dusk, and time is suspended, and the air is so thin that one is hard put to it not to be incessantly somersaulting. . . . The faces of the men, women, children, and animals that inhabit Gorey country are without expression, and no wonder: if time does not exist, they have nothing to dread and nothing to hope for; their doom is to hover unmoving forever in the past-perfect tense."

It is plainly a difficulty in dramatizing these stories that their contents can no longer be observed in a state of permanent arrest in some ancient country house in far-off Crosshatch-Graustark; living actors and actresses must be kept moving to some purpose, and their faces cannot afford for long to be entirely without expression. Much of the wit in Gorey's work springs from the contrast between a violent deed described ("Her only other relative, an uncle, was brained by a piece of masonry") and the embalmed passivity conveyed by his illustration of the deed. In "Gorey Stories," the characters constantly jitter and frisk about the stage, in a sunnier light than they have ever hitherto enjoyed; gone is the suffocating Vuillard crepuscule in which they stood transfixed when between covers. A further difficulty faced by this production is that, probably for reasons of dollars and cents, it has risked opening on Broadway instead of Off; the Booth is a charming theatre and comparatively small, but it is too big for "Gorey Stories."

The admirable cast of the show consists, in alphabetical order, of Gemze de Lappe, Tobias Haller, Julie Kurnitz, Susan Marchand, Dennis McGovern, John Michalski, Leon Shaw, June Squibb, and Sel Vitella. The adaptation of the stories is by Stephen Currens, the music is by David Aldrich, the lighting of Gorey's sets and costumes is by Roger Morgan, and the direction, brisk and bold, is by Tony Tanner.

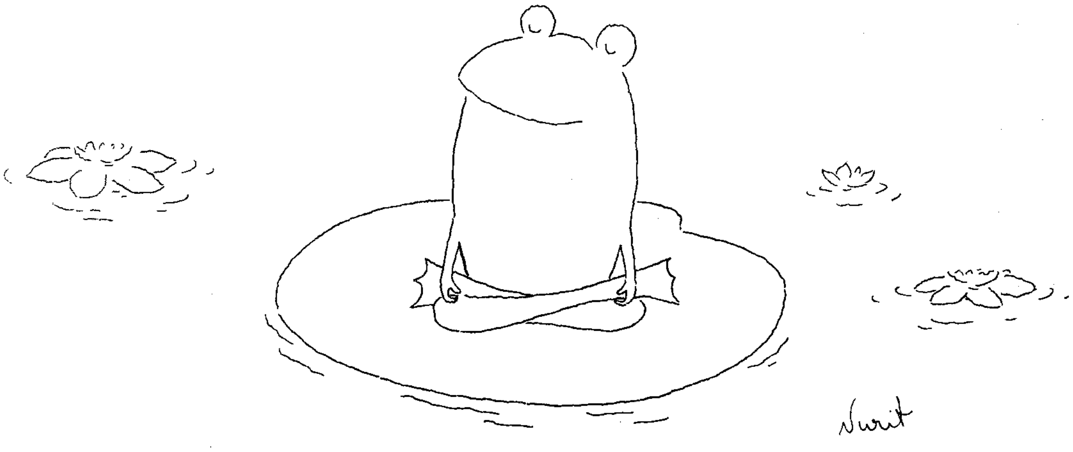
—BRENDAN GILL

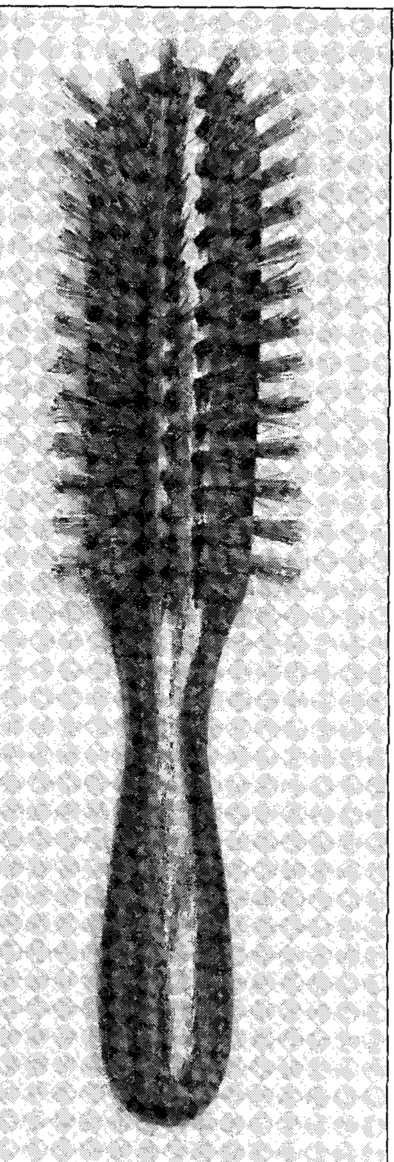
OFF BROADWAY

News from Off Off

IN form, "Buried Child," by that virtuoso of dramatists Sam Shepard (at Theatre for the New City through November 12th), is much like his "Curse of the Starving Class," earlier this year. Both are composed of wild comic business and dialogue, and of monologues so startling and imaginative that they actually justify monologues, and in both a strong plot runs under the apparent surface disorder—of tragedy in "Curse" and of incest and murder in "Buried Child." (Both end, by the way, with someone carrying something awful across the stage.) "Buried Child" is an American gothic about a blighted family on their blighted farm in Illinois. The father, an old man very near his end, spends his time on a couch in the downstairs living room, where the action takes place. Physically and psychologically, he is corroded with vengefulness and hatred, which he vents upon his wife and his two crazy, imbecilic grown sons. The older son has come back home from New Mexico, because he couldn't think of anything else to do, and the younger, a one-legged man with a lethal razor, appears to just hang out in the neighborhood. The plot is set off by a visit to the farm by the old man's grandson and his girl, who stop off on their way to New Mexico, where the young man thinks his father is still living. We first see these two on a screened porch outside, the girl doubling up with giggles at the sight of this "Norman Rockwell cover," but she is soon laughing out of the other side of her mouth.

Words like "elemental" and phrases like "probing American myths" are often used to describe Sam Shepard's





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work, but his talent, which is prodigious, seems literary and theatrical rather than philosophical—we don't get much in the way of discovery or news of America. Those spoken arias are as good as any being written today, and the stage business, comic or frightening, is astonishing. The action, one feels, barely gleans his teeming brain. (By the way, his proclivity for using raw vegetables might also be mentioned. In "Curse," artichokes were tossed around to great effect; here it is corn and carrots.) Robert Woodruff, who directed both plays, appears to function as the playwright's alter ego, and the acting here in every instance meets the peculiar demands of the script. Richard Hamilton is remarkable as the addled, embittered old man, and Jacqueline Brookes, Tom Noonan, Jay Sanders, Mary McDonnell, Christopher McCann, and Bill Wiley do very well as wife, sons, girl, grandson, and a nervous priest who drops in for a cup of tea, poor soul. Lighting by John P. Dodd, set by David Gropman, and costumes by Jess Goldstein. "Buried Child" originated at the Magic Theatre in San Francisco, again under the aegis of Mr. Woodruff.

THE Phoenix has opened its season at Marymount with "Getting Out," an effective and convincing first play by Marsha Norman, about the rehabilitation—the self-rehabilitation, actually—of a young woman who has been released on parole from a prison in Alabama after serving eight years and who returns to her home town of Louisville to face a bleak and disciplined future in a run-down apartment there. She was a child prostitute when she was convicted of killing a cabdriver. Her name is Arlene, and she is haunted (as we are) by her delinquent teen-age self, here called Arlie. In simultaneous action, the audience is confronted both by tough, unregenerate Arlie, of the unbreakable spirit, reminiscing about her cruel pranks and raising hell in and out of prison, and by stiff, frightened Arlene, of the unbreakable spirit, determined in the face of difficult odds to stay free and to earn enough money to support herself and an illegitimate child who is now in a foster home. Those difficult odds, before and after the parole, are what the play is about, and every scene makes its mark. When Arlene and Arlie speak in unison at the end, it is clear that each of them has been fighting for her life, and that they are one woman.

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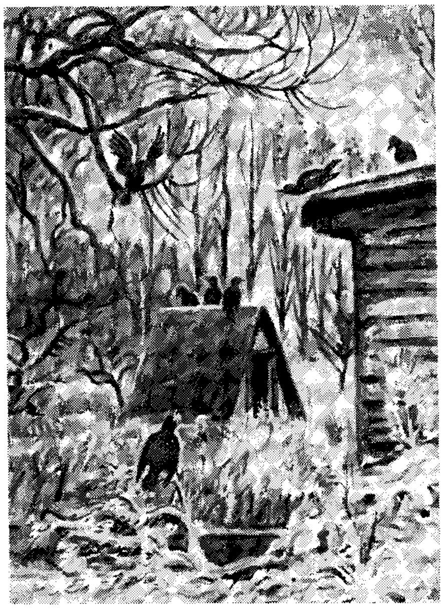
at the Actors Theatre of Louisville. Under the expert direction of Jon Jory, who is the producing director there, the acting is very good indeed. The heroic Arlene is truthfully and unsparingly played by Susan Kingsley, who created the part in Louisville, and Pamela Reed is fine, too, as stormy, funny, intelligent Arlie. Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood (formerly Madeleine Sherwood) gives a strong cameo performance as Arlene's tough, stupid mother, herself a whorish cabdriver, whose every word and action explains her daughter's delinquency. I also admired Barry Corbin as a guard attentive to Arlie, who drives Arlene back to Kentucky and almost rapes her; Leo Burmester as her ex-pimp and ex-lover, drug-ridden and menacing, who tries to persuade her to come back to work for him; and Joan Pape as another ex-convict, who offers her friendship and understanding. James Tilton's fine setting, with Arlie's cell and Arlene's rotten apartment both seen on the stage, is worthy of the play. "Getting Out" will run at the Marymount through November 5th.

THE estimable Lion Theatre Company is presenting, through November 12th, "Music-Hall Sidelights," Jack Heifner's adaptation of Colette's reminiscences of a tour with a music-hall troupe. In a release, the director, Garland Wright, states, "I am interested in translating literature into theatre—not to create 'plays' in the traditional sense of that word, but to recreate the experience the reader has with a book." "Music-Hall Sidelights" is certainly not a play: behind a scrim, the members of the company perform or gently parody their music-hall numbers, and some of them relate or reenact their experiences, while Colette stands at the side of the stage, eyes and ears alert and pen at the ready. There are a few telling moments, but not nearly enough of them. "We are redder than that," Queen Victoria is reputed to have told a painter displaying his portrait of her for approval. There is no questioning the fidelity or the tact of this production, but the show makes a pallid celebration of one of the most robust artists who ever lived.

PATRICK MEYER's "Glorious Morning," being done by the Circle Repertory Company through November 19th, is a singularly unattractive play, which manages to be depressing without being either tragic or touching. A woman lies dying of cancer, attended only by her husband, a profes-



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sor of philosophy, in their cottage in the Catskills. The time is December. Their son, whom they have not seen in years, arrives on a motorcycle with his silent girl. She keeps reading a book by one Avatar Meher Baba and does speak once, to deliver a line from the book about love. The son tells his parents that he is a pimp, and threatens to kill his father, but later admits, in a scene with his mother, that he really works at some menial job in a hospital. He then massages her, gives her some cocaine in brandy—very salutary—tells her that she is dying, raises hell with her over some episode in the past, and ends up beating her with a pillow. Wife then confesses to husband that she once let son sleep with her. ("Poor Robbie," says professor caddishly.) Son leaves, girl emits strange wail, professor gets into bed with wife, who promises to return as grass and water. The only other character is a noisy "area ranger" named Harvey, who claims either to come from the satellite Ganymede or to be Ganymede himself. (I missed that line, but through no fault of the poor actor stuck with it.)

The dramatist, according to his biography in the program, is himself "a devotee of Avatar Meher Baba," but he does small credit to his guru. We are all in the debt of the Circle Repertory Company, which, under the artistic direction of Marshall W. Mason, has presented a number of interesting new plays over the past nine years or so, and has done them well. That this pretentious guff makes any sense at all is entirely the result of the clear direction of Terry Schreiber. Douglass Watson, as the professor, gives a capable, if goyish, performance of a man whose throwaway lines refer to "chicken soup," "the Chosen People," and "the B'nai B'rith." I didn't think much of the performances by the other, usually capable actors. Hal Tine's double-decker setting is especially good, however, and so is Dennis Parichy's lighting.

—Edith Oliver

•

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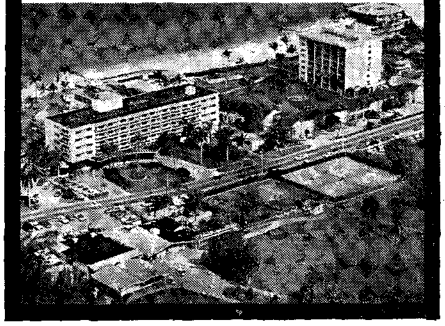

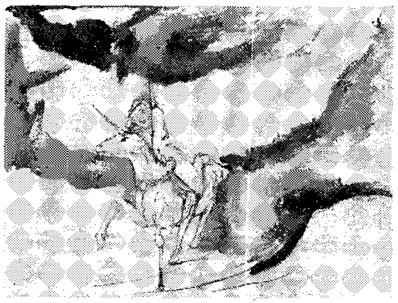

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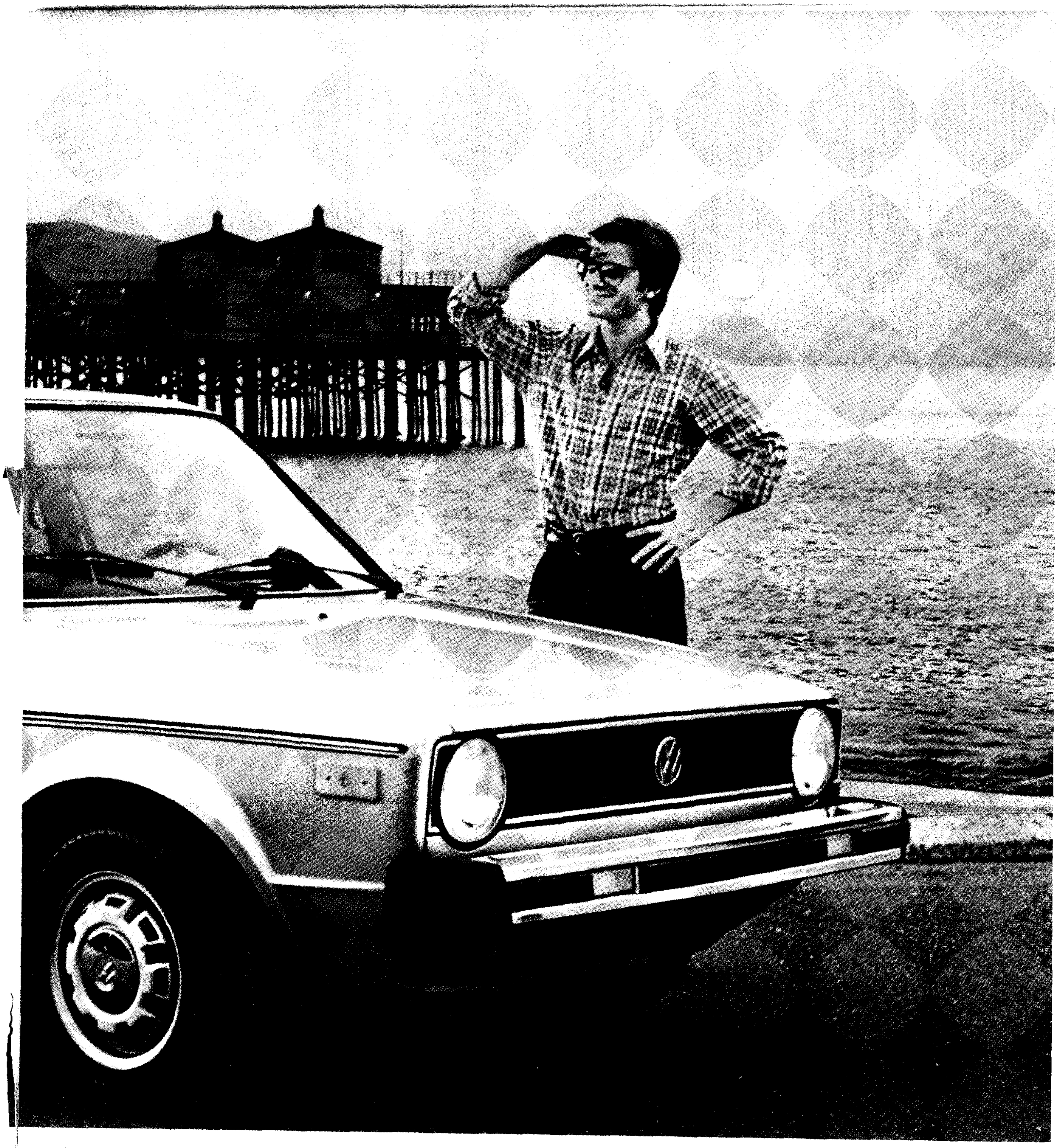

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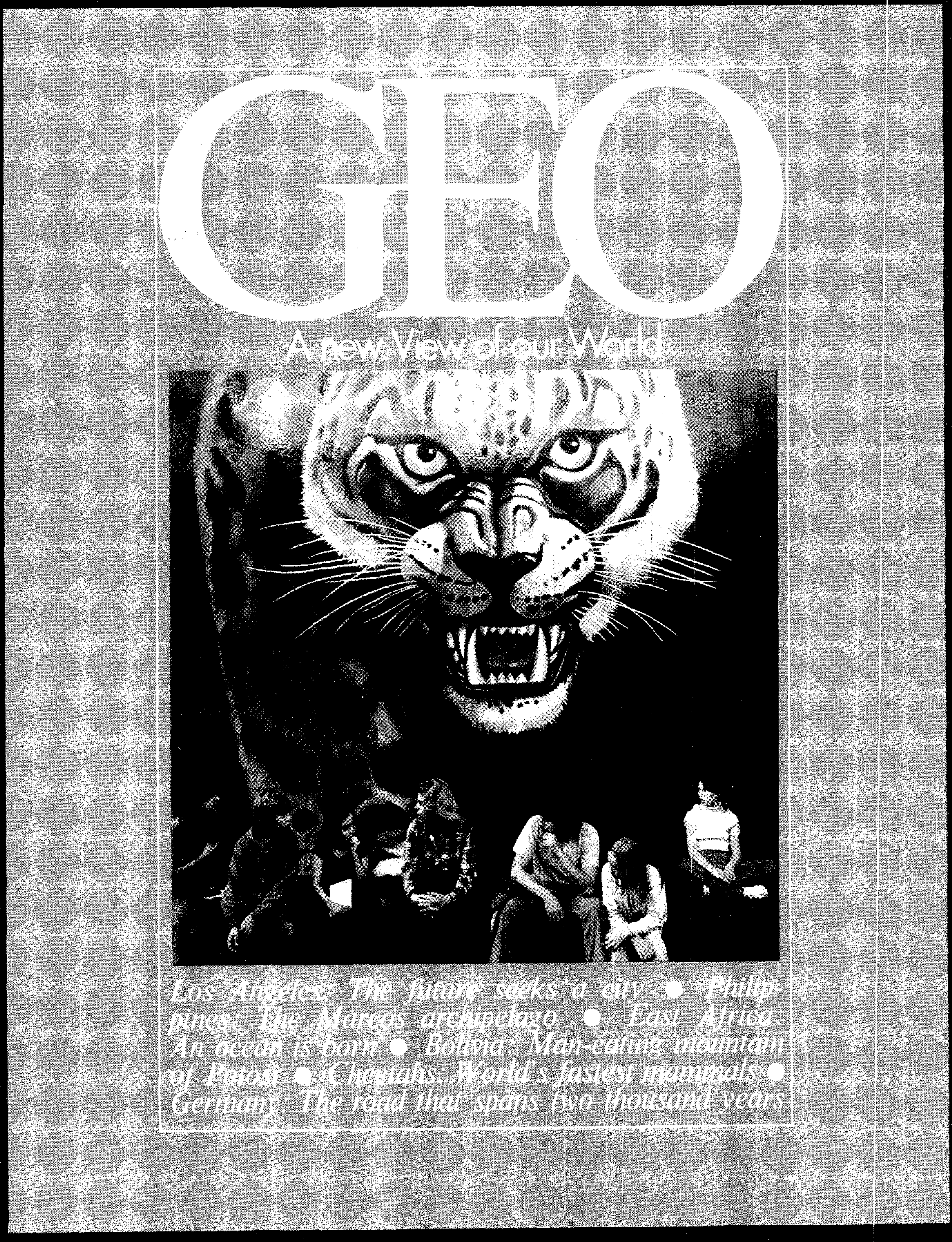

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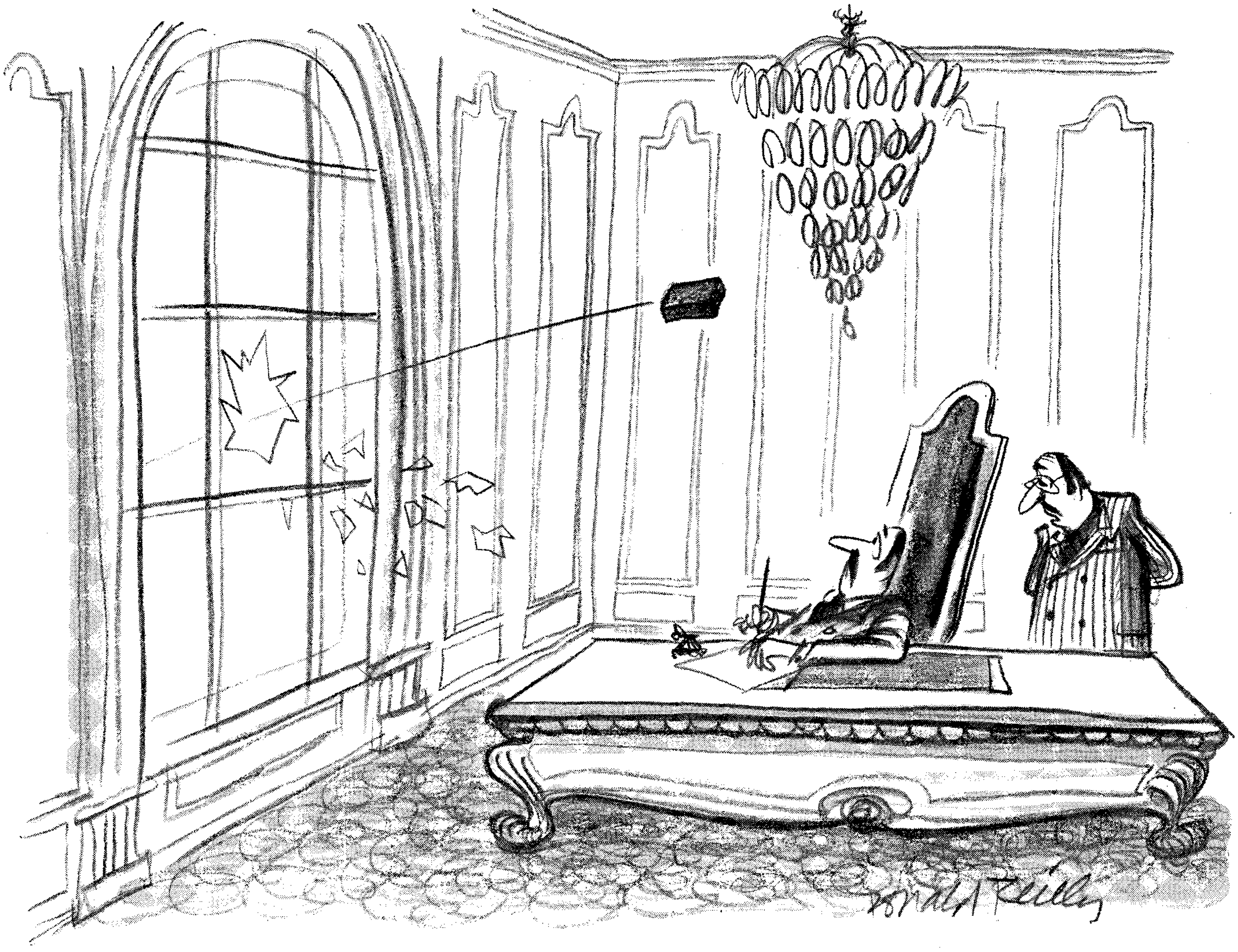
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

AMERICAN high fashion either has been rendered thoroughly cosmopolitan and European by now or has come of age in its own right. But fashion keeps moving forward—not because of people who are satisfied with what the stores are offering at the moment, of course, but because of people with vague feelings for what they might like to wear or see in some unspecified future. The cut of a collar from history, a particular color from a work of art, the atmosphere of a movie or a book—all these float up unbidden, for some, to become images and hankerings, certain little ideas. There are no "how-to" guides to this hypothetical fashion, and intuition can't be institutionalized or mass-produced. I've noticed lately that many people in the instinctive-fashion school have been having fairly specific fancies—for six perfect so-and-sos, in half a dozen colors, or several basic such-and-suches in different kinds of fabric. It might seem at first that they are anxious to put the whole idea of fashionable dress behind them. But in fact they are moving beyond the idea of mere "style"—at a time when good taste and flair are within the reach of many—and thinking in terms of creating an impeccable, highly personal "uniform."

In one of the European glossy magazines a while back, there was an article—an ecstatically celebratory obituary, actually—about a Parisienne named Mizza Bricard. This woman's outfit at a luncheon she gave at the Plaza-Athénée some two decades ago is recalled in the greatest detail. She was on that occasion a symphony in lilac: coat and pleated skirt of fragile wool, blouse of textured chiffon, and a chip-straw hat anchored with a huge baroque pearl. "Men always notice details" is one of the maxims attributed to Mme. Bricard. "Always dress in only one color" is another. By night, she wore extravagant *tenues*, exotic headdresses, flowers in her hair. She had a spectacular collection of jewels—which she sported only in the daytime—having followed the advice once given to her by the couturier Jacques Doucet: "When a man wants to send you some flowers, tell him 'My florist is Cartier.' " By day, she wore romantic hats she had designed herself, inspired by memories of the great fin-de-siècle beauties and demimondaines she had seen in the Bois de Boulogne and at Auteuil as a child. But all of these put together were not as memorable as the luxurious simplicity of her everyday uniform, which consisted of variations on that outfit first seen at luncheon—"a collarless jacket, a pleated or A-line skirt, made from a silk or tweed as airy as lace, a chiffon blouse . . . with shoulder straps made from bows." These pieces were all in one or another of the only colors she considered acceptable—black, navy blue, cream, and lilac.

There is little question that uniform-wearers of Mme. Bricard's kind are often more appealing in the abstract



"Why don't you try issuing a clarification?"

than on direct acquaintance. The pursuit of such perfection involves a strict self-discipline and a sometimes intolerant dismissal of the sloppiness of others. In a tasteful world of one's own creation, with rigid rules of one's own concocting, one might well be prey to loneliness and prone to crabbiness. Coco Chanel, one of the most famous uniformed women ever, was notoriously difficult. Uniform-wearers are more likely to converse in maxims and dicta than in gentle empathizings. The redoubtable Diana Vreeland—with her black Saint Laurent pants and turtlenecks and her birdlike evening outfits in lacquer red—is in the long tradition of uniformed and cosmopolitan *grandes dames*, and has been known, on occasion, to prove intimidating.

But anyone who loves clothes for their own sake might find herself drawn to fashion uniforms just the same. Such a uniform has its greatest impact on the imagination of observers when it is worn by a strong character who either designed it herself or coöperated closely in its inception. But sometimes two relatively delicate elements can combine to create a single, powerfully evocative uniform. The couturier Givenchy and the actress Audrey Hepburn came together to create such a vision at one period, and neither party has been quite so memorable since. The actress Joan Crawford was dressed by Adrian, the Hollywood costumier, but her personality was so forceful that her uniform became "the Joan Crawford look" and barely seems, in retrospect, like the result of teamwork at all. At second hand, a fashion uniform becomes a very different matter. The Chanel uniform on Mademoiselle herself is impressive even from the distance of old photographs. But when it was adopted as a mass fashion it degenerated into a uniform of quite another sort—that of social suitability alone. Instead of accentuating a unique self, it denoted the abdication of self in millions of women. The connection between an individual fashion uniform and mass fashion has always been extremely tenuous. Uniforms become more or less fixed at a certain point in the wearers' relations to the world. Thereafter, they deliberately allow broad fashion movements to overtake them, and gain strength from flouting other people's rules.

Nowhere is this more or less conscious holding back from ordinary fashion more striking than with those singular uniforms—the wardrobes of the British Royal Family. Prudence Glynn, the fashion editor of the London

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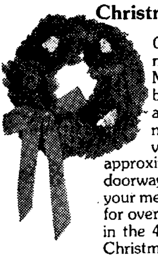
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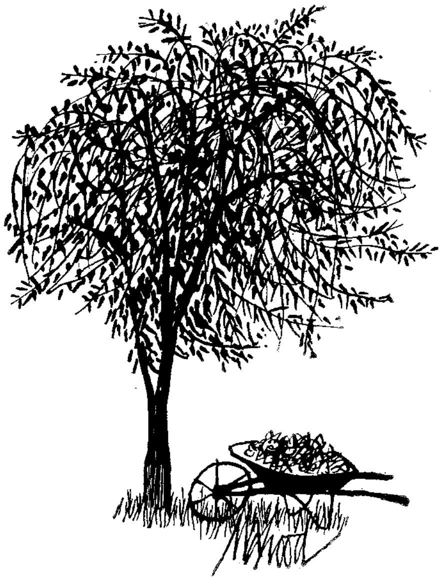
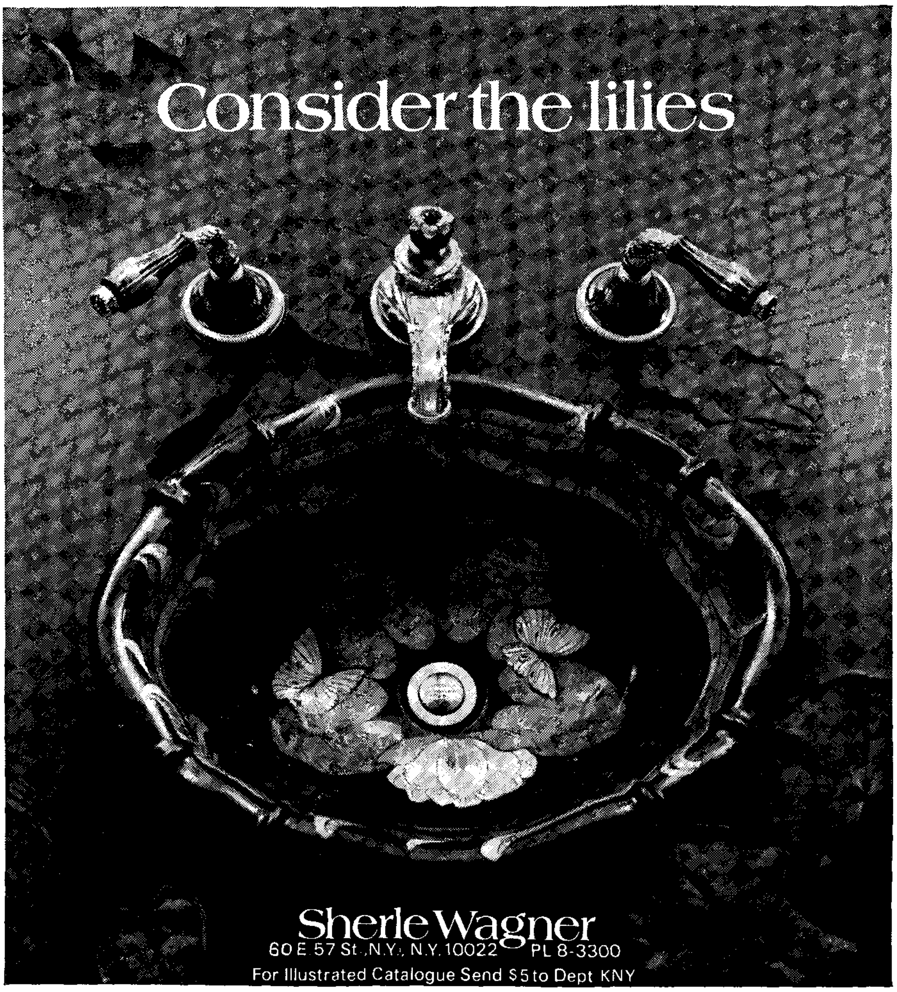
Times, devotes an absorbing chapter of her new book, "In Fashion," to the clothing styles adopted by the royal ladies. In the case of the two uniforms that are most consistently *sui generis*—those of Queen Elizabeth II and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother—a framework was established decades ago. The Queen favors a certain boxy, semifitted silhouette, which her dressmaker, Sir Norman Hartnell, devised for her sometime in the nineteen-fifties. Her mother is loyal to a style of full-skirted, exuberantly feminine floatiness, often with feathery width around the shoulders. This goes back to the style, inspired by Winterhalter crinolines, that her husband encouraged her to adopt in the nineteen-thirties. (Queen Mary, the present Queen's grandmother, remained steadfast until her death, in 1953, in her allegiance to the hats and floor-length hems she was wearing during the First World War.) Royal wardrobes keep themselves aloof from styles that might be carried off by any merely fashionable, social, and wealthy woman of the world. Miss Glynn advances the interesting hypothesis that, in history, ruling ladies who took a passionate interest in dress (Queen Marie Antoinette and the Empresses Joséphine and Eugénie, to name but the fashion-susceptible French) were likely to come to grief. The author suspects that Mrs. Simpson, elegant in her Mainbochers and Schiaparellis, might have been rendered unfit to rule simply by her obsessive interest in chic.

Of course, the women in the British Royal Family are not autocrats by temperament—not self-created aristocrats, like some of the women who have devised noteworthy fashion uniforms. Proust described his Odette, and friends described Mme. Bricard, as

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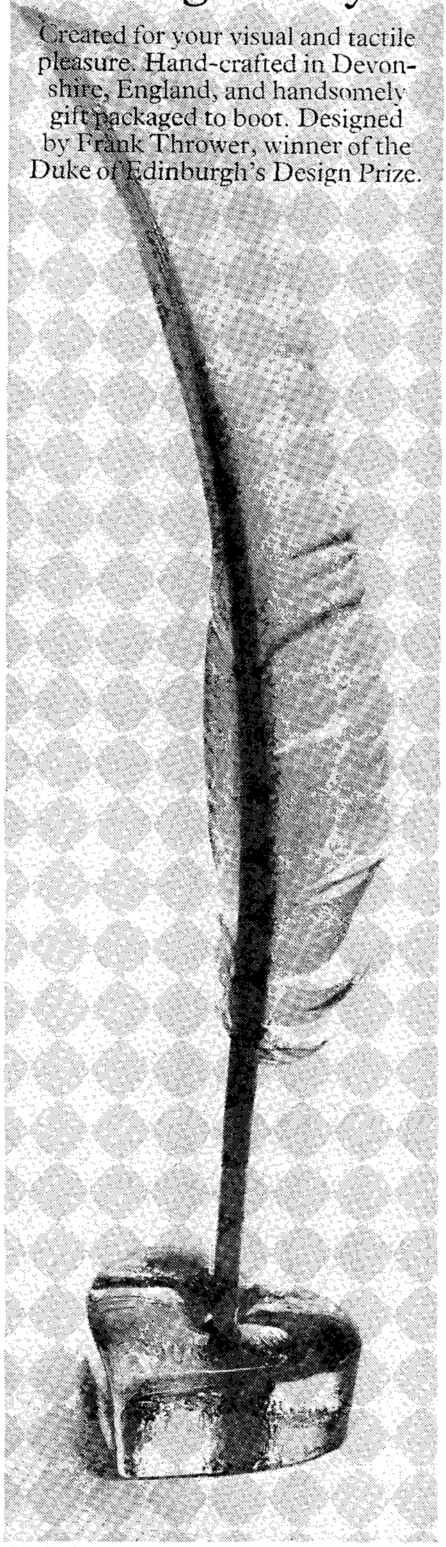

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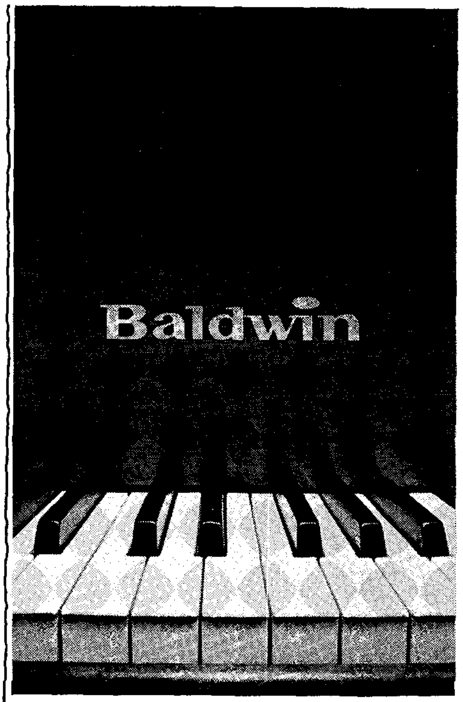
being a queen of dress—regal by virtue of exquisite taste and utter disregard for popular predilections. But the Queen of England actually *is* a queen, and it would be foolish to pretend that some of the significance of her wardrobe of sometimes quite homely-looking clothes does not derive from her position. One scrutinizes the Queen's hat, handbag, and color scheme partly because they are expected to be scrutinized. The pillbox hats and little white gloves worn by Mrs. Kennedy as First Lady would have been considerably less riveting if she had not played a central role in a dramatic Administration that lives indelibly in the public imagination. Privilege, stardom, a life lived in the public eye—all these undoubtedly add to the power of personal fashion uniforms.

But some of the compelling quality of all distinctive wardrobes relates not to fame or high office but to the clothes themselves. Such wardrobes have a consistent, self-contained vocabulary. They are usually simple, beautifully made, and scrupulously accessorized. They evolve in response to specific practical needs and enable the wearer to feel confidently at ease at all times. (In the case of the Queen, these practical needs are, admittedly, quite unusual: hats that permit her loyal subjects to see her face, and evening gowns with bodices that set off the Order of the Garter and magnificent, historic jewels.) By selecting a restricted style and retaining it for years, a woman is freed to concentrate on quality and pursue perfection. For many ordinary women, the formal bridal gown provides the only opportunity to follow the principle of dressing in a form of uniform. The gown is of interest to spectators partly because, for one day, the wearer has a public role to play; partly because differences between one example and another are vital, since convention sketches out the basic rules beforehand; and partly because a bride leaves no detail of the whole effect to chance but is aiming for perfection.

A simplicity of cut bordering on austerity has characterized some of the most famous fashion uniforms in recent history. Mme. Bricard is said to have envied nuns for the simple dignity of their habits. The remark may seem shocking, coming from a woman admired by such hosts of obedient gentleman patrons of Cartier. But behind any striving for perfection in dress there lies a quest for harmony and serenity, for a quasi-artistic integrity and purity. Trade has flooded the world of late with clothes that bring all varieties of



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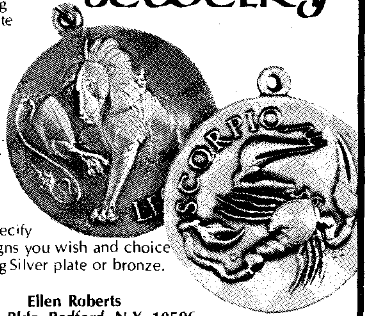

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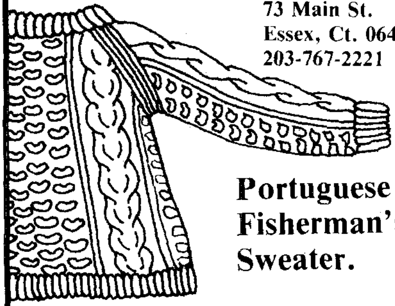

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[*From the Ohio State Comprehensive Outdoor Recreation Plan, 1975-1980, prepared by the Ohio Department of Natural Resources*]

GLOSSARY OF TERMS USED IN THE DEMANDS AND NEEDS ANALYSIS

Activity Occasions—The number of times the population participated in an outdoor recreation activity during peak periods for the year (i.e., the product of the number of households and the participation rate)

Capacity Needs—The number of persons per day that cannot be accommodated in the existing facilities; the difference between the demanded capacity and the existing capacity

Daily Capacity Needs—see Capacity Needs

Facility Needs—The number of units of a facility e.g., campsites, miles of trails, golf holes, necessary to satisfy the capacity needs

Final Activity Occasions—Activity Occasions calculated using the Final Participation Rates (see Activity Occasions)

Final Capacity Needs—Capacity needs calculated using the Final Activity Occasions (see Capacity Needs)

Final Facility Needs—The number of units of a facility necessary to satisfy the Final Capacity Needs (see Facility Needs)

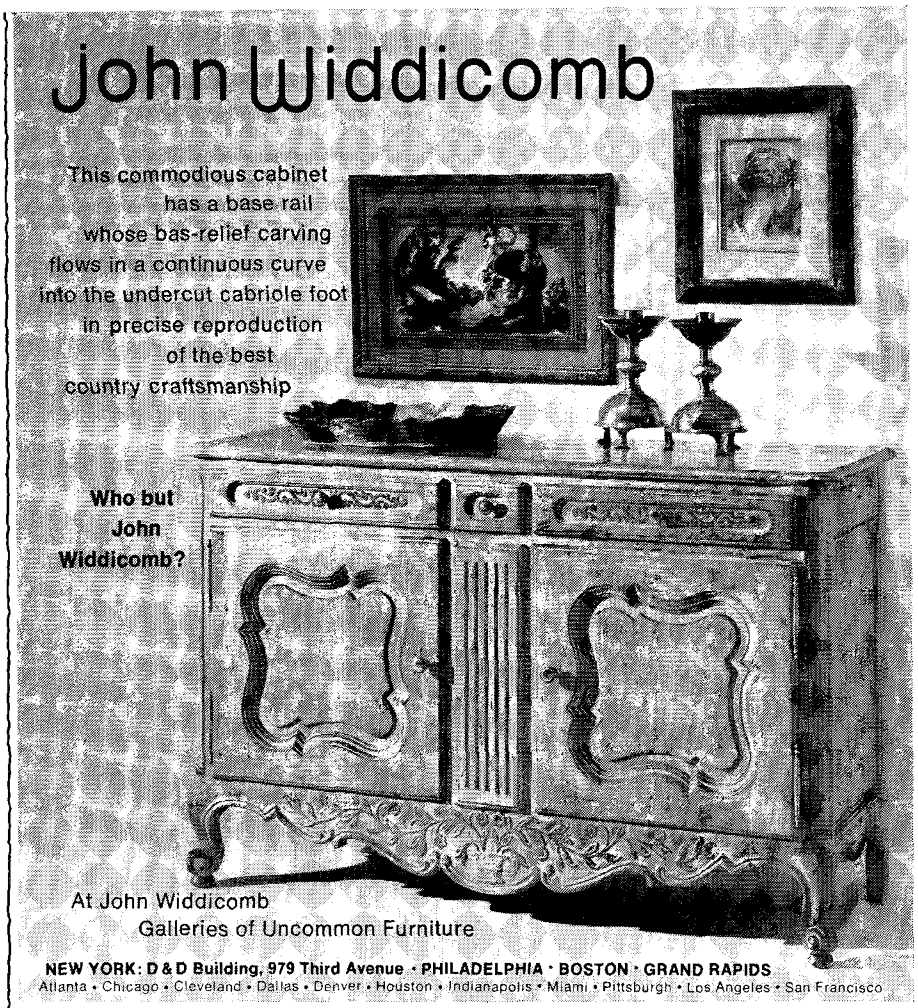
Final Gross Capacity Needs (for Planning Regions)—see Final Capacity Needs and Gross Capacity Needs

Final Needed Daily Capacity—see Final Capacity Needs

Final Net Capacity Needs (for Planning Regions)—See Final Capacity Needs and Net Capacity Needs

Final Participation Rate—The participation rate assuming the facilities were constructed to meet the Initial Capacity Needs of the counties (i.e., the Initial Gross Capacity Needs of the planning regions)

Gross Capacity Needs (for Planning Regions)—The sum of the capacity needs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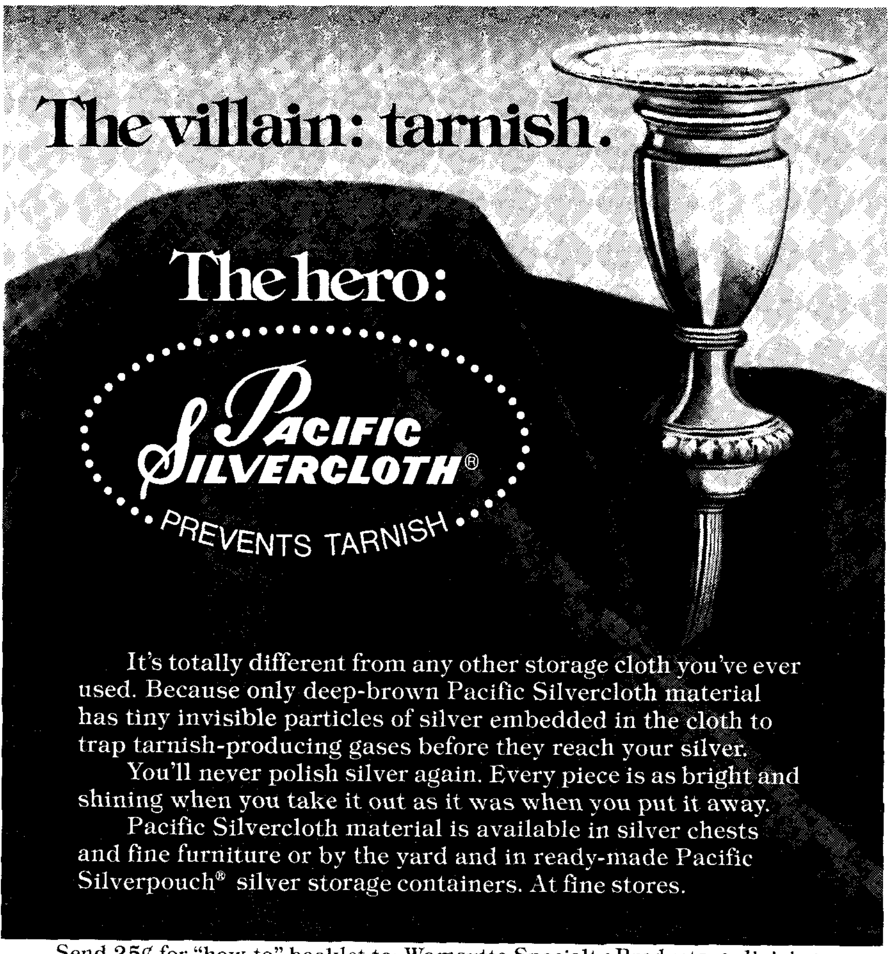
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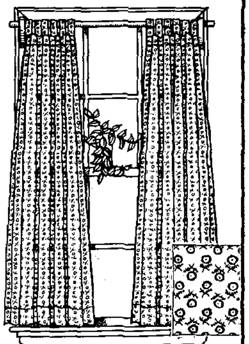

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Gross Facility Needs (for Planning Regions)—Facility needs based on the gross capacity needs (see Facility Needs)

Household Participation Rate—see Participation Rate

Initial Activity Occasions—Activity occasions calculated using the 1973 supply of facilities (see Activity Occasions)

Initial Capacity Needs—Capacity needs calculated using Initial Activity Occasions (see Capacity Needs)

Initial Facility Needs—The number of units of a facility necessary to satisfy the Initial Capacity Needs (see Facility Needs)

Initial Gross Needed Capacity (for Planning Regions)—See Initial Capacity Needs and Gross Capacity Needs

Initial Needed Daily Capacity—see Initial Capacity Needs

Initial Net Capacity Needs (for Planning Regions)—See Initial Capacity Needs and Net Needed Capacity

Initial Participation Rate—The participation rate calculated using the 1973 supply of facilities (see Participation Rate)

Major Transfers of Demand (for Planning Regions)—The ten largest transfers of demand between planning regions (see Transfer of Demand)

Maldistribution of Capacity—The statewide surplus capacity that would be created by satisfying the needs of all the counties; a measure of the degree to which existing facilities with surplus capacity are isolated from the areas with large capacity needs

Net Capacity Needs (for Planning Regions)—The sum of the capacity needs of all counties in the planning regions, both the counties with positive needs and the counties with negative needs (see Capacity Needs)

Participation Rate—The average number of times members of households engage in an outdoor recreation during peak periods for the year

Peak Period—Week ends and holidays

Relative Needs—Needs based on a comparison of the rank of the regions based on supply and demand (i.e., regions ranking higher on demand than supply have high relative needs)

Transfer of Demand—The number of times residents of a county (or planning regions) participates in an outdoor recreation activity in another county (or planning regions)

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Tentacles

IN Ingmar Bergman's "Autumn Sonata," a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, whose longtime lover has recently died, to come for a visit. The introverted Eva (Liv Ullmann) greets her celebrated mother, Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), whom she hasn't seen in seven years, with a humble show of affection. But within a few hours this recluse, in her frightened-schoolgirl's Peter Pan collar and shapeless dress, precipitates a crisis for herself. After mentioning that she's the church organist and practices every day, she plays a Chopin prelude for her mother—plays it so falteringly, so inhibitedly, that it has no musical quality. Then she insists that her mother show her how it should go, and, as her mother performs, explaining her interpretation as she moves along, Eva is transformed by irrepressible rage. Sitting on the piano bench, with her face next to her mother's, her tightly braided long hair plastered across her head, her creepy weak eyes staring from behind wire-framed glasses, she's a half-mad blob. She has sought her own humiliation, and her thick lips part slightly in hatred and in ugly anticipation. That night, she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. Charlotte's crimes, as Eva cites them, include forcing her to have an abortion when she became pregnant at eighteen, and being responsible for the degenerative spastic, inarticulate condition of Eva's younger sister, Helena (Lena Nyman). As Eva's rancor boils over, we see in flashbacks the childhood rebuffs she describes, and right in front of us we have the evidence of Charlotte's guilt: the emotionally crippled Eva, who cannot respond to her husband's love, and the physically crippled Helena, whom Eva has taken out of the institution that Charlotte had put her in. Even as Charlotte tries to justify herself to Eva, the helpless Helena has a seizure, tumbles out of her criblike bed on the top floor, and writhes on the staircase landing, making strangled sounds, calling "Mama, come," like an infant, to the mother who doesn't hear her—who, symbolically, has never heard her.

The picture, which spans roughly twenty-four hours, presents Eva's charges—that she was full of love for her mother, was rejected, suffered, and was destroyed—as the truth. Not just the truth as she nearsightedly sees it but the truth. Charlotte is resentful of Eva for having Helena in the house, because it means she'll have to go in to see Helena. As she stands over Helena's bed, we are shown her barely controllable revulsion and the collapse of Eva's hopes that her mother might have changed. One visit to Helena's bedside and Charlotte wants to get away from this house as soon as she can without losing face. She talks to herself when she's alone, and the thoughts she expresses are all about her own loneliness and her own comfort. In bed that night, she adds up the vast sums she has in the bank, like a child clutching a Teddy bear. Her fortune is her peace of mind; she can coddle herself and put her two children out of her life. This may be the first time in any seriously intended piece of dramatic literature that a character's soliloquies are designed strictly to confirm someone else's accusations. As Ingmar Bergman has conceived the artist-mother Charlotte, she is a compartmentalized character: she admits to closing herself off from all emotion except what she can feel and express within the formal protection of her music. (The explanation offered is that her own mother never gave her any love—this is like a new form of predestination.) Charlotte is a successful concert pianist and recording artist, but the film never suggests that she's a great pianist; she's in demand, that is all—she's the star she wanted to be.

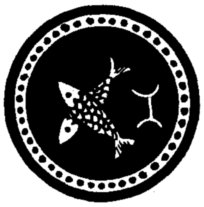
Ingrid Bergman has always had a great throaty, sexy voice; now, at sixty-three, she uses it for power, and she has the commanding presence to go with it. Her aged demimondaine in the 1976 "A Matter of Time" was also startlingly strong—and was far more poetic—but the film was a shambles and few people saw it. Her role here suggests an older version of her natural-looking Hollywood heroines (and, in fact, in 1939 she played a pianist in "Intermezzo," her first movie in English, which was a remake of a 1936 Swedish film she'd appeared in). Her face hasn't been surgically tightened; it's a plain on which emotions openly war with each other, and age itself helps determine the course of the battle, and the outcome. Charlotte is the villainous straw woman of the piece, the shallow, self-obsessed concert star, and Ingrid Bergman plays the role to the hilt. Unfortunately, some of the scenes that are played to the hilt are written too broadly. In a long telephone talk with her agent, in English, Charlotte is loud and hearty and childishly greedy for money—a tough old theatrical bird. And Ingrid Bergman beats her wings too much. Elsewhere, though, her freshness and energy make one laugh with pleasure. Her humor when she's talking to herself gives the movie its only leavening; she's the one likable performer.

Sven Nykvist's compositions have a rich depth: the simple interiors seem heavy, weighted. Visually, Nykvist's work is peerless—technically, that is. In expressive terms, the look of the film is less satisfying. The air is thick with a familiar misery—mannered misery. This time, Ingmar Bergman's use of space turns the compositions into a stage frame: the characters shift around and deliver monologues,

NOT FOR ANYBODY
H. Martin

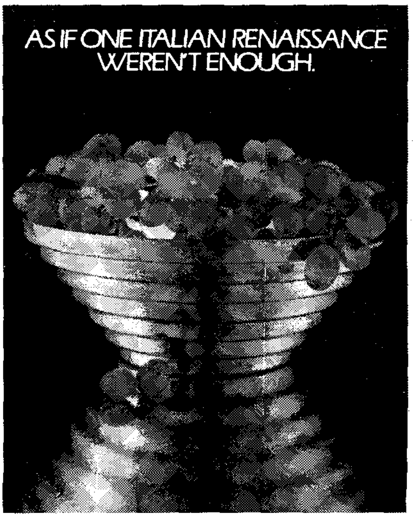
and when they take over the screen in closeup their slightest movements assume great significance. When Ingmar Bergman first used giant double close-ups, with the two actresses in "Persona," there was something unfathomable in the graphic seepage—those giant faces melding into each other seemed to hold the hidden meaning of the movie. In "Autumn Sonata," the closeups (again of women: here it's Eva and Charlotte, and, in one scene, Eva and Helena and Charlotte) are used like a spotlight calling attention to people on the stage—to emphasize the importance of what is being said or revealed. It's just a giant attention-getting device, a way of billboarding the big emotions: we're told that what Eva is going to say now is so revelatory that nothing—no other movement or detail—must be allowed to distract us. And so when what Eva says (she does most of the talking) doesn't seem worth listening to, the effect is shattering. We lose confidence in Ingmar Bergman.

Eva's pipe-smoking, fiftyish pastor husband (Halvar Björk) opens the film with a dry, stagy speech, addressed directly to us; he talks about wanting to turn and tell his wife how completely she is loved but being unable to—he has never been able to find the right words. He's so sober-minded he's like a Scandinavian version of Herbert Marshall in "The Little Foxes." In the background, we see the wounded frump, Eva, sitting at her desk, writing the letter of invitation to her bereaved mother, and it's hard to suppress a groan. Of all Ingmar Bergman's heroines, Eva is the least appealing. Liv Ullmann's performance can hardly be faulted. Or can it be? Bergman's "The Passion of Anna" and "Face to Face" didn't hold together except for the intensity Ullmann brought to them; we were obsessed by her while we were in the theatre—afterward, the pictures fell apart. But she's playing a dependent woman this time. Her work seems utterly extraordinary; here, even more than in those two films and in "Scenes from a Marriage," she goes so far into the character she's playing that it hardly seems acting at all—it's more like a self-transformation. She seems to be mesmerized—to go into a hypnotic state and become a different person. This may be very great screen acting, of a type we've never had before, but her performance doesn't have the beauty and clarity that her work had earlier, in Bergman's "Shame," or in Jan Troell's "The Emigrants," and we don't receive the understanding of the character that we usually get from proficient actors. There's a growing helplessness about her work for Bergman—a lack of shape, of completeness. When she plays a psychotic or a slug, we watch fixated, horrified—as we would watch the real thing. She is that person. What she does is like a highly refined form of the amateurism of someone who plays a drunk by getting drunk. Why do we need a painting of a cityscape when we can look out the window? Obviously, for the interpretive shaping that we get from an artist. And that's what we don't get from Liv Ullmann as Eva. She enters into Ingmar Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen, just as he desires; neither of them does the shaping job of an artist in "Autumn Sonata"—their collaboration has become a form of *folie à deux*. As Eva, Ullmann spares herself nothing: she gets so far inside this dullard that there isn't a shred of beauty in her face or body; she moves in anxious little steps, and there's wormy sanctity in her smiles. Eva is weak, dim, remote—yet clinging. Liv Ullmann is a virtuoso at this soft-throated suffering. (But it may bring out the wolf in you.)



Does anybody really believe a word of this movie? It's like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Eva is vengeful and overexplicit and humorless; she takes no responsibility for anything. Without any recognition of the one-sidedness, Ingmar Bergman lays it on so thick—makes it all so gruelling—that we have to reject it. "I saw that you loved me," Charlotte admits, "but I was afraid of your demands." That is supposed to convict Charlotte, but who wouldn't be afraid of Eva's demands? Eva is such a mewling total victim she's a worthy successor to Shelley Winters in "A Place in the Sun." She and Helena up there on the landing are so grasping that the film should have been called "Tentacles."

Much-married—once to a concert pianist, whose Chopin is dubbed in for Charlotte's—and many times a father, Ingmar Bergman must feel accused of having deserted his children. (And he wrote the mother's role for Ingrid Bergman, who shares his name and whose own children have grown up on different continents.) But he's also a



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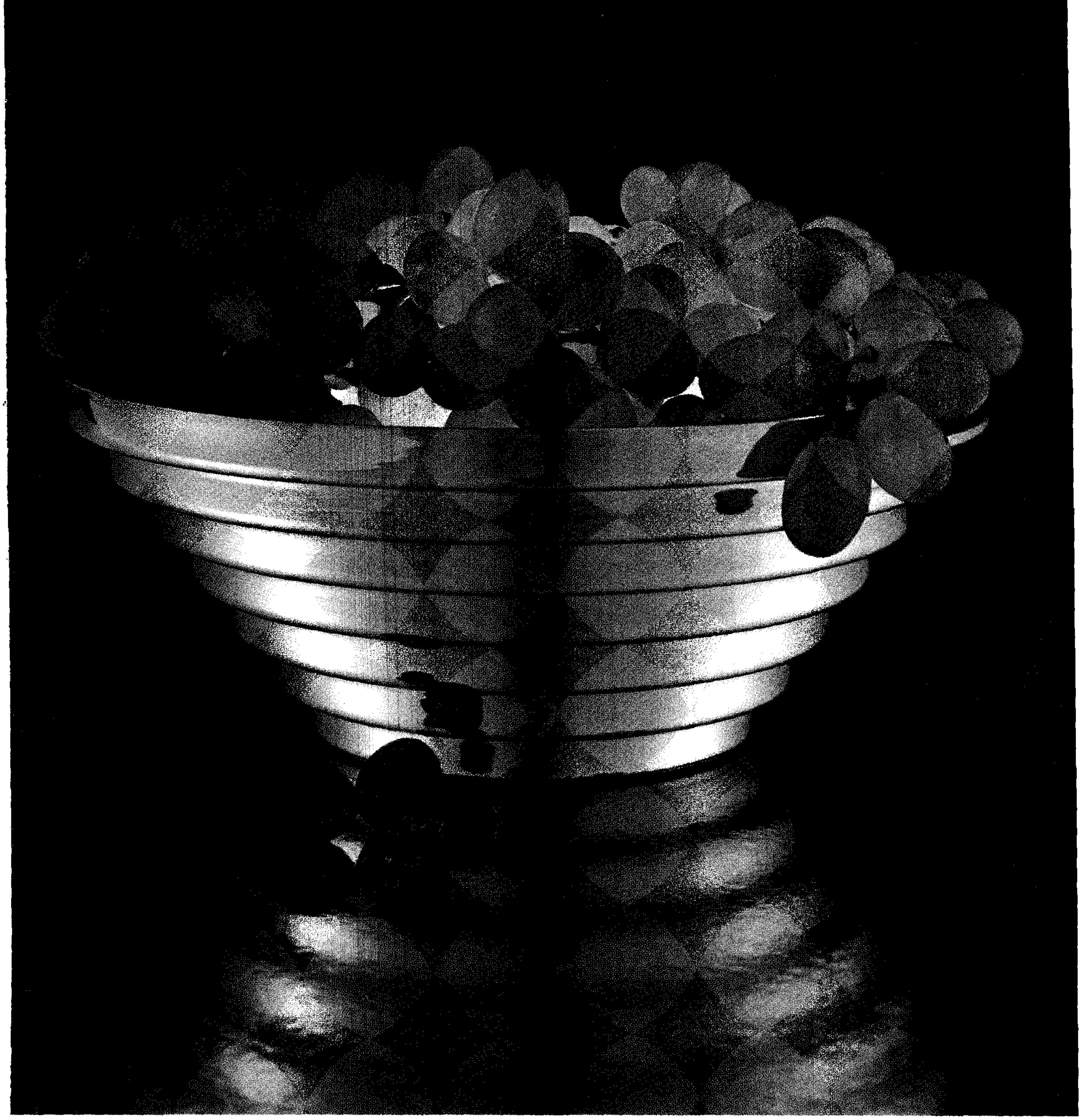

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man of sixty who still rages publicly—on television—about how his parents mistreated him. Throughout the film, he accepts guilt as the accused and yet identifies with the accuser; he's beating himself with a stick while yelling, "Hit harder, he has to be punished for what he did to me!" The parent-child conflict of raw nerves and frayed memories might be very different if it were actually dramatized by Eva. The daughter who feels wronged would probably reveal the absurdity of her excessive demands for love (as Kafka did in his crazy—undelivered—letter to his father). Then we could see the give-and-take of nuttiness, and how the daughter turns herself into a soft, squalid victim in order to be a living accusation of her Sherman tank of a mother. In the film, we're not convinced by what Eva says: we don't even feel that we're getting *her* truth, and we keep waiting for the turnaround—for the mother's answering taunts and the kind of mutual savagery that Strindberg gives us. (Can one imagine Kafka's father receiving that maniacal letter intended to prove that it's his fault that his son is a failure, and bowing his head in grief? More likely, he'd howl with rage or shout insults, or even cackle at the comedy of a grown man who's still nurturing the injuries of his childhood.) "Long Day's Journey Into Night" is about a houseful of emotional wrecks, too, but it's a balanced, dramatically structured view of family infighting, and it's painfully funny. There's no testing, no resilience in "Autumn Sonata"—none of the comedy of squabbling for love, or the comedy of love's blindness. Charlotte listens to her daughter's chronicle of victimization, accepts the guilt, and can only ask for forgiveness.

Ingmar Bergman's psychological movies have always mixed the clinical and the gothic, and he uses one to reinforce the other. So that there will be no way for Charlotte to be let off the hook, there's the deformed Helena upstairs, that twisting, helpless torso, like something out of "Freaks." Helena does not figure in the childhood flashbacks; there's no indication that she and Eva might have kept each other company while their mother was away. Helena seems almost a gaudy afterthought—an Expressionist representation of Eva's yearning, warped soul. Helena is there to make us wallow in the mother's guilt and in the evil in her unconscious. (It's a mercy that Helena's crib wasn't put in the basement.) Charlotte is meant to be evil, all right. Eva's face is right next

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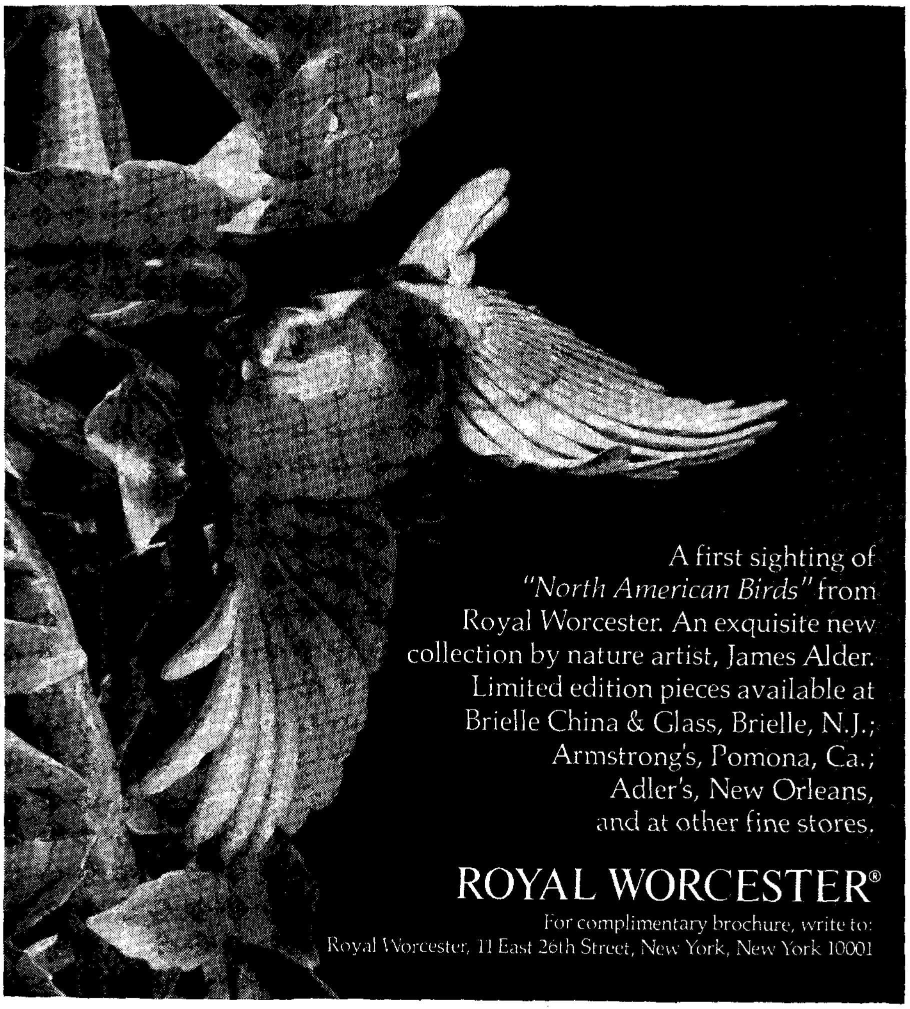

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to Charlotte's—the two big heads filling the frame for another of the film's many moments of truth—when Eva asks, "Is the daughter's misfortune the mother's triumph? Is my grief your secret pleasure?" Lines like this, and the realization that you're watching a gothic thesis movie, make you start bickering with Ingmar Bergman. You notice that he plays Freudian games, but only when it suits his convenience. There is no suggestion that when Charlotte went off on tour and Eva was left at home with her father the little girl might have been able to satisfy her dearest fantasies of replacing her mother—or that some of her hatred of her mother could be jealousy. And why is it that Charlotte is indicted for Helena's crippled condition but no one accuses Eva, whose only child has died by drowning, of any complicity in that death? And how can Eva be so certain that Charlotte's absences from home were the cause of Helena's condition, which looks like multiple sclerosis? (This leap beyond medical knowledge seems alarmingly cruel to people in the audience who have similarly afflicted children.) If we could become spastic from rejection, we'd all be spastic—there wouldn't be a smoothly functioning person around.

Just when Americans seem to be getting over that fifties craziness of children's blaming everything on their parents, we're getting it back from Ingmar Bergman. "Autumn Sonata" appears to be made by a parent so eager to do penance that he grossly simplifies the case, and a son who can't get beyond his own accusatory anger. This is raw guilt and anger, not fully transformed by thought, or by art. There's artistry in the filmmaking craft—in the image of the hand that slips into Charlotte's hand while she sleeps, and then clutches at her throat; in the graceful integration of the flashbacks. But the flashbacks themselves are a key to the movie's falseness. They're romanticized: the little girl Eva (Linn Ullmann) isn't aggressive or foolish or whiny; she's sweet-tempered and well-behaved.

The mother is represented as an emotionally niggardly monster. Yet even with the soliloquies in which she briefs us on her selfishness Charlotte does not seem a worse mother than many whose children grow up to have an easy enough relationship with them. The question that "Autumn Sonata" never raises is that of Eva's grossly inflated expectations—of her inhuman refusal to accept her mother for what she is and to make the

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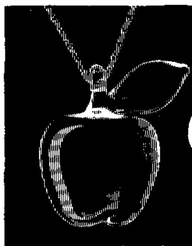

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best of it. As Eva recites her litany of childhood wrongs—her anger when her mother went away and her unsatisfied longing for attention when her mother was at home—she seems a born drip, or at least a self-made one. She complains that when Charlotte stayed home she was full of pent-up energy and tried to make Eva conform to her own ideal vision. This is like Brooke Hayward's complaints in "Haywire;" the mothers are convicted for not caring, or for caring the wrong way. (Children want parents to conform to an ideal vision, too.) With the full authority of the picture behind her, Eva tells her mother that people like her should be locked away, and Charlotte acknowledges the justice of this lunacy. The mother's crimes are selfishness and hypocrisy—and they're treated here as hanging offenses. Charlotte never points out that the love Eva says she feels for her is a form of leeching—that it's a pain. We look at Eva, who has invited Charlotte there to torture her, and think, Imagine having a daughter like this muffled, damp creature whose gray husband talks of the gray film over their married life.

After the rough night with Eva, Charlotte cancels her visit and makes her escape. In a hasty epilogue, we're told that Eva has been purged of her rage—that somehow because of this visit, and hours that Eva has spent in the parish cemetery communing with her dead child, she can write her mother a letter of forgiveness. This device is like the mawkish reconciliations at the end of bad silent movies: nothing has prepared us for Eva's change of heart. Isn't it more probable that, having driven her mother away, Eva would write to her out of fear of losing her? When Bergman is on top of his material, questions like this aren't likely to occur to viewers.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

> But with LSU leading 14–7, defensive end John Adams picked off a pass thrown by Ait in nearly two months—and both times he changed after Korchnoi beat him.—*Logansport* (*Ind.*) *Pharos-Tribune.*

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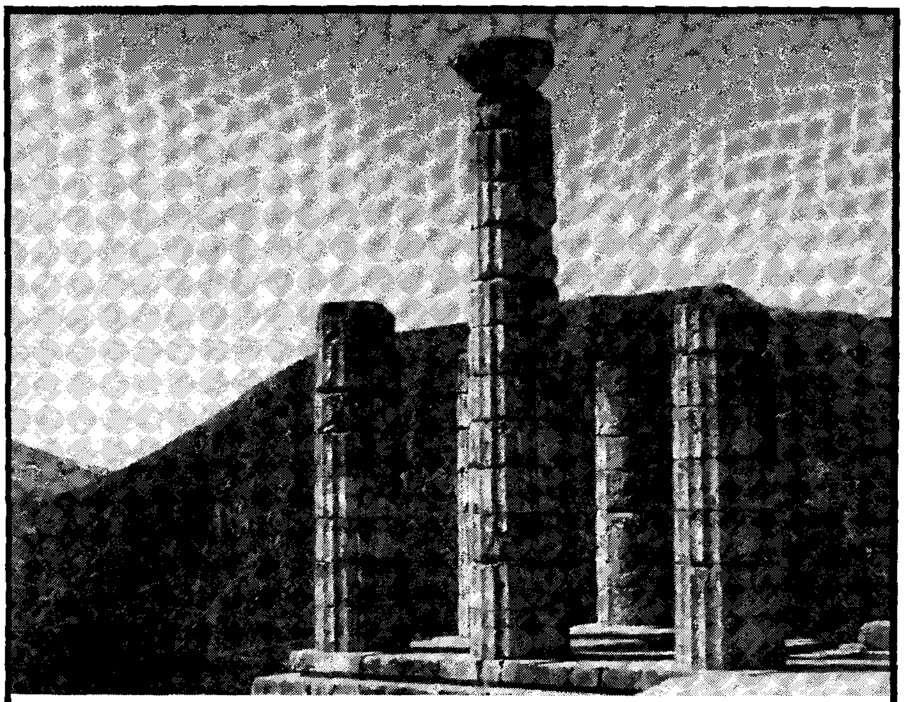

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REFLECTIONS

THE SOVIET MYTH

PARIS

OUR problem with the Soviet Union is largely a problem in our heads. We study all the signs and portents anxiously, but the Soviet Union has not changed in any basic way since the Carter Administration came to power. It is a country that does not change easily. To be sure, when Stalin died it ceased to be a country ruled by paranoia and became merely a reactionary and ideological oligarchy. Undoubtedly, it will change somewhat again when this oligarchy—made up of Stalin's junior subordinates, who were in their thirties and forties when they went through Hitler's invasion and the battles of Stalingrad, Leningrad, and Moscow—eventually gives up power or dies. Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, the man who is reputed to have said, "My personality does not interest me," was a major Soviet figure when Cordell Hull was the American Secretary of State. He has dealt with Stettinius, Byrnes, Marshall, Acheson, Dulles, Herter, Rusk, Kissinger, and now Vance. He has buried not one but two generations of American diplomatists.

There will certainly be change in the Soviet Union when men come to power who were not formed by Stalin, the Gulag, and the Second World War. But even then it would be foolish to expect the quality of Soviet government to change very much. There is a real, if limited, congruence between peoples and their governments, and it may be a liberal sentimentality to deny the proposition that people usually get, or tolerate, the government they deserve. No outside power imposed the present government upon the Russian people. It comes from within their own society, and it is not so very different from that police-ridden, censorial, and obscurantist government which Russia experienced under some of the czars. Hungarians and Poles have a right to complain that they are under foreign domination. The Russians (like the Cubans) do not. My argument is not that the Russian national character condemns that people to repressive and dictatorial government; it is that when we deal with the Soviet government we must recognize that we are dealing with an authentic Russian government, though perhaps not the only imaginable one. The recurrent tendency of American policy has been to assume that the Soviet government is illegitimate and the Russian people in need of liberation; this is exactly what President Carter implied when he set out, at the beginning of his Administration, to make the Soviet government acknowledge a Western liberal conception of individual political rights. For a Soviet government to acknowledge a right of its citizens to dissent, as he demanded, would imply a rejection of Marxism-Leninism, which justifies the absolute rule of the Communist Party as following from its possession of the exclusive truth about history and about the correct organization of society. In this view, dissenting opinion is necessarily erroneous at best and subversive at worst.

But, even if Carter did not mean to issue a fundamental challenge to the Soviet government (he confessed surprise at its hostile reaction as early as June, 1977), his action was warmly supported by those in the United States and in the West who do want to make a serious attack not only upon Soviet international policy but upon the Soviet system itself, and who regard the world as already far advanced in a fateful struggle between an aggressive, expanding Soviet system and our own. The people who believe this are perfectly correct, then, when they charge the Carter government with retreat and inconsistency in its conduct toward the Soviet Union. Norman Podhoretz, an influential figure among those who take the bleakest view of Soviet-American relations, wrote in the *Times* last summer that the United States "has still not decided, three years after leaving Vietnam, what if anything it wishes to contribute from now on to the struggle against Soviet imperialism in particular and Communist totalitarianism in general." He said that we have to

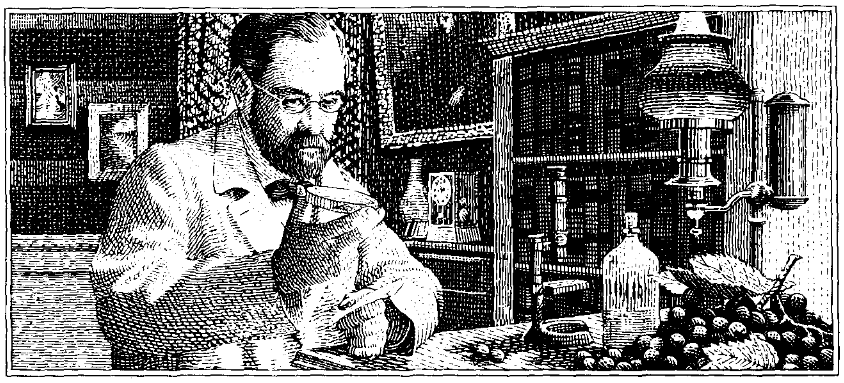
"Did you cackle, Winslow?"

choose whether we will stand up for ourselves and our democratic political culture or "beat a continued strategic retreat in the face of an advancing ideological tide and an aggressive military threat." He concluded that the President, if he were a true leader, would be working to remove uncertainty and establish a new consensus on policy, but that the confusion of his statements simply articulates the public confusion and stalemate.

The diagnosis has merit. But what is to be done when neither the President nor the public seems to know what it wants from foreign policy? Is it to be simple national security? Or world crusades for freedom? The uncertainty affects the way we interpret what the Soviet Union does and what it wants. On the facts about Soviet conduct today there is not much serious argument. For example, in George F. Kennan's debate on the nature of the Soviet challenge with Leopold Labedz and Richard Pipes in recent issues of *Encounter* there was not much real disagreement over the facts. The argument had to do with the appropriate response to acknowledged facts. Kennan, speaking of the growth of Soviet military strength, said, "That the Soviet leaders overdo in this respect (as did, for centuries, their Tsarist predecessors), and that this presents a serious problem for the rest of us and warrants reaction of one sort or another on our part—I do not dispute. But I would like the privilege of making my own judgments on the degree of seriousness of this phenomenon, on the interpretation to be given to it, and on the conclusions to be drawn for Western policy." Even Andrew Young does not now seem to dispute the scale of the Soviet effort in Africa. He simply says that we should not respond in kind. He argues, like the liberals of the nineteen-fifties and the idealists in Vietnam, that the true struggle is for the hearts and minds of the people.

THE Soviet Union, the real country that exists over there, with its immense military deployment and its interventions throughout the world in support of what it convinces itself are progressive or revolutionary movements, has not changed in any basic way over recent years. It is we who have changed. In our arguments today about the Soviet Union—about the Soviet government's intentions—we are in fact talking to ourselves about our own beliefs and courage, and about what we are and where we want to go as a nation. Those who say they are most

Fermentation: The miracle that turns the juice of the grape into wine.



Although it is an oft-proclaimed truth that fine wine is a living, growing thing, nowhere is this more evident than during that critical, and still somewhat mysterious, process called fermentation.

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Today, our winemakers are devoted to the study of yeasts and to their improvement. Because no one yeast works equally well in every case, we are constantly striving to isolate the ideal yeast for the different varieties of wines.

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Some Like It Cold

During fermentation, heat is created. If we permit the fermenting juice or "must" to attain a temperature of only ninety degrees, the yeast can be injured. At one-hundred degrees, most yeast will die.

Over the years, we have developed precise cooling methods for keeping the fermenting liquid at the optimum lower temperature. This varies from grape to grape. For example, the Sauvignon Blanc, French Colombard, Chenin Blanc, Riesling or Chardonnay we use for our white wines are far more delicate and sensitive to temperature than their more robust red cousins.

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The Test Fermentation

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alarmed about a rise in Soviet power and, supposedly, in Soviet belligerence are really alarmed about what they think is the decline of American resolution and American unity.

And what is the cause of this irresolution of ours, this crisis of spirit? Henry Kissinger, in a conversation with Senator Moynihan which was published in *Public Opinion* last spring, says that it comes from loss of nerve *on the part of the American liberal establishment*—that this group launched the war in Vietnam and then, nerves cracking, lost it. (Kissinger's own responsibility with respect to Vietnam, during the time when he conducted American foreign policy, simply followed, he suggests, from the deplorable fact that the war had "to be liquidated on the best terms available," although this led him to carry it on for four more years, to extend it to Cambodia and to saturation bombing of North Vietnam.) Our present crisis, he goes on, comes from the development among a generation of intellectuals of "not just a disappointment with a lost war but almost a *desire* to lose," of a "*relish* in that event." The argument he makes, with Senator Moynihan's agreement, is that the Soviet Union has grown stronger not so much as a result of its own efforts as of the moral default of the American liberal élite—who still mostly run the country, in a period of Democratic Administration, even if President Carter himself is not one of them. From Vietnam, Kissinger says, "an attitude developed that we must not conduct any policy—other than rhetoric—anywhere in the world that might possibly succeed," and he goes on, "I do not believe—in this country at least—that there is a *public* problem. In this country we have a *leadership* problem." Moynihan agrees that our liberal élite has turned against the country's best interests and is defeatist. Thus, according to Moynihan, "American policy is beginning to accommodate to the assumption that the Soviets are now, or soon will be, the superior military power. . . . I think this assumption about Soviet power is becoming an objective reality." The two then agree that the "defeatist consensus" of the American élite can be overcome by mobilizing a new élite, which now inchoately exists in the labor unions, in law, in business—"maybe even in universities," Kissinger says—in support of a changed policy. They are saying that the internal American situation is a fundamental factor in the ascendance of the Soviet Union in world power. They also make it plain

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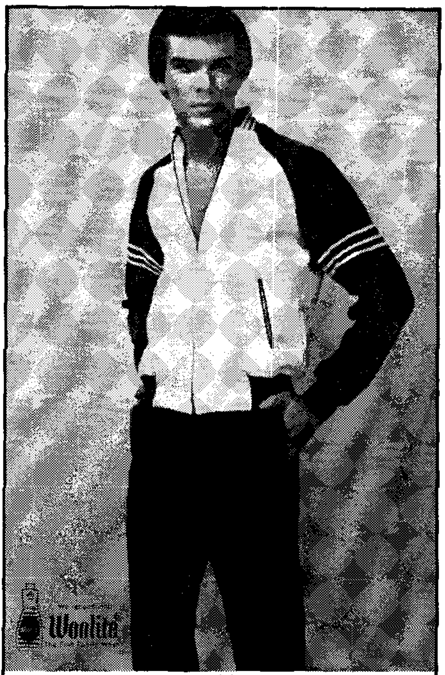

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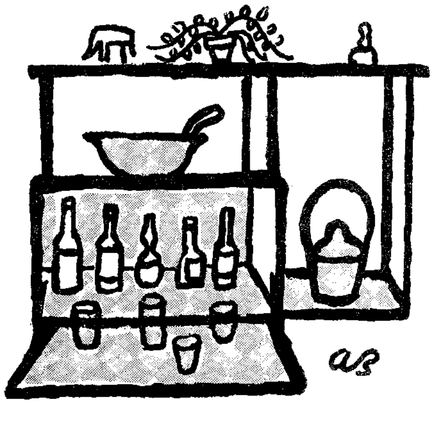
that they would be glad to lead a new and vigorous American élite, and thus cause the Soviet threat to the world to diminish and the Soviet position in world politics to shrink.

But the debate over the Soviet Union thus proves to be the old debate over Vietnam. More than that, it reflects the old debate over America's moral position in world affairs and our place in history. "Men living in democratic countries eagerly lay hold of general ideas because they have but little leisure and because these ideas spare them the trouble of studying particulars." So said de Tocqueville. Our taste is for a generalized view not only of ourselves but also of what the Soviet Union represents politically and historically—a dynamic global force, an ideological tide in strategic advance. We spare less time for that Soviet Union which actually exists—and, perhaps, even for that America which exists and is able to act in the world. This is above all regrettable because such attention to the Soviet Union—in terms of the general ideas it is supposed to embody as part of a great historical drama—simply exaggerates the importance to the contemporary world of a society that is, as Moynihan himself expresses it, "a dead, dreary culture," in fundamental political and moral respects a failure.

The Soviet Union is a rival to us only in very narrow—and, for it, peculiarly costly—military matters. Even in industrial terms, the Soviet Union today is a great power only by European standards. It is just about the equivalent, as an industrial economy, of West Germany plus East Germany and Italy, for example. West Germany and France, on the other hand, together make up an industrial power considerably larger than the Soviet Union. Our own industrial economy is simply of another magnitude—well over twice the size of the Soviet Union's, and far more sophisticated—as, of course, are the European economies as well. Notwithstanding this, we in-



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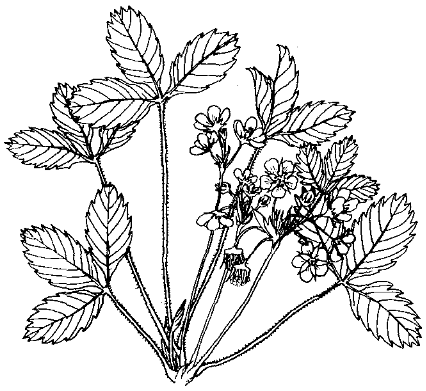

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—Amos Pettingill

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sist upon the political and ideological threat of the Soviet Union.

There is a striking poem by the Alexandrian Greek Constantine Cavafy describing an occasion upon which public life has come to a halt, everyone waiting for the arrival of barbarians who have been reported at the frontier. Then:

> Why this sudden unrest and
> confusion? . . .
>
> Because night is here but the
> barbarians have not come.
> Some people arrived from the
> frontiers,
> and they said that there are no
> longer any barbarians.
>
> And now what shall become of us
> without any barbarians?
> Those people were a kind of
> solution.

The Soviet Union has been a kind of solution for American society during the postwar years, providing us with an external mission that exhilarated us and at the same time permitted us to avoid much in our national condition that might otherwise have taken us on a different course, and perhaps a more difficult one. For this reason, we are reluctant to abandon the idea of the Soviet Union as a "superpower"—immense, expanding, puissant, its very strength a tribute to us, since we alone are thought to be able to stand against it. If the truth should be that the Soviet Union is an intellectually and culturally sterile society, overmilitarized, overextended, its technology mediocre, its economy fragile, possessing more significant resemblances to a developing country than to an advanced industrial nation, then we might be diminished as well.

THERE is something more. Our conflict with the Soviet Union—a conflict conceived more in ideological and moral terms than as a geopolitical struggle—has provided America with a powerful impetus toward unification and mobilization at a time when we have been undergoing deep social and economic changes and have also been experiencing severe new (or newly articulated) social divisions. The Second World War produced a vast migration and class movement within the country, launching forces that were to transform the society. In 1940, the Great Immigration had ended only sixteen years before. Close to half of the population was rural; there were some six million farms. (There are less than three million today, and more than a quarter of the people living on farms

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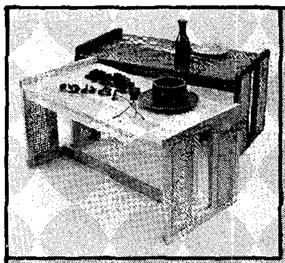

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are over fifty-five years old.) Less than forty per cent of the population had finished high school; less than five per cent had finished college. In 1940, only twelve per cent of black people between twenty-five and twenty-nine had high-school diplomas. (The figure is over sixty-six per cent today.) Three million black people left the South between 1940 and 1960. During the nineteen-sixties, a million whites moved out of New York City and half a million blacks moved in. A quarter of the American people today live in another state than the one in which they were born. And such data about physical and economic change say nothing about the transformation of work and of the quality of American life since 1940—not all of it, obviously, for the better. Along with the creation of today's blighted urban subproletariat out of what had been a laboring Southern agricultural proletariat, there were other, less easily defined alterations in American life, which have produced among the American people in 1978 what polls taken for the Department of Labor describe as a "sense of backward movement." These surveys suggest that the American people believe that "the United States is not as well off today as it was five years ago." Moreover, "the public feels things are not going to get any better in the future;" and the young are more pessimistic than the old.

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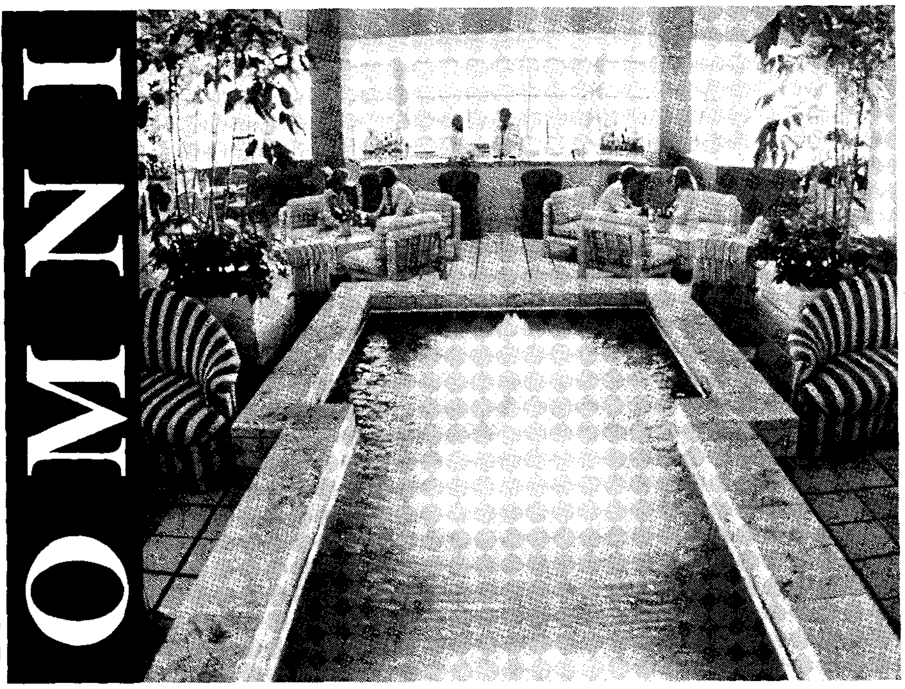

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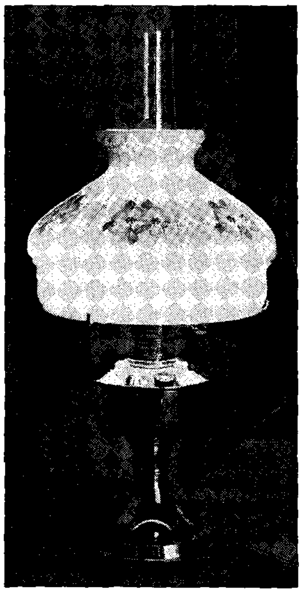

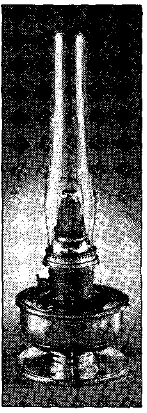

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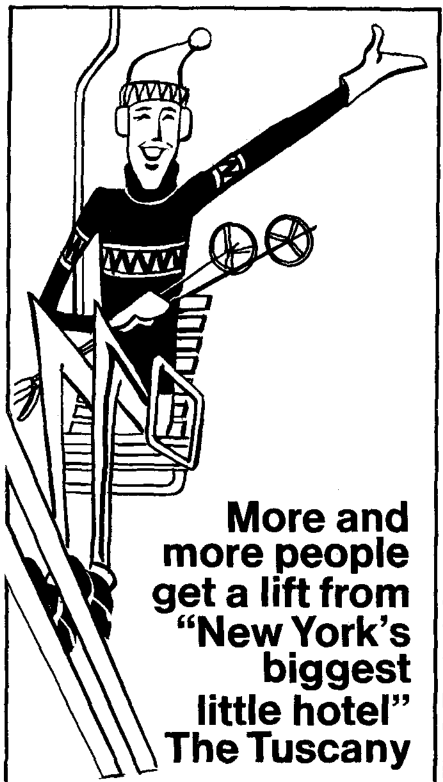

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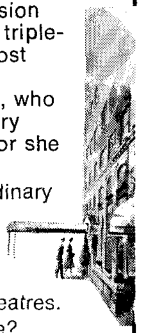

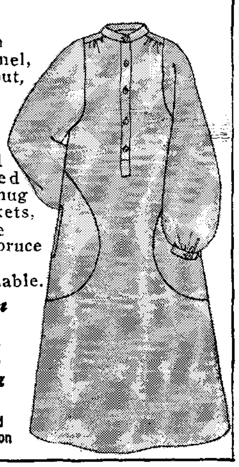

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without distorting foreign policy by disputes among ourselves over national will, national morality, the integrity of our élites, the expectations we have—or now lack. We ought to be able to do this. But we are not, because it seems that we are not serious when we say alarmed things about the Soviet Union. We are really talking about another country. —WILLIAM PFAFF

•

A DOG

(AFTER GIACOMETTI)

While he jogs
head-down toward
memory of a taste,
a voice, a pale rectangle
of open doorway,

his front legs
constantly fail
to correct his hindquarters'
sleepy need to travel
somewhere else.

Only his narrow,
low-slung muzzle
gives the rest of him
reason to follow.

His skin
is a thin blanket
thrown over the old argument
of his skeleton
to keep the rain out
and the dry guts in.

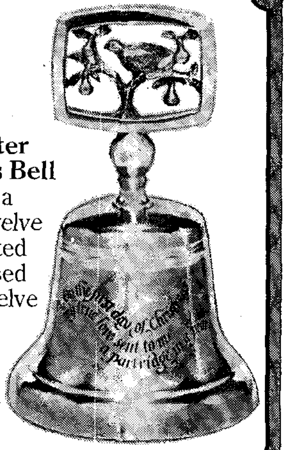
Each step he takes
is an achievement
of what remains
ready at any moment
to become less
than the sum of its parts.

But whenever paw hits
pavement, and the shock
ripples down or up his knobby
spine, his bones are shaken
into coöperation,

and all of him
settles into motion
as continuous as the
twist of water
in the gutter beside him.

Ready to cross the wet street,
he glances at the traffic,
his eyes glowing zeros,
neon and depthless
before they dim
to a green of sea-worn glass
as he looks the other way.

—JONATHAN AARON



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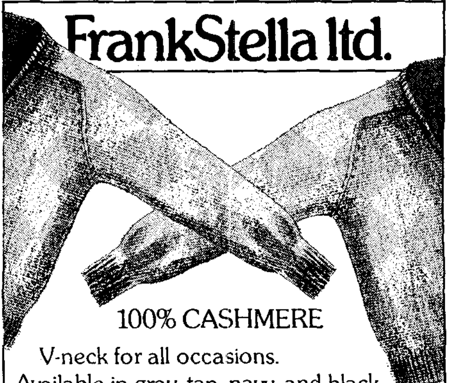

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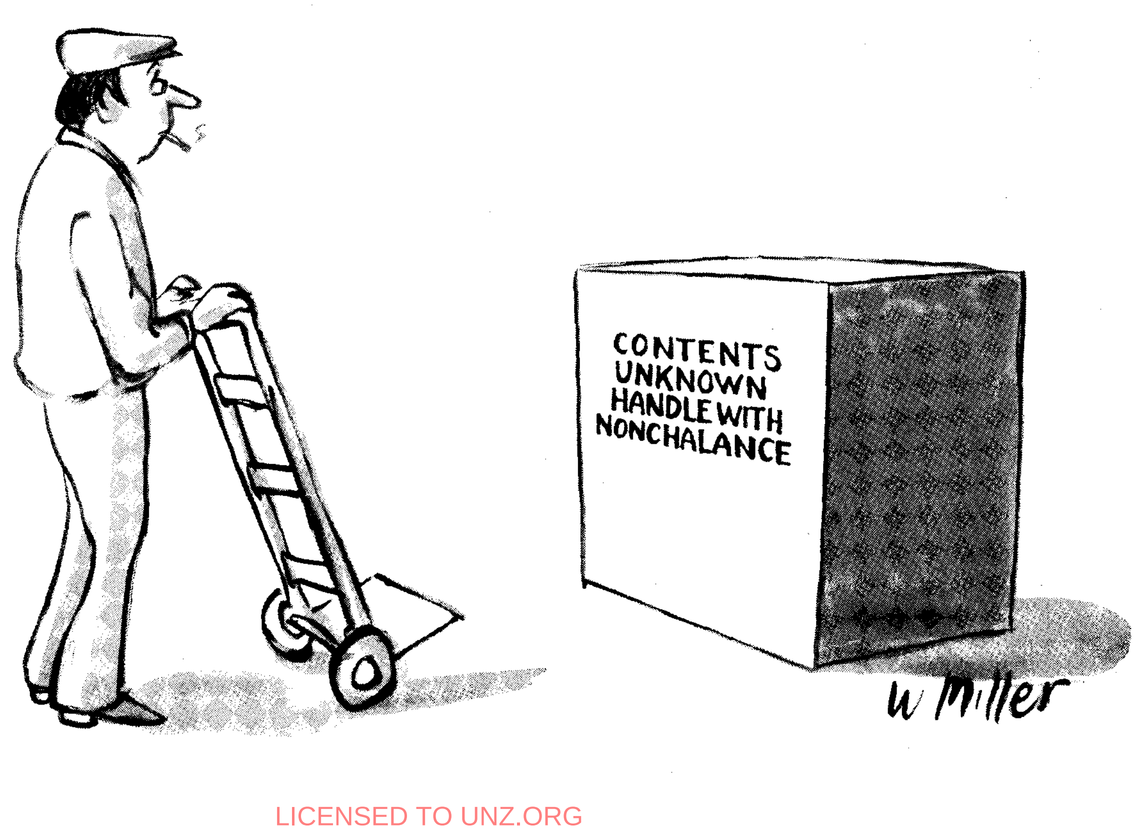
DANCING

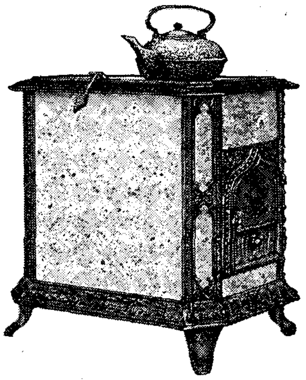
The Spoken Word

Robert Joffrey keeps adding laurels to the crown he wears as uncontested master of revivals. "A Wedding Bouquet" is the prettiest thing he has done since "Les Patineurs." Both of these ballets, by Frederick Ashton, revived from the original Vic-Wells productions of 1937, are decorated in a freshwater palette that seems to have slipped away with the war. William Chappell's lantern-lit forest in "Les Patineurs" has a honey-toned glow; its intricately laced branches have been marvellously reproduced in cutouts, which give a burrowing depth to the forest. Some of Lord Berners' pastels in "A Wedding Bouquet"—a "spring" counterpart of Chappell's "winter"—appear to have gone slightly acid, but his mild, floral-scented country air is still delicious to breathe. Although "A Wedding Bouquet" is not as well performed as it is well produced (like most Joffrey revivals), something of the past is alive in it; in its way, the ballet is as evocative of its time and place as "The Green Table," "Parade," "Rodeo," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz" are of theirs. All these pieces are in repertory this fall, being as faithfully kept up as if each and every one were a classic. The Joffrey restorations are uncomfortably jostled by the Now ballets of Gerald Arpino, which have a way of becoming Then almost before their first season is out. Last season's "Suite Saint-Saëns" is unconscious self-parody; I don't want to dwell on it except to suggest that the time may have come to divide the dancers into two wings—one to do Joffrey's revivals and the other to do Arpino's ballets. No company can serve two ballet masters. Dancers whose style has been coarsened by Arpino cannot be expected to perform Joffrey's Ashton. "Monotones II" (to Satie's "Gymnopédies"), which used to be given a respectable performance, has now faded; "The Dream" has yet to be mastered. Even "Les Patineurs," which doesn't present nearly as many difficulties, is roughly handled by nearly everyone in it. The dancers are most at ease with the calculated vulgarity of "Jazz Calendar"—their high is Ashton's low.

In "A Wedding Bouquet," the problem is more elusive. Its dance style is not as critical to its expression as are the manners and customs that the style elaborates. One might describe the ballet, which concerns the cast of characters at a large, frilly provincial wedding at the turn of the century, as a set of Anglo-Saxon attitudes, even though its locale is a French village and one of its authors is Gertrude Stein. "A Wedding Bouquet" is as preciously English as the English ever get. Whatever it was understood to be in 1937—some saw it as a satire of "Les Noces" or "Jardin aux Lilas;" others called it the ripest comedy of manners that English ballet had produced—it is no more than a brittle period toy today. What we get from this revival is a picture of the fashionable and precocious minds that created it—Berners' and Ashton's and Constant Lambert's, mostly. Gertrude Stein's seems to have been conscripted. Berners, who wrote the music and designed the scenery and costumes, was the senior member of the trio. Ashton and Lambert, who both helped with the scenario, were the bright young things. Since the ballet has no reality now apart from the particular atmosphere of creativity which it evokes (in which even the dancers shared: the young Margot Fonteyn as Julia comes back to us; Julia the character does not), it was a happy stroke on Joffrey's part to arrange Anthony Dowell's guest appearance as the Narrator. The Narrator is outside and inside the ballet at once, and he seems to be imagining it as it goes along. Besides standing for its creators, Dowell stands for the whole Royal Ballet. As he talked, my mind went back—not to that wedding but through the years from the Royal to the Sadler's Wells to the Vic-Wells Ballet and its talented young men, down for a weekend at Berners' country house, throwing themselves about the library in transports of inspiration while their sly host sat at the piano, swooping now into a tango, now into a waltz. Dowell, taking the part that Lambert created, contrives the faint suggestion that he's playing Lambert's puppet, sitting on a gargantuan institutional knee, with his voice piped in from afar. Normally radiantly handsome, he slicks back his hair for this role, makes up his face like a wooden doll's whose eyes and teeth flash as if hinged together at the back. Dowell makes no attempt to force connections between the words and the action; the voice, as warm and flat as (one suspects) the champagne he sips, is engaged but noncommittal. Getting delicately plotzed as the ballet rolls on and letting his head loll slightly, like a dummy's, is a good idea, too.

The Joffrey is the only company other than the Royal and its affiliates to revive this ballet in recent years, and I don't think that even the Royal would try it today without Ashton there to coach the dancers. The characters are all his inventions; though





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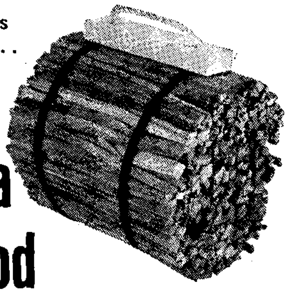

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the cues come from Gertrude Stein's text, they are Stein cues. (What must a dancer make of "Thérèse. I am older. Than a boat"?) The Royal choreologist Christopher Newton does a good job, but he misses important details, like the joke about Julia's dog coming and hogging the foreground in the group portrait. The dancer should strike the kneeling arabesque pose from the opening tableau of "Les Sylphides"—not just fling her leg in the air. Besides Dowell's, there are two outstanding performances—by the endlessly resourceful Gary Chryst as the Groom, and by Lynn Glauber, a new member of the company, as the Bride. The others are not bad; they're just not there. And neither is the ballet.

When the Narrator says, "Webster was a name that was spoken," we understand him to mean Webster the officious maid—the role that was modelled on Ninette de Valois and danced by her in the first production. In the Stein play from which the line was taken, "Webster" refers to Daniel Webster. How Daniel Webster came to be a name that was spoken at a French country wedding is a mystery that must lie coiled within the greater mystery that was the art of Gertrude Stein. She had her house in the French countryside, and when Ashton came to visit her after the ballet was produced she took him on a tour of the village, pointing out the originals of the characters she had in mind when she wrote the play. (I have this information and most of the foregoing facts from David Vaughan's admirable study "Frederick Ashton and His Ballets.") To these characters she gave equivocal or non-French names, like Josephine, Julia, Ernest, and Guy. Was Stein really writing about her French neighbors "in English" or was she writing, as so often seems the case in her other work, in English for English's sake, taking in this instance her neighbors as a pretext? Stein claimed that her native language had become more precious and meaningful to her in France. It had become in fact a dream language—a secret garden that she cultivated by digging up roots. In "They Must. Be Wedded. To Their Wife"—the main source for "A Wedding Bouquet"—the language is all porous description and cryptic epigrammatic observation that could be applied to any fluster-prone social occasion anywhere; even the fact that it is a wedding must be largely inferred. Language so majestically impartial has power in the theatre—maybe only in the theatre. Especially when allied with music, it can produce an effect of queerly formal continuity, of harmony

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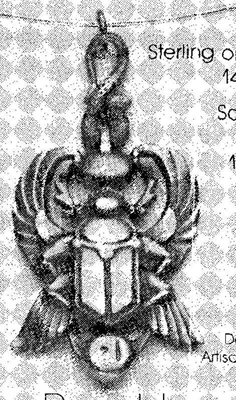

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on top of chaos. This chemical reaction of words and notes was Virgil Thomson's discovery. Not until her collaboration with Thomson, in the opera "Four Saints in Three Acts" ("Pigeons on the grass, alas"), was it Gertrude Stein's intention to compose another kind of music, much as Edith Sitwell had done in "Façade" ("Daisy and Lily, lazy and silly"). According to David Vaughan, Berners originally composed "A Wedding Bouquet" for a singing chorus, and that was the way it was performed at first. I've never heard the sung version, but the change to a spoken narration must have altered the relation of words and music from something like Thomson's setting of "Four Saints" to something more like William Walton's setting of "Façade." (Ashton, of course, had made the choreography for both those works.) The speech that rattles along in rhythm to the music in "A Wedding Bouquet" has an inescapably English, Sitwellian ring. The frivolity is all wrong for Gertrude Stein. In spite of Anthony Dowell's untheatrical voice and deadpan delivery, the effect is incongruous, like tying ribbons on an elephant.

DAVID GORDON'S latest piece, a polyphonic construction for dancers and dancers' voices, is called "What Happened." I've no idea whether Gordon intends homage to Gertrude Stein, but Stein certainly was a patron saint of the theatre and dance people who, like Gordon, performed at the Judson Memorial Church in the early sixties. One of the great events of those years was a production, featuring a cast of dancers, of the Stein play "What Happened." (Al Carmines wrote the music, sounding neither like Lord Berners nor like Virgil Thomson.) In that period, it seemed that words could be used with dancing only if they were by Gertrude Stein, and I must admit that, ever since, whenever they weren't they haven't sounded right to me. Either the dancing reports what the words are already saying or it strays so far from the verbal meaning that I can't guess what connects the two. Stein's sentences have the virtue of specifying nothing while keeping the attention

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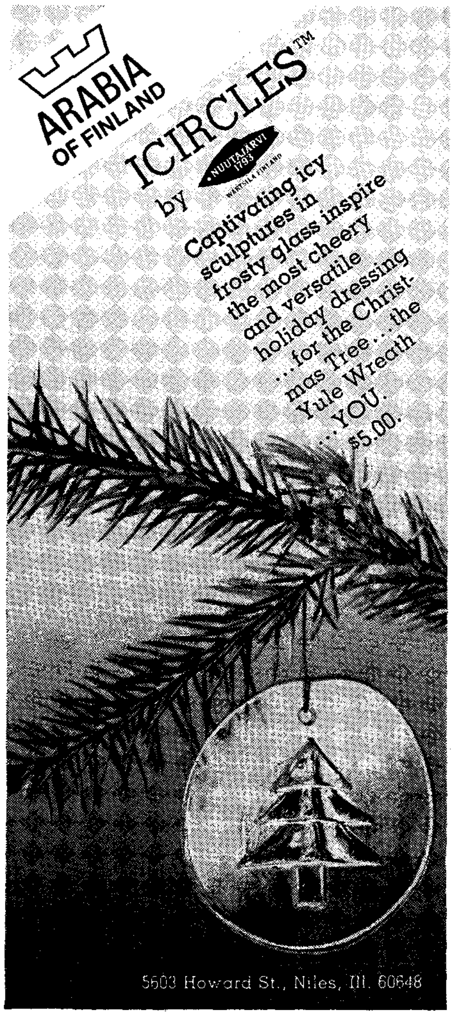
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focussed; they make a good landscape for dance. Remy Charlip, the choreographer-mime, was the first to realize that words, whether they are spoken or sung, lucid or nonsensical, had somehow to occur on the same plane as the action. When Merce Cunningham and John Cage combined forces in "How to Pass, Kick, Fall and Run," with Cage assuming a role based on the Narrator in "A Wedding Bouquet," they kept the words and the dancing on separate planes, and the result was that Cage distracted us every time he opened his mouth.

David Gordon's recent work is an extension of Charlip's gestural orations; he has found a way to equalize speech and gesture so that neither becomes completely an illustration of the other and both are submerged in complex and unpredictable patterns. The distinctive Gordon touch is commentary. He is not, or not often, an abstractionist. He means to make a point about perception and he means us to notice it. Yet as a reflexive parodist he is capable of subverting his own intention. When is there a point to having no point? We go around in Stein-like circles. His "What Happened" begins with the sound of some fearful street accident and its aftermath. This lasts a little over a minute, and then seven women, dressed in white sports clothes, start talking at once. As they talk, they move, making signs that are sometimes connected to what they say and sometimes not. The individual stories are all eyewitness accounts of the accident. Everyone uses the same words but not at the same time, and not everyone seems to be giving the same account. The movements follow suit. Gordon's mime language is an elaborate rebus made out of parlor games and Delsarte; words like "baby," "son" (sun), "avail" (a veil), and "hope" are acted out with a lunatic precision. "Which" is a swoop, a grimace, and a cackle, on one count. When two or more stories coincide, they stop momentarily, like cars at an intersection, or one may ricochet unexpectedly off another. You never get the full story, or even one clear version of it, but then you don't want things to be clear; you want the hubbub and the echolalia and the mazelike counterpoint to last as long as they can. Eventually, the narrative slips bit by bit into a fugal "To be or not to be" recited in full, with dissociated gestures. And this is only Part One. Variations follow, and the piece ends in a triple canon.

"What Happened" was given with some earlier work on a program that opened the fall season of the American

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Theatre Laboratory. The retrospective showed Gordon's progress distinctly. As his work is becoming more concentrated in its lifelike analogies and descriptions, it is growing in formal beauty. —ARLENE CROCE

FOR THE STRANGER

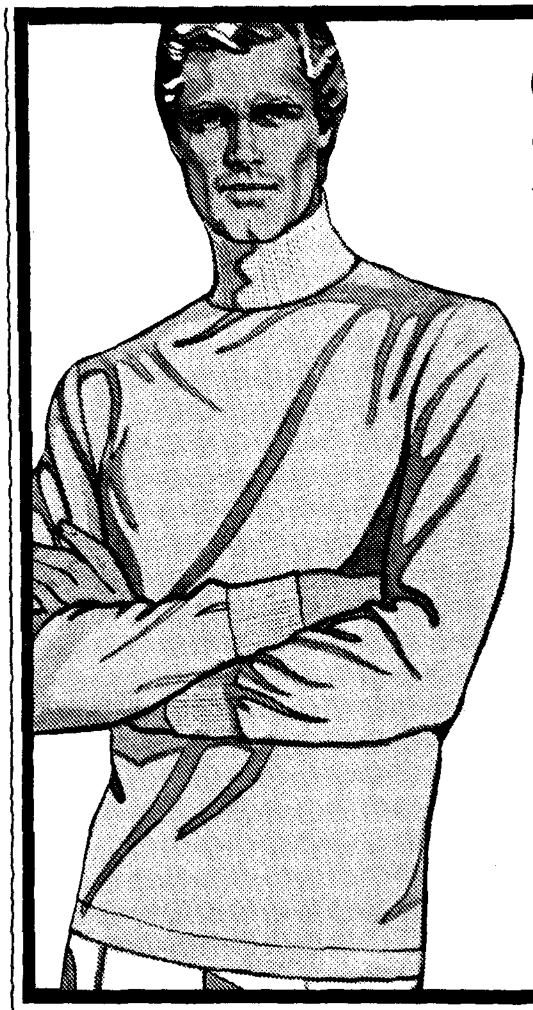
We *are* not.
We *were* this or that.
—*Rafael Alberti.*

Although you mention Venice,
keeping it on your tongue
like a fruit pit, and I say, "Yes,
perhaps Bucharest," neither of us
really knows. There is only this train
slipping through pastures
of snow, a sleigh reaching down
to touch its buried runners.
We meet on the shaking platform,
the wind's broken teeth sinking into us.
You unwrap your fist of dark bread
and share with me the coffee
sloshing into your gloves.
Telegraph posts chop the winter fields
into white blocks—in each window
the crude painting of a small farm.
We listen to mothers scolding
children in English as if
we do not understand a word of it:
sit still, sit still.

There are few clues as to where
we are: The baled wheat scattered
everywhere like missing coffins.
The distant yellow kitchen lights
wiped with oil.
Everywhere the black dipping wires
stretching messages from one side
of a country to the other.
The men who stand on every border
waving to us.

Wiping ovals of breath from the windows
in order to see ourselves, you touch
the glass tenderly wherever it holds
my face. Days later, you are showing me
photographs of a woman and children
smiling from the windows of your wallet.

Each time the train slows, a man
with our faces in the gold buttons
of his coat passes through the cars
muttering the name of a city. Each time
we lose people. Each time I find you
again between the cars, holding out
a scrap of bread for me, something
hot to drink until there are
no more cities, and you pull me
toward you, sliding your hands
into my coat, telling me
your name over and over, hurrying
your mouth into mine.
We have, each of us, nothing.
We will give it to each other.
—CAROLYN FORCHÉ



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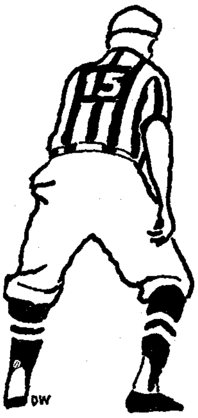

THE current supposition that equality in the Ivy League is attaining a standing alongside its sister virtues liberty and fraternity is persuasive. Earlier this fall, Princeton and Cornell played a 14–14 tie, and Columbia and Yale played a 3–3 tie. Last weekend, Harvard and Princeton achieved a 24–24 tie, and Pennsylvania and Yale managed a 17–17 tie, right after the Harvard and Princeton frosh had accomplished a 13–13 tie. The great flaw in the argument is that Brown, which for a matter of years was less equal than the seven other members of the League, is looking a great deal more equal this fall. Overcoming its September inadequacies, it has pressed on to four triumphs in a row, the last of them this past weekend, at 31–25, over a Holy Cross that had been insuperable up until then. Whipple again threw and ran in the manner to which he has become accustomed; Holy Cross racked up fifteen of its points only in the last quarter, when Brown, having put the match beyond reach, eased off. Yale, the other Leaguer that was more equal than the rest, began sloping off toward equal equality when, in the match against Rutgers, three weekends past, Sullivan had to be sent to the dressing room for repairs. The damage done to him and his pile-driver running mate, Austin, in the Rutgers match for a while seemed to affect Yale's whole way of life. That life may have taken a turn for the better when, in Philadelphia last Saturday, Yale came from well behind to catch up to one of the more viable Pennsylvanias of recent years. If O'Brien can curb his habit of tossing the ball to the wrong man (this observer faults him for eleven interceptions this season), Yale may do better than break even before curtain time. Cornell, which has been improving, could not quite give Holland—who (and this is a surprising news note) was the topmost gainer of yardage in the entire country at game time—the help he needed to equal or top Dartmouth. Dartmouth, topsy-turvy one weekend and efficacious the next, came out ahead, 14–7, on Saturday. Holland ran for a hundred and

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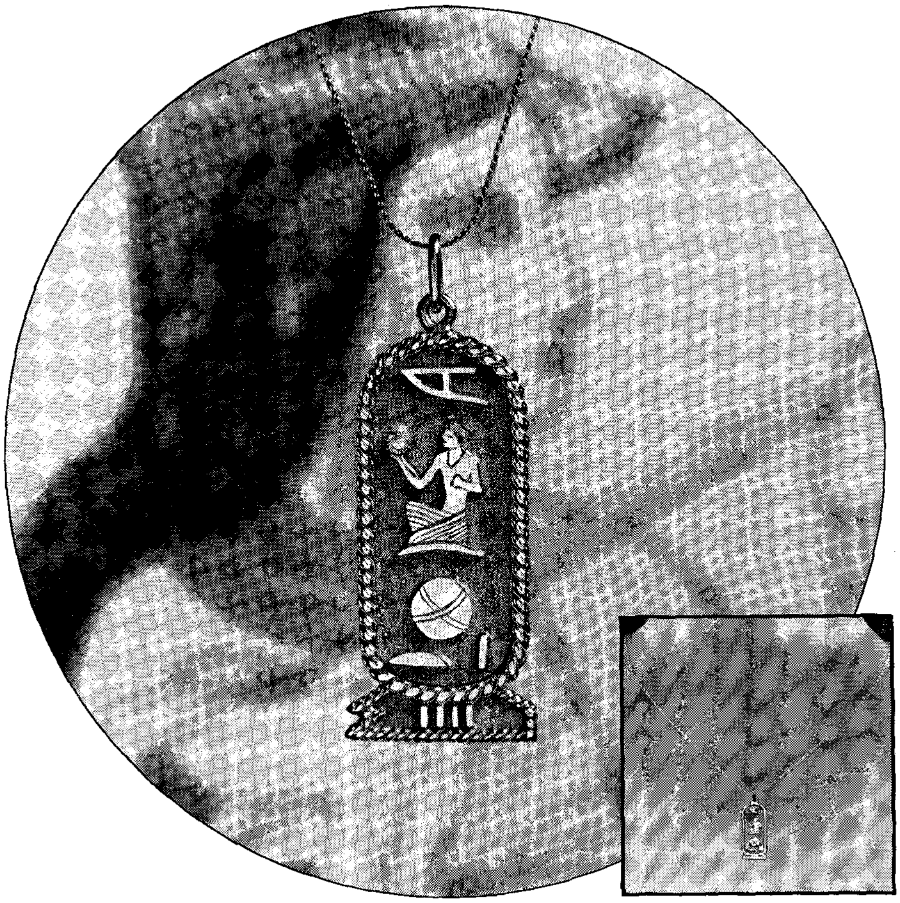
twelve yards and Cornell's only score; Dufresne ran for a hundred and sixty-nine on behalf of Dartmouth. Columbia, which has had a happy time of it among its League classmates these past two months, went out to Giants Stadium, in the Jersey latitudes, to play its final match ever against Rutgers, and lost it all afternoon, under a steady downpour of touchdowns, at 69–0. The audience, less than eight thousand strong, looked just as lost as Columbia in that vast amphitheatre. Well, better to put such an end to that venerable Columbia-Rutgers series in obscurity than in the turn-of-the-century setting up at Baker Field, which has a truly Ivy aspect.

Harvard, gathering in three hundred and fifty-five yards in all, might have toppled Princeton, which amassed two hundred and eighty-eight, but the standard Ivy League fumble at precisely the proper moment squandered the opportunity for an easily accomplished (and winning) field goal. Standard Ivy League, too, were the assembling of three Harvard touchdowns in a matter of six minutes, late in the day, and then a Princeton charge from behind to equalize things, and then—at the last moment—the ball's changing hands three times in thirty seconds of play. The customers loved it, even though neither of the contenders is en route to even a modest Valhalla in a low-rent district.

TWO freshmen already under the eye of this correspondent this season blossomed forth over the weekend: Bennett, of Army, and Cuccia, of Harvard. Bennett, taking his first turn as starting quarter for Army, seemed to be throwing (that's his specialty) on every other play, for well over two hundred yards and two touchdowns—more than enough to put away this season's shorthanded Colgate, at 28–3. Under rules outside the Ivy League, freshmen join the varsity practically at birth, and a good thing that is for Army this fall. Within the League, freshmen are confined to their own compound, so Cuccia, who is quarter for one of the Harvard freshman teams, will not come into what should be his own until next fall. Playing, as usual, before a congregation of no more than two hundred, he threw eleven straight valid passes against the Princeton freshmen, and thereby accounted for the team's two touchdowns in that 13–13 tie. Cuccia, no larger than a grasshopper among his normal-sized playmates, reminds old hands of Cagle, the Army back of decades ago: while he seeks out



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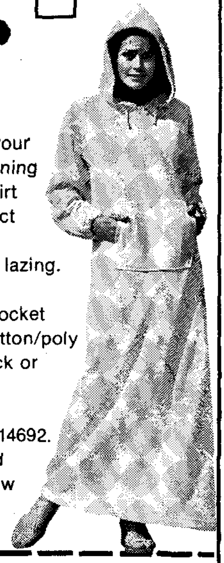

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the receiver he wants, he leads his harassers a merry but frustrating chase and may go twenty or thirty yards deep before he lets fly. If no unencumbered receiver is within view, Cuccia reverses direction and tries to sprint back to the line of scrimmage, or beyond. He usually gets beyond. This is sporting life at its very best.

Meanwhile, other old hands were being reminded of the days when Roger Staubach was at quarter for Navy instead of for the Dallas Cowboys. The Navy varsity, taking on Pittsburgh, its most truculent opponent of the season, caused it to sink without a trace of running attack. Pittsburgh lost not only the match, at a count of 21–11, but twenty-eight yards on the ground, and it picked up its one touchdown in the fourth quarter. It is now seven in a row for Navy; whether it can be eight after the meeting with Notre Dame this weekend is only a guess.

It is just about anticlimactic to announce that Air Force, out in Colorado, put away Kent State, at 26–10.

—J. W. L.

•

WOODSMOKE

It drifts out like
the essence of a tree—
a spirit tree is
forking and branching
across these fields—

and I pull over on
this moment of lemon
dusk and new snow
reducing the town
to a huddle of cakes,

and listen for the solitary
plock of an axe
beyond the wind-rattled
hearts of weeds.

A tree drifts out,
slower than water locked
in this brook,
rooted in flames,
as I am rooted in flames.

—Brendan Galvin

•

The response indicates that the sparring between Mr. Moynihan, a frequent critic of the Carter Administration, and the White House goes on, although in polite language. And two departments of the executive branch, Commerce and the gaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Treasury, have been drawn into the controversy.

—*The Times.*

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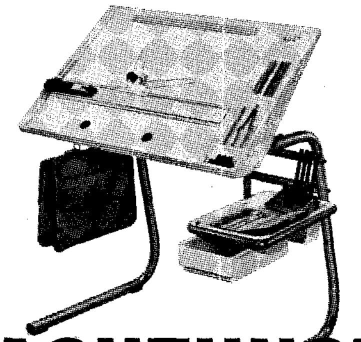

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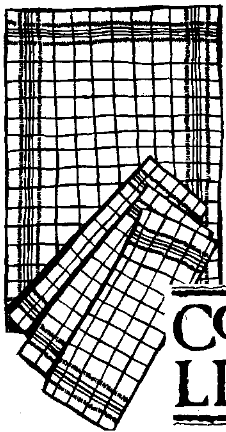

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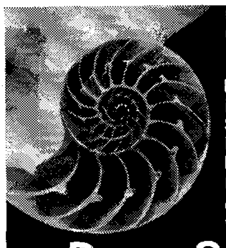

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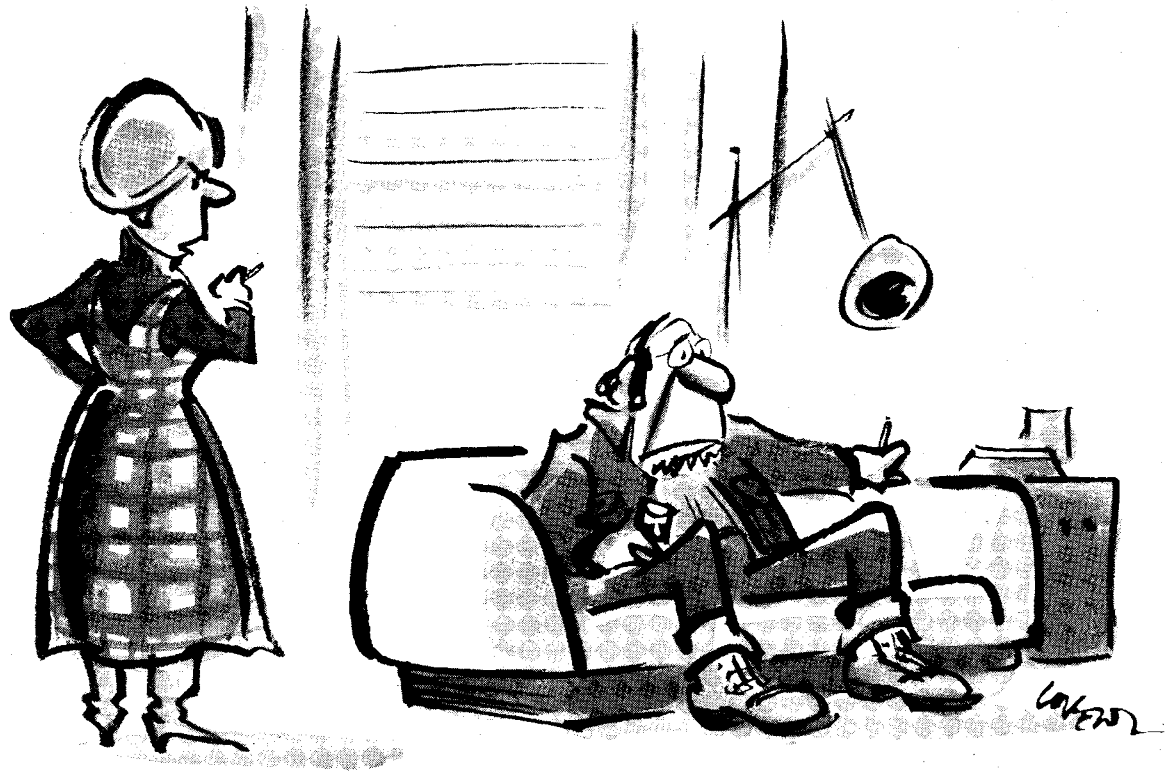
MUSICAL EVENTS

Patterns

STEVE REICH AND MUSICIANS, an ensemble of eighteen players, gave a concert of Reich's music in the Wollman Auditorium of Columbia University the week before last. It was presented by WKCR, the university's radio station. The place was packed with a young and enthusiastic audience. In Europe, Reich is nearer to the center of the musical scene than he is here (two years ago there were four Reich concerts in the Salle Wagram during the Paris Autumn Festival; both "Drumming" and "Music for Eighteen Musicians" have toured on the Arts Council of Great Britain's Contemporary Music Network), but he is not without honor in his own country. I enjoyed the Columbia concert. I was interested by the musical events of the compositions—fascinated by the processes that had gone into their making, engaged and attracted by the results, and admiring of the executants' high musicianship. And yet, as so often happens at concerts where the hypnotic effect of much repetition or near-repetition moves a young audience to rapture—during music as different as Satie's "Vexations," a full-length Indian recital, Stockhausen's "Stimmung," and Philp Glass's "Einstein on the Beach"—I felt at moments a certain uneasiness. What was this audience really hearing and responding to? And what was I, who the night before had thrilled o Peter Maxwell Davies' Symphony and brought to bear on it all I knew of the ten centuries of history on which it stands? Was it ndecently promiscuous o surrender so soon and so readily to simple harmonies and a steady beat, even if they were nlivened by rhythmic ntricacies and pretty imbres?

The concert began with "Clapping Muic," a duet written n 1972—a straightforward "phase" compoition. One performer claps out an unchangng rhythmic pattern; he other, starting in unison, then displaces he pattern, a beat at a time. It is rather like a game, and an entertaining one to overhear: the basic pattern is so composed that its superimpositions produce catchy, beguiling effects. Moreover, the fact that it *is* a game of skill—it was expertly played by Russ Hartenberger and Reich himself—gives it a lively quality that would be lost in a machine performance. A machine could accurately reproduce the kaleidoscope of rhythms, but one would lose the moments of give and take, the small human adjustments, and—not unimportant—the infectious zest in a tricky task successfully accomplished which animated the Columbia performance. Then there was "Violin Phase," a 1967 piece. Here the basic pattern and its out-of-phase superimpositions are on tape. A live performer—the fiddler who made the tape—sometimes adds still another "phase," and sometimes he does something yet more interesting. To the patterns-in-time of the monotone "Clapping Music" have been added melodic patterns-in-pitch; and when a rapid melody sounds against itself in double or triple canon, new motifs and new melodies soon emerge from the combination. The soloist—he was Shem Guibbory—hears them, chooses ones that catch his fancy, and reinforces those by sounding them on his own instrument. Thus he shares or guides the listeners' perceptions. When he ceases, their ears continue to trace the indicated new melody or motif; a figure in the sonic carpet is discerned for a while, and then gradually fades as the patterns alter. "Violin Phase" is a work that seems to make its auditors concerned participants in what is happening. Reich's pieces have the merit of not going on too long. There comes a moment when a listener says to himself, "Yes, I see how it works; it's ingenious; and now there's no need to spell it out all the way." At that point, the piece usually ends. The first half of the concert closed with "Music for Mallet Instruments, Voices, and Organ," of 1973, for an ensemble of eleven. Here new contrasts are brought into play—of timbres, of sustained notes against rapid patter or pulsing, of patterns that speed up against patterns that slow down—and harmony is used as a structural element.

The three works formed a good introduction to the main piece of the evening, "Music for Eighteen Musicians," of 1976, Reich's largest and most ambitious composition to date. In a recently issued recording (ECM-1-1129, distributed by Warner Brothers), it lasts very nearly an hour. The Columbia performance was shorter by about ten minutes; it was perhaps less steady, spacious, and limpid than the recorded version but had the charge of extra excitement provided by a live



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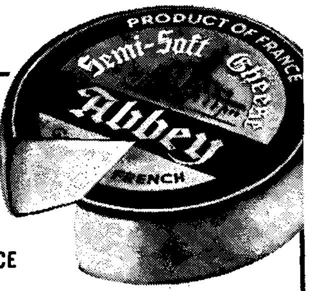

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event. Here all Reich's experiments with rhythmic canons, with sedulous patter against long-held tones, with new melodies emerging from a composite of others, with shifts of timbre across a large, varied body of players and singers, with moves of harmonic plane now gradual, now sudden come to fruition in a rich, carefully organized composition. There is a new idea—using the span of a human breath as a measure of certain durations, set against the sustained "bickerin brattle" of the percussions' moto perpetuo. (In a program note, the composer writes of "one breath after another gradually washing up like waves against the constant rhythm of the pianos and mallet instruments.") The metallophone signals changes of section: the "conductor's cues," as in some Balinese and African music, become part of the music itself. One of music's oldest expressive devices lies in likenesses with perceptible differences. Patterns from one section of "Music for Eighteen Musicians" reappear, differently scored, in other sections; Reich suggests the simile of "resemblances between members of a family," in which "certain characteristics will be shared, but others will be unique." Another device is showing that things exactly the same can nevertheless be different. The first and third bars of the introduction to Act II of "Fidelio" are exactly the same, an octave F from the strings. But in the second and fourth bars the winds sound different resonances above F, and thus make the two F's different. Seven bars later, the middle strings sound exactly the same motif three times, but each time through a different harmony. Immediately after that, Beethoven starts to use pulse patterns in an almost Reichian way.

Reich's work has been called "minimal music." It is a label that can fairly be attached to some of his earlier compositions, such as "Clapping Music," which are based on the rigorous working out of a single idea. It does not apply to his increasingly thoughtful and elaborately eloquent later pieces. The reflection that Beethoven and Reich seem to have worked at some of the same "problems" can calm the uneasiness voiced in my first paragraph. His music has a joyful, very attractive surface; it may be that some of his admirers do not get beyond it. (Ditto with much Stockhausen.) But there is substance beneath.

IN September, I listened to a radio performance of "Fidelio," from Munich, which whetted the appetite

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for the Metropolitan Opera's revival of the work with three of the same principals—Hildegard Behrens, James King, and Kurt Moll, as Leonore, Florestan, and Rocco—and with the same conductor, Karl Böhm. In the flesh, Miss Behrens fulfilled the marvellous promise of the broadcast. She was urgent. She sang the role as keenly, declaimed and acted it as vividly as if she were playing a verismo heroine, and yet never transgressed the bounds of apt style. Her voice, very well schooled and accurately focussed, compassed the extremes of the role without trace of strain or impurity. Her words, sung or spoken, were given full value. And she looked the part. Mr. King was, as ever, a reliable, if somewhat wooden, Florestan. Mr. Moll's Rocco, laid out on sound traditional lines, was as admirably sung a performance as one could hope to hear. But the Met orchestra under Dr. Böhm was rough and raucous: the brasses brayed, the drums were banged, the ensemble seesawed, and chords that call for a unanimous attack spattered into life. The eminent conductor got a great reception; people must have been hearing through to the carefully paced, classical "Fidelio" that underlay the rude execution. Siegmund Nimsgern was a dapper, precise Don Pizarro. Arleen Augér's buxom Marzelline and James Atherton's Jaquino lacked incisiveness, and Bernd Weikl seemed to have no idea what to do with Don Fernando. "Fidelio" is an opera that should be performed annually; next season, the Met must mount a worthy performance around Miss Behrens's remarkable heroine.

Massenet's "Werther" is cropping up all over: in San Francisco (with Maria Ewing as its heroine), in Chicago (with Yvonne Minton), in London (with Teresa Berganza, at Covent Garden, in the English National production made for Janet Baker), at the Opéra-Comique (with Jane Rhodes), and at the Met (with Elena Obraztsova, and later Régine Crespin). "Werther" is a good opera but one difficult to bring off. Goethe described the book from which it is drawn as "a creation that I fed, like the pelican, with my heartblood," and told Eckermann that he had reread it but once and would not do so again, for "here are incendiary bombs." French nineteenth-century librettists were adept at defusing—reducing the wilder, more romantic flights of man's imagination to safe operatic platitudes, house-training Benvenuto Cellini, Faust, Werther, Wilhelm Meister, and

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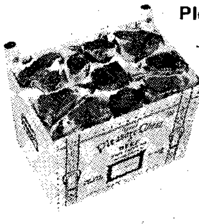

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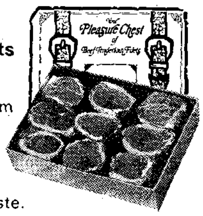

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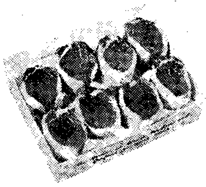

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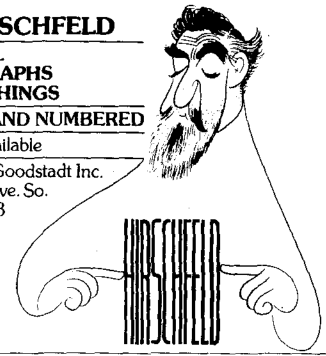

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Hamlet. (In this context, "Carmen" was something of a miracle; no wonder it had a rough passage to success.) But Massenet once declared that he put into "Werther" all his soul and all his artistic conscience. There is soul in the music of the lovers' first meeting; in the moonlit orchestral interlude of the first act, leading so tenderly into Charlotte's "Il faut nous séparer" and the subsequent duet; and in all of Act III. A sterner artistic conscience might have jibbed at spinning so much of Act IV around a Chopinesque tag too slight to carry its dramatic burden. What "Werther" needs is that French combination of precision with romance—and a grace and charm of manner which do not preclude more serious emotions. The Met principals did not supply them. Miss Obraztsova, a heavyweight, domineering singer—a natural Amneris—made a serious attempt to subdue her voice and style to the character of Charlotte, but the result could only seem crude to anyone brought up on the sound and the delicacy of Ninon Vallin in the role. And she did not pronounce the text beautifully. Placido Domingo's Werther was forceful, not graceful; his new, powerful "dramatic" timbre—a fine Othello sound—was suited only to the more vigorous outbursts. Frankenstein's monster wept when he read of Werther's death; I think Mr. Domingo would have left him dry-eyed. Julius Rudel, in his Met début, conducted with complete understanding of the style. There is a horrid modern touch in the staging: instead of cutting pieces from an enormous loaf for the children's supper, Charlotte hands round a plate of ready-sliced bread. —ANDREW PORTER

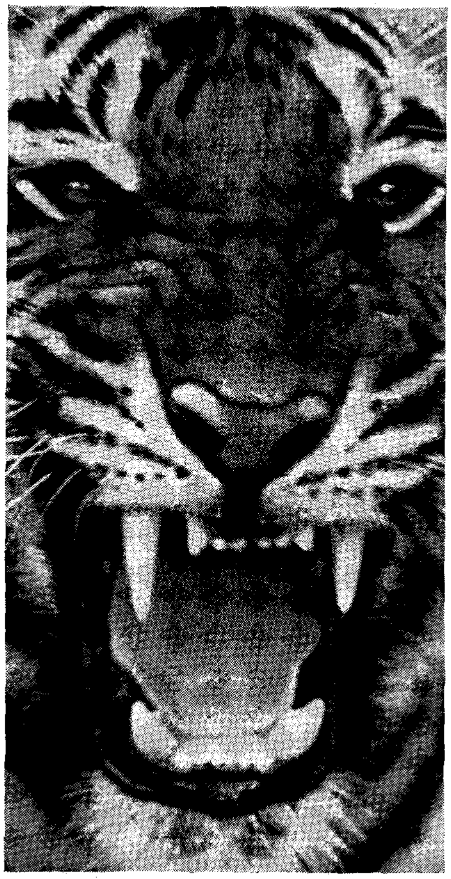
CONCERT RECORDS

More Americana

THE invaluable New World Records outfit continues to record fine compositions by almost forgotten American composers—some of them of top rank by international standards. Among New World's recent releases is John Knowles Paine's Mass in D, performed by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, under Gunther Schuller, with the St. Louis Symphony Chorus and with Carmen Balthrop, soprano; Joy Blackett, contralto; Vinson Cole, tenor; and John Cheek, bass (NW 262/263; four sides). This is an impressive work by one of the best New England composers of the nineteenth century. Another interesting item in this series is George F. Root's "The Haymakers," an operatic cantata performed by the North Texas State University Grand Chorus, Frank McKinley, conductor, with Mark Myers tenor; Linda Brannon, mezzo; Gar Petersen, bass; Carolyn Finley, soprano; Chris Hodges, baritone; Bur Phillips, bass; Patti Abasolo, soprano; Phyllis Bush, mezzo; Marc Much tenor; and Mark Jones, bass (NW 234; single disc). This compositio celebrates work in the fields, and i is very accessible, unpretentious, an charming music, beautifully sung. Stil another disc in the series consists o songs by Charles Ives, Theodore Chanler, Norman Dello Joio, Irving Fine and Robert Ward, performed by William Parker, baritone, and Dalton Baldwin, piano, with the assistance of An Kavafian, violin (NW 300; single) To me, Chanler stands out as the fines of the song composers. Finally, there i "Toward an American Opera," whic includes arias by Victor Herbert Deems Taylor, Louis Gruenberg Howard Hanson, Aaron Copland, an Gian Carlo Menotti (NW 241; single). The performers include Alm Gluck, John McCormack, Lawrenc Tibbett, Patricia Neway, Joy Clements Richard Cassily, Claramae Turner Richard Fredericks, and Norma Treigle, and the conductors are Victo Herbert, Giulio Setti, Wilfred Pelletier, Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland, and Lehman Engel.

"BORODIN: THE COMPLETE ORCHESTRAL MUSIC," issued b RCA, gives one a chance to evaluat this composer's place among his Russian contemporaries (CRL3-2790; si sides). He was certainly a natural melodist, and his style of melody was highl individual, even for a Russian of his period. The three symphonies are here along with the "Prince Igor" Overture, a march and the inevitable Polovtsian Dances from the same oper the symphonic sketch "In the Steppe of Central Asia," a Nocturne for Strin Orchestra, and two rarities—the Petit Suite and the final dance from Act I of "Mlada," an uncompleted opera ballet that was to have been written i collaboration with three other composers. The Second Symphony is th most popular, the most frequently recorded, and by far the best of thes works. The Petite Suite, orchestrate by Glazunov, is charming. The performers are the National Philharmoni Orchestra and the John Alldis Choi conducted by Loris Tjeknavorian.

The music of Olivier Messiaen ma not be for everyone, but it has its point Among them is his highly inventiv



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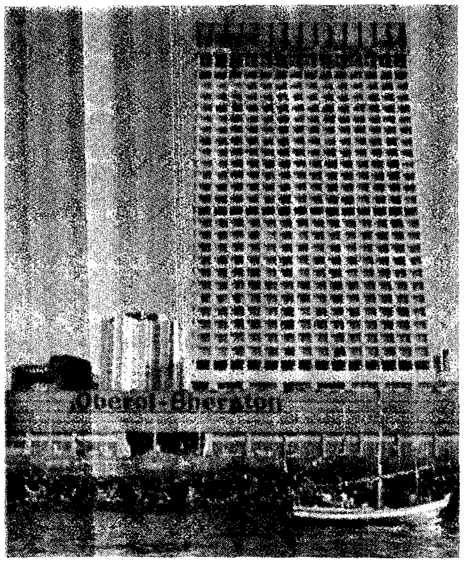

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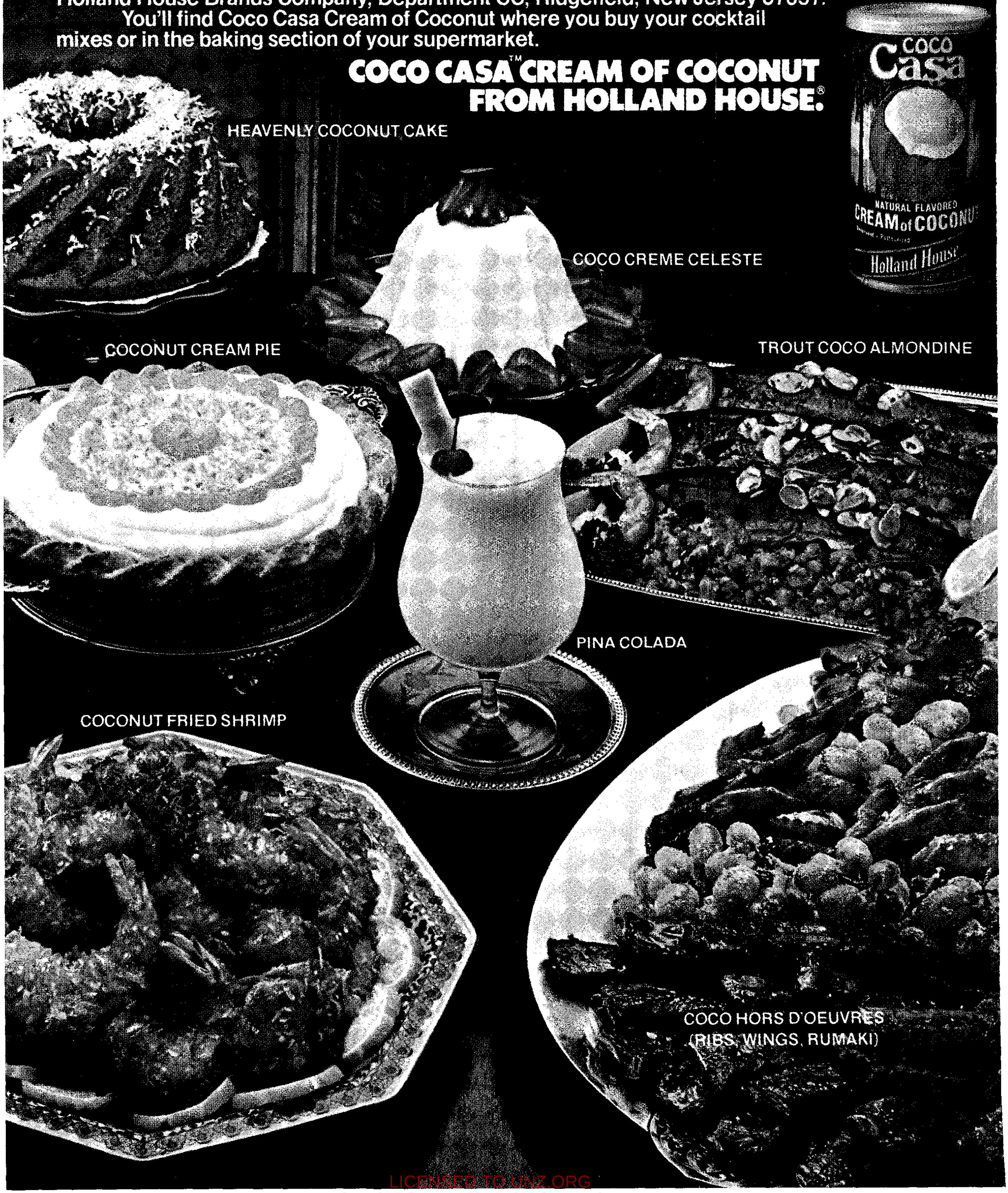
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taste in orchestration. His best-known work, the "Turangalîla" Symphony, has recently received a recording by he London Symphony Orchestra, André Previn conducting, with Michel Béroff, piano, and Jeanne Loriod, Ondes Martenot (Angel SB-3853; four sides). The work, mostly atonal, is fascinating in detail, and it is performed here with spirit.

There are no fewer than twenty-nine versions of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" in the Schwann cata-ogue. What could justify another one? Well, this one is performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra, with the famous Ormandy tone, and the performance is generally striking and dramatic (RCA ARL1-2674; single).

Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 3 ("Polish") has had a new recording by the Philharmonia Orchestra, under he baton of Riccardo Muti (Angel S-37496; single). Muti and his forces produce a very fine performance of this work.

Excerpts from Prokofiev's ballet "Romeo and Juliet" have been beauti-ully performed by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, under Erich Leinsdorf (Sheffield Lab Records LAB-8; single).

Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, along with his Valse-Scherzo, is hardly in need of another recording. But Boris Belkin, with the New Philharmonia, under Vladimir Ashkenazy, plays it with a nice Romantic style, dependable echnique, and a rich tone (London CS 7076; single).

The Quartetto Italiano has recorded Schubert's Quartet, Opus 161, D. 887 (Philips 9500 409; single). This is one of Schubert's finest compositions, and it is performed here with subtlety.

Alfred Brendel has continued his ecordings of Beethoven concertos with he Piano Concerto No. 2 and the Choral Fantasy, Opus 80, played with he London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Bernard Haitink, with the help of he London Philharmonic Choir (Phil-ps 9500 471; single). This is another uperb Brendel Beethoven recording.

The Academy of Saint Martin-in-he-Fields, under Neville Marriner, has produced two Haydn symphony discs: Symphonies No. 94 ("Surprise") and 96 ("Miracle") on one, and No. 92 ("Oxford") and 104 ("London") on the other (Philips 9500 348 and 9500 304). The per-ormances are sensitive, as usual.

Beethoven's ballet suite from "The Creatures of Prometheus" has been recorded by the Utah Symphony, under Maurice Abravanel (Vanguard SRV-371 SD; single). This is an excellent performance.

Antonio Vivaldi is often thought of as a rather facile composer whose countless concerti grossi tend to sound somewhat alike. But there is another, more sombre Vivaldi, whose religious music is capable of stirring the deepest of human feelings. The first two discs in the Philips series of his complete sacred choral music have been recorded by the English Chamber Orchestra and the John Alldis Choir, under the baton of Vittorio Negri, with Margaret Marshall, soprano; Ann Murray, mezzo; Anne Collins, contralto; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Robert Holl, bass; and Jeffrey Tate and Alistair Ross, organists (6700 116; four sides). Vivaldi shows here a remarkable variety of mood and of musical ideas. The performances are as fine as could be wished.

Vivaldi's Six Sonatas, Opus 5, are performed on another recording issued by Philips (9500 396; single). The violin soloist is Salvatore Accardo. He is assisted by Sylvia Gazeau, violin; Rohan de Saram, cello; and Bruno Canino, harpsichord. The style of performance is authentic, and Mr. Accardo, in particular, plays with great insight.

Bach's Five Suites for Orchestra have been recorded by the Paillard Chamber Orchestra, Jean-François Paillard conducting (RCA ARL2-2800; four sides). These are secular compositions that were written for the court at Cöthen, and they contain some of Bach's happiest inventions. They are played admirably by the Paillard group.

Bach's Orgelbüchlein, BWV 599-644, has been recorded by Daniel Chorzempa (Philips 6700 115; four sides). The Orgelbüchlein, or "little organ book," consists of forty-six organ chorales, played magnificently by one of the world's foremost organists.

Schubert's Octet, Opus 166, D. 803, is one of his loveliest works. It is played by Iona Brown and Roy Gillard, violins; Stephen Shingles, viola; Denis Vigay, cello; Thomas Martin, double bass; Antony Pay, clarinet; Timothy Brown, horn; and Martin Gatt, bassoon, on a new disc issued by Philips (9500 400; single). The performance is exquisite.

I have always found Richard Strauss's "Dance of the Seven Veils" and Salome's Final Scene, from "Salome," slightly vulgar. But there is no denying the brilliance of the or-

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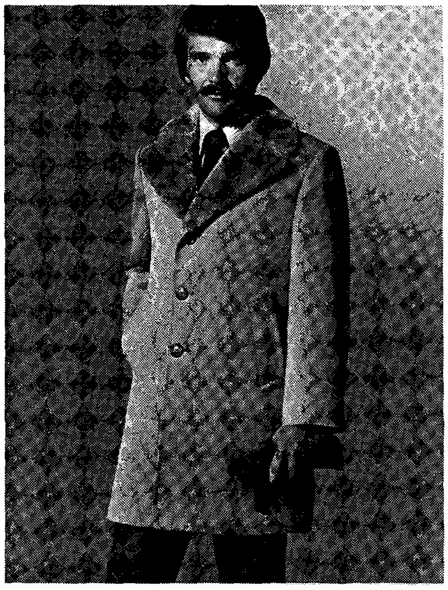

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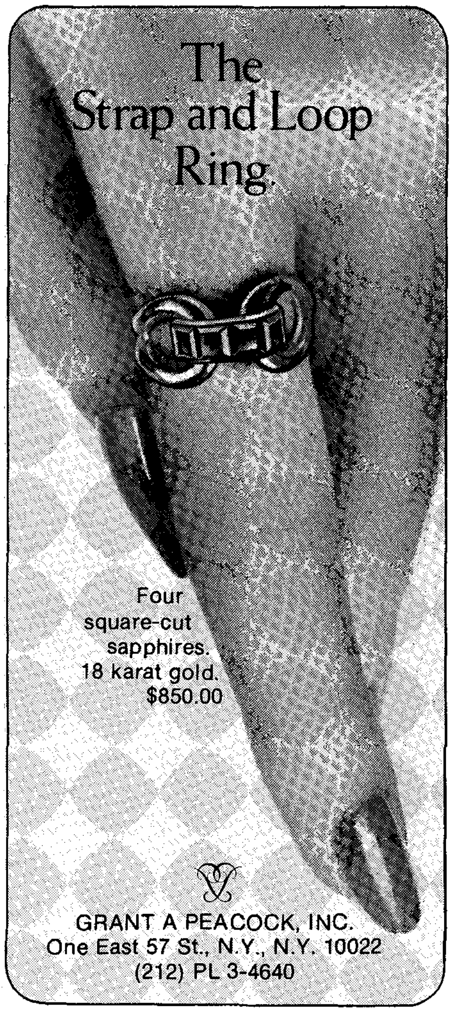
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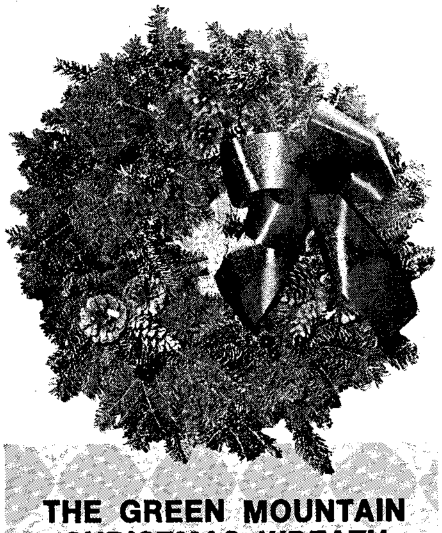
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chestration Strauss has given them. They appear, along with his Five Songs for Voice and Orchestra, on a disc recorded by Montserrat Caballé and Leonard Bernstein, with the Orchestre National de France (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 963; single). The Five Songs represent Strauss at his most inspired, and the performances of Mme. Caballé and of the orchestra, under Mr. Bernstein, are of very high quality.

Debussy's Preludes for Piano, Books 1 and 2, have been recorded by Paul Jacobs (Nonesuch HB-73031; four sides). All these preludes are programmatic, quite beautiful, and skillfully played here.

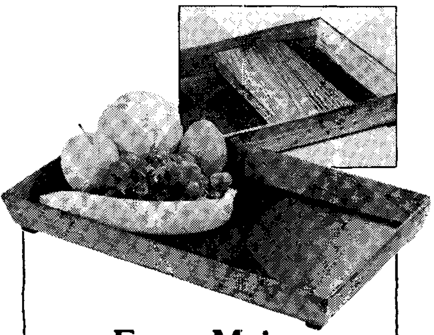
"What Pleasures Have Great Princes" is the title of a recording containing favorite songs of the court of Elizabeth I (RCA CRL2-2794; four sides). It consists of works by Byrd, Morley, Dowland, Cutting, Bachiler, Holborne, Allison, Hume, Johnson, Ferrabosco, and others—a veritable *Who's Who* of Elizabethan composers. Some of the works here are sung a cappella, others are accompanied. The precise intonation of the a-cappella items is remarkable. The performers are the London Early Music Group, directed by James Tyler. The record as a whole is charming.

Stravinsky's Music for Two Pianos and Piano Four Hands has been recorded by Paul Jacobs and Ursula Oppens (Nonesuch H-71347; single). This music is frequently atonal and rather tricky. It is lively enough, but I find it superficial.

Gustav Holst's suite "The Planets" has been given a dramatic recording by the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, under the baton of Neville Marriner (Philips 9500 425; single). Members of the Ambrosian Singers assist in the choral parts. This is one of the best recordings of the work.

Walter Piston's Symphony No. 3 and Howard Hanson's Symphony No. 4, performed by the Eastman Rochester Orchestra, under Mr. Hanson, appear on a record issued by Mercury (SRI-75107; single). These are respectable works by contemporaries. Neither is a masterpiece, but they are both ably crafted. Piston, as usual, shows the influence of Stravinsky and Nadia Boulanger. Hanson is more original.

IT is a pity that the era of high-fidelity recording did not coincide with some of the greatest singing ever heard. This point comes to mind in the case of "The Complete Caru-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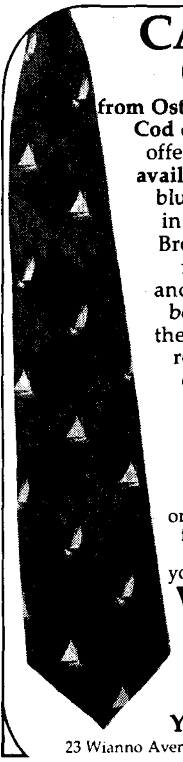
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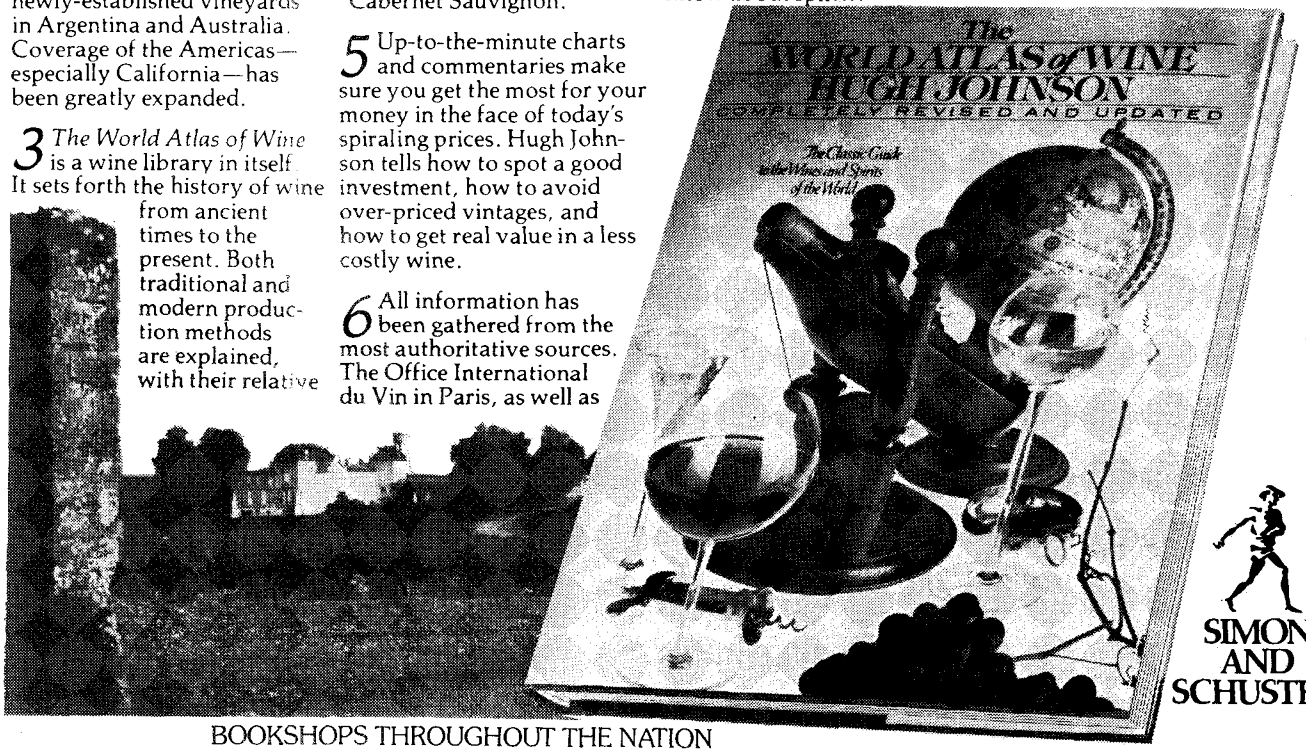
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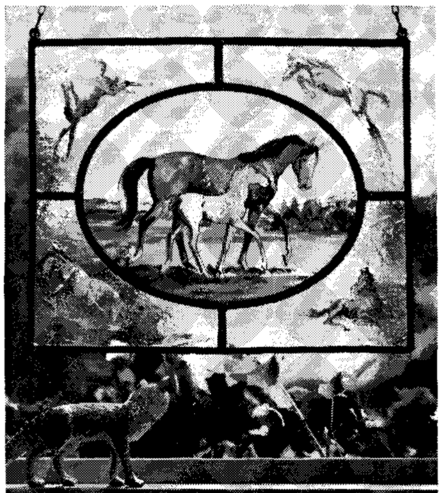

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so," Volumes 4 and 5, which contain material recorded a long time ago—between 1906 and 1909—with orchestral accompaniment that is dim, distorted, and generally poor (RCA ARM1-2766 and 2767; singles). Modern methods have been used to enhance the sound, but it is still unsatisfactory where the orchestra is concerned. However, the golden voice of Caruso comes through sufficiently for one to admire the elegance of his phrasing and the boundless enthusiasm with which he sang.

Chausson's "Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer" and Duparc's Songs with Orchestra are sung enchantingly by Janet Baker, with the London Symphony Orchestra, under André Previn (Angel S-37401; single).

Arias from "Carmen," "Samson et Dalila," "Il Trovatore," and other operas are sung by the great Bolshoi mezzo-soprano Elena Obraztsova, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, under Giuseppe Patanè and Robin Stapleton (Angel S-37501; single). Hers is a voice of commanding richness, and she sings with a knowing sense of style.

Volume IV of a series called "Leontyne Price, Prima Donna" contains arias from operas by Mozart, Wagner, Berlioz, Verdi, Johann Strauss, and others (RCA ARL1-2529; single). They are magnificently sung by the famous American soprano.

There is a perfectly delightful recent disc called "American Brass Band Journal Revisited," played by that virtuoso wind ensemble the Empire Brass Quintet, with a few assisting artists. It contains marches, quicksteps, waltzes, polkas, and so on from the nineteenth century, performed with exemplary virtuosity (Sine Qua Non SAS-2017).

A very interesting new oddity in the way of contemporary music is Conlon Nancarrow's "Complete Studies for Player Piano, Volume I" (Arch Records S-1768; single). This is a recording of music reflecting various American jazz styles; it was punched onto piano rolls by hand.

A NUMBER of other single discs follow without special comment, but they are all worthy of careful listening: Mozart's Wind Divertimenti I (ABC AY-67028); cantatas by Caldara, Handel, and Porpora, sung by René Jacobs, Sigiswald Kuijken, Anner Bijlsma, and Gustav Leonhardt, with instruments of the period (ABC AY-67029); Prokofiev's Sonatas Nos. 7 and 9, played by Tedd Joselson (RCA ARL1-2753); Britten's Four

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Sea Interludes and Passacaglia from "Peter Grimes," along with Ralph Vaughan Williams' Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting (RCA ARL1-2744); Haydn's String Quartets No. 1 in G and No. 2 in F, Opus 77, played by the Guarneri Quartet (RCA ARL1-2791); Mahler's Symphony No. 1, performed by the Boston Symphony, under Seiji Ozawa (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 993); Schubert's String Quintet in C, Opus 163, done by the Melos Quartet of Stuttgart, with Mstislav Rostropovich as the extra cellist (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 980); Beethoven's Quintet for Piano and Winds in E Flat, Opus 16, and Trio for Piano, Clarinet, and Cello in B Flat, Opus 11, played by the Tashi ensemble, with some guest artists (RCA ARL1-2217); and three Concertos for Two Flutes, by Viotti, Dieter, and Devienne, done by Jean-Pierre Rampal and Ransom Wilson, with Piero Toso, violin, and I Solisti Veneti (RCA ARL1-2713).

A MATTER of news: Philips has started a popular-priced series under the name Festivo. The quality of recording is excellent. So far, the products are all single discs, as follows: Wagner Overtures, excerpts from Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suites," Debussy's "La Mer," Sibelius's Second Symphony, Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin," Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony, Mozart's Violin Concertos Nos. 3 and 5, and music from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The artists are in every case of the highest standing.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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Early Spanish explorers thought Caliornia, the third largest state in the Union, was an island or a group of slands. For almost 150 years it was unknown that California was bordered on he north by Oregon and on the east by Nevada and Arizona.—*Linn's Stamp News.*

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"The lesson is never write a bokook."
Norval Morris, dean of the University of Chicago law school and President Carter's choice to head the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, was smiling when he said that at his Senate confirmation hearing yesterday.—*Washngton Post.*

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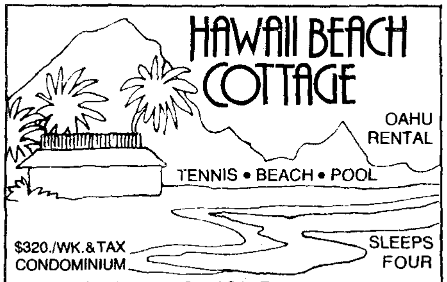

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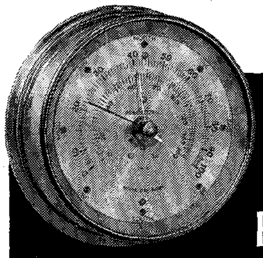

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THE RACE TRACK

Spectacular Bid Again

It was Hawksworth Farm's Spectacular Bid by eight and a half lengths in Maryland's $149,780 Laurel Futurity last Saturday. General Assembly, whom he beat in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont, was second, and Clever Trick was a dozen lengths farther back, for the show. The gray son of Bold Bidder out of Spectacular ran the mile and a sixteenth in 1:41⅗, breaking the track record by four-fifths of a second. Only four top two-year-olds ran. Spectacular Bid was away well, and took a short lead. He responded gamely when General Assembly challenged him after about five and a half furlongs, and was increasing his lead at the end. Tim the Tiger was outrun after a quarter of a mile and finished last. Spectacular Bid might not have started in the Futurity. For most of last week, there had been a to-do between horsemen and the Laurel management over the condition of the track. Trainers were complaining that the footing on the topsoil was so loose and deep that their horses couldn't run well in it. Buddy Delp, who trains Spectacular Bid, said he might withdraw his colt if something was not done about the racing strip. Well, something was, and Spectacular Bid, the winner of five of his previous seven starts, picked up $84,237, to bring his earnings to $324,484. He paid a $3.80 mutuel.

Aqueduct, which will close on New Year's Eve, opened last Wednesday with a crowd of 18,028. Mrs. John W. Hanes' Misgivings, hard-ridden by Jeff Fell, won the inaugural running of the $58,650 Lamb Chop Handicap, for three-year-old fillies, at a mile and a sixteenth over the turf course. Trained by young David Whiteley, Misgivings was off slowly, but she moved up gradually and caught the leaders with a furlong to go. She beat Brookfield Farm's Invision by two and a quarter lengths, and Terpsichorist, the 8–5 favorite, was third. The time was 1:43⅖, and Misgivings

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earned $35,190 and paid $13.80. It was her fifth victory of the year in eight starts.

Four days later, Terpsichorist saved her reputation when she won the Long Island Handicap by two and three quarter lengths under the high weight of 116 pounds. The time for the mile and a half was a speedy 2:34.

Nasty and Bold, who would have been top weight, under a hundred and twenty-six pounds, in the Discovery Handicap on Saturday, passed up the event. Phil Johnson, his trainer, said he would be rested up for a while. So the $50,000-added gallop, at nine furlongs, went to Sorry Lookin, who led in Silent Cal, Judge Advocate, and three others. Sorry Lookin paid $8.20 to the lucky ticket-holders in the crowd of 23,394.

IN recognition of his contribution to the sport, Frank E. Kilroe (Jimmy to almost everybody at the race track), the director of racing at Santa Anita, will be the guest of honor at the Thoroughbred Club of America's awards dinner at Keeneland on November 12th. The announcement by the club president was no surprise. For the past quarter of a century, Kilroe has brought the best horses from everywhere to California, to run for the richest purses in the country, and attendance has rocketed to record numbers. In 1936, after graduating from Columbia, Kilroe came into racing as an entry clerk at the New York tracks, recording the horses that would run the next day. In 1941, he became an assistant to Jack Campbell, the famous racing secretary and handicapper. Not for long, though, because then came the war, during which he served as a sergeant major in General Patton's army. After the war, Kilroe returned to Campbell's office. From 1949 to 1953, he was on loan during the summers as racing secretary and handicapper at Chicago's Arlington and Washington Parks. After Campbell's death, in 1954, Kilroe was appointed racing secretary and official handicapper in New York. In 1950, he went to Santa Anita as the assistant to Webb Everett, the racing secretary there, and when Everett resigned, in 1953, Kilroe took over. From 1970 to 1972, he was also director of racing for Del Mar, and he did the same job for Hollywood Park from 1972 to 1977. In these capacities, and with his longtime position at Santa Anita, he has done a superb job of coördinating thoroughbred racing in southern California.

—AUDAX MINOR

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BOOKS

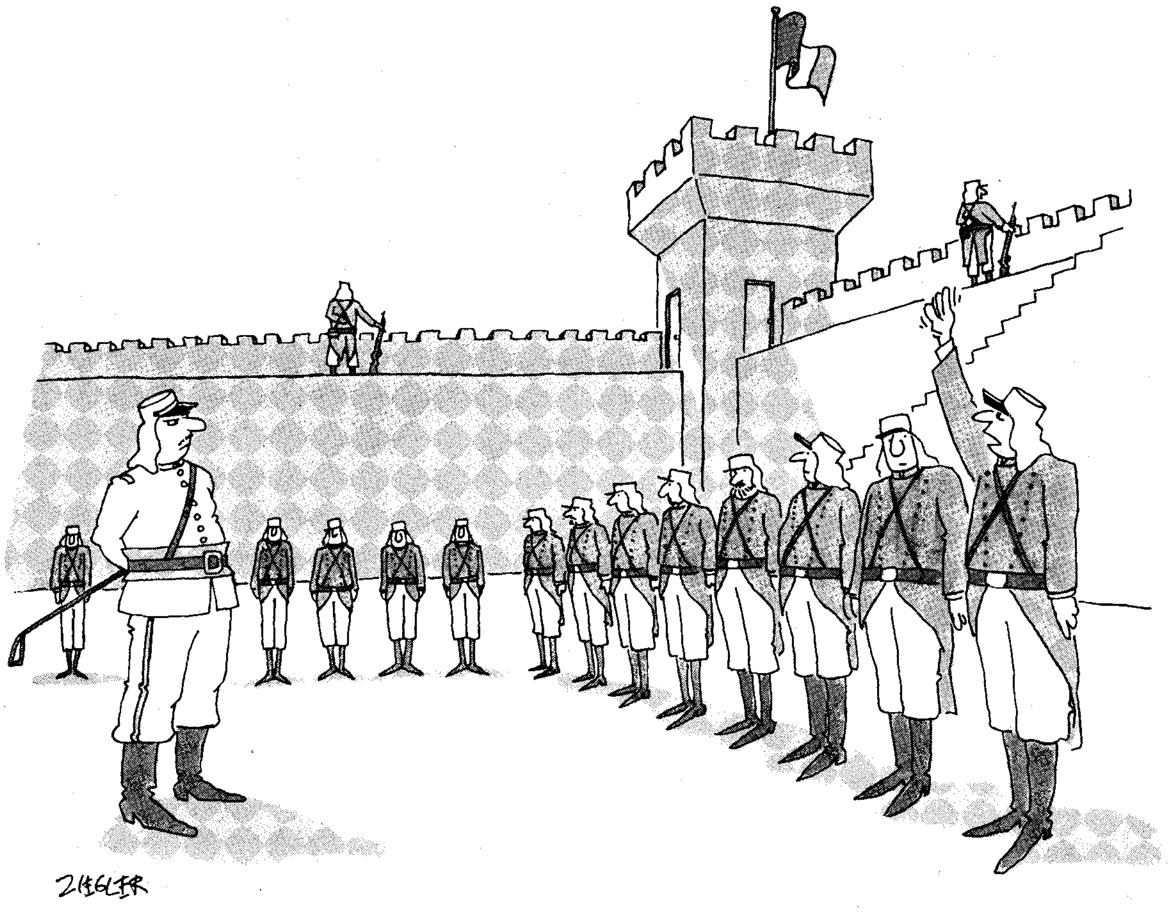
The Doctor’s Son

“Selected Letters of John O’Hara,” edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli (Random House; $17.95), cannot but sweeten the reputation of a notoriously irascible and hypersensitive author. As a correspondent, O’Hara was frank, fond, full of gossip (some of which gives Mr. Bruccoli fits of ellipsis; e.g., “—— took her away from —— ——, with whom she had been in love for five years, and then he married —— —— —— instead of Louie”), lively, and even wise. Not that his prickly temper is nowhere in evidence. He wrote to F. Scott Fitzgerald in 1934, “My message to the world is [a word that Fitzgerald primly blue-pencilled out before pasting the letter in his scrapbook] it!” He advised a fellow-journalist who was still in Pottsville, “If you’re going to get out of that God awful town, for God’s sake write something that will *make* you get out of it. Write something that automatically will sever your connection with the town, that will help you get rid of the bitterness you must have stored up against all those patronizing cheap bastards.” Writing, at least in his earlier years, automatically presented itself to him as an act of aggression; to Hemingway in 1935 he volunteered, “I am writing a novel, or what is called sticking my chin out, leading with my puss.” Some of his social ventures were equally truculent: “Hoefel dropped in a couple of weeks ago, and I got tight and finally let him have it. Not with my fist, but with words of abuse. I told him all the things, or at least quite a few of the things, that I have been wanting to tell him for a couple of years. I scored his social climbing, his attitude toward his old playmates, etc., etc. When he left I refused to shake hands.” The years did not drastically mellow him. When an old Pottsville acquaintance died in 1962, he wrote, “I’m sure my sister shed a tear for him, and I feel frustrated because I never gave him a crack in the mouth.” He reminisced fondly about his father’s violence: “My father was pretty good with his hands, whether he was operating on a man’s skull to relieve the pressure on the brain, or breaking a Kluxer’s jaw for calling him a Molly Maguire.” This echoes an incident in that most autobiographical of O’Hara’s short stories, “The Doctor’s Son”:

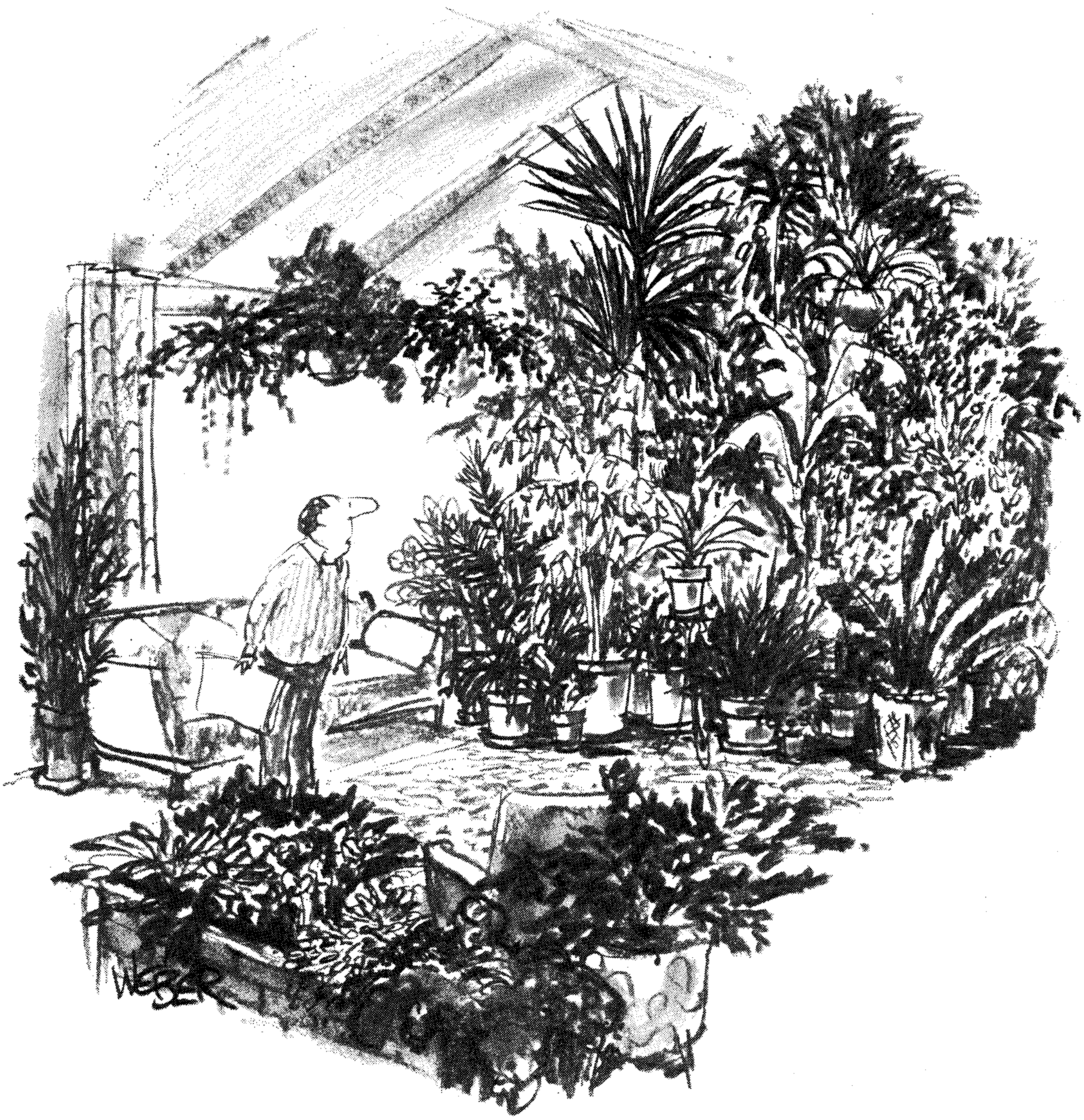
> My father . . . was a good, savage amateur boxer, with no scruples against punching anyone smaller than himself. Less than a year before all this took place my father had been stopped by a traffic policeman while he was hurrying to an “OBS.” The policeman knew my father’s car, and could have guessed why he was in a hurry, but he stopped him. My father got out of the car, walked to the front of it, and in the middle of a fairly busy intersection he took a crack at the policeman and broke his jaw. Then he got back and drove around the unconscious policeman and on to the confinement case.

From his father he learned to work hard at his trade and to hit out at interference. From the clan O’Hara, “one of the seven or eight ancient Irish names,” he had a more mystical inheritance: “Whenever I am in the company of the Irish (and this has been true all my life) I instantly get a feeling of being a little bit superior to the other ones—and they in turn look at me as though whatever I had to say was going to be important.”

Brash as a young man, he became with success a slightly desperate braggart. To Bennett Cerf in 1961 he wrote, “I was infuriated by that piece by Nichols last Sunday about fiction not selling, including the quote from that jerk at Knopf’s. . . . At the moment I am probably the country’s most formidable competition to television, and should remain so for at least three years, but there is no gratitude among the booksy folk, only envy.” No amount of riches or fame could appease his ire at booksy folk. He was sore at Cerf for not advertising his books enough, sore at Yale for not giving him an honorary degree, sore at the National Institute of Arts and Letters for not electing him to membership sooner. When they omitted to nominate him for a Gold Medal, he resigned. He



“Might I point out, Sergeant Drago, that we had a Hawaiian Luau just last year, whereas it’s been three years since we’ve had a Las Vegas Nite?”



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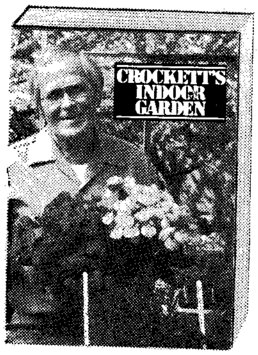

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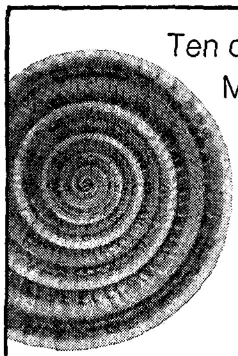

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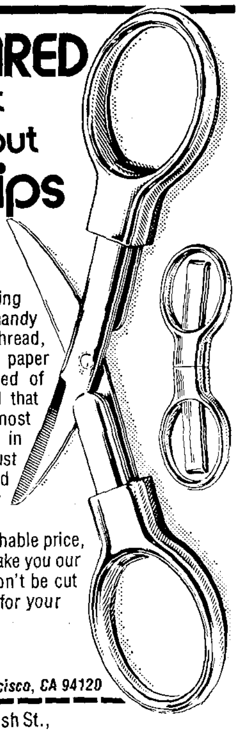

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lectured two generations of *New Yorker* editors on how to run their magazine. In 1949, shortly after writing to Katharine White, "It does seem to me that for the past year and a half the magazine has gone out of its way to antagonize me," he broke for eleven years his connection with the journal that was his first and favorite forum. He hankered noisily after the Nobel Prize. In some of these letters he covers himself with the praise that should have come from others: "There isn't anyone else today—and I don't know when there has been anyone else—who takes this whole country and all social strata to work with. . . . At 57-less-one-month there is no time for spurious modesty, and I think I am the best."

Yet these combative traits, however difficult they may have made O'Hara to deal with personally, in this large and entertaining collection of letters fall into place as relatively harmless by-products of his energy and pride, and as defenses erected by a genuinely artistic sensibility. It is not clear from his correspondence and the outpourings of his career that he quite knew how artistic he was; but he had a fair gift, in moods free of grievance, for self-appraisal, and was certainly less self-deluding than Hemingway and less self-destructive than Fitzgerald, about both of whom he has penetrating things to say. Though O'Hara had placed Hemingway beside Shakespeare in his half-cocked but gallant touting of the much-panned "Across the River and Into the Trees," he was distressed by the bullfight articles that appeared in *Life* in 1960. He wrote to William Maxwell:

> There was always great art in Hemingway, often when he was at his mumbling worst. But in the *Life* pieces we see our ranking artist concerned with a disgusting spectacle, adopting a son-hero and wishing him dead in conflict with a former son-hero, Dominguin, whom he also wishes dead. He wants to see them die, to be there when they die, and I got the feeling that he particularly wanted Dominguin to die because Dominguin had not been as easy to adopt as Ordonez. Hemingway is *afraid* to lose Dominguin in life, and rather than lose him in life he wishes him dead.

Hemingway's idealization of violence, which acquired psychotic overtones, was alien to O'Hara's earthy sanity. There is cruelty in his fiction, but it is never confused with beauty. There are few heroics—not even the heroics of stoicism. Pain is simply ugly and to be avoided. The impact of many of his stories springs from his extreme sensitivity, which felt annihilation in a snub

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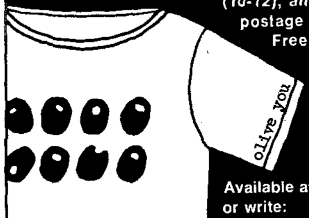

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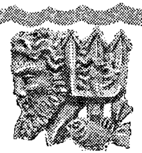

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and found in common social discriminations the violence that Hemingway sought out in war and blood sports. With Fitzgerald O'Hara enjoyed a friendship in the early thirties; they were fellow-Irishmen in a literary emergence comparable to the Jewish emergence a generation later. "You helped me finish my novel," he wrote the slightly older writer after completing "Appointment in Samarra," in 1934. "The best parts of my novel are facile pupils of The Beautiful and Damned and The Great Gatsby." But he could remember, of this literary hero, an incident more discreditable than any in Hemingway's sardonic "Moveable Feast":

> It was one Sunday afternoon in Towson, in 1934, that I had Scott and Zelda in my car and I wanted to kill him. Kill. We were taking her back to her Institution, and he kept making passes at her that could not possibly be consummated. We stopped at a drug store to get him some gin. The druggist would not give it to him. I had to persuade the druggist to relent, and he got the gin. But I wanted to kill him for what he was doing to that crazy woman, who kept telling me she had to be locked up before the moon came up.

Fitzgerald remained a touchstone for him; he likens their careers ("Off to a good start with a first novel, then a pasting for the second novel") and marvels at his own relative durability ("In spite of the abuse I have given my body, I was always stronger than Scott"). And yet: "Fragile Fitzgerald had some inner resources that I haven't got, one of which is arrogance."

Arrogance of the sort that ignored slights O'Hara did lack. He never grew the thick skin of genius, which he admired in Faulkner: "The only one who really escaped [the critics] was Faulkner, but he was made invulnerable by his genius. You cannot hurt a genius, even with a silver bullet." O'Hara's early estimates of his own talent, between bursts of jejune ebullience, sound touchingly, vulnerably modest. To Kyle Crichton, then an editor at *Scribner's Magazine*, he wrote, "I know so much better than anyone else that I have an inferior talent. The reason I think I have an inferior talent is that when I write I can't sustain an emotion. . . . I'm not important, and I never will be. The next best thing is to be facile and clever." He regretted not going to college, and doubted his own intelligence. Of a woman he knew in the late twenties, he wrote an old Pottsville friend, "She has a much better education than mine, both from college and what she has taught herself,

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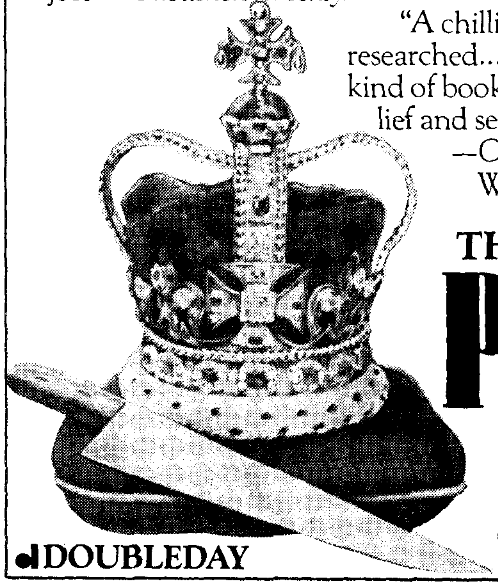

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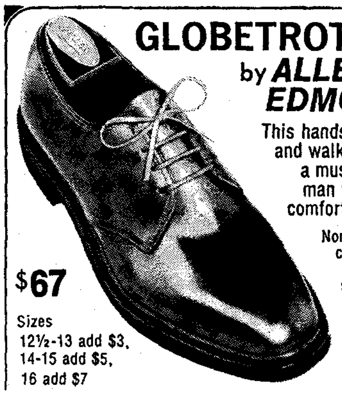

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and she has, I'll concede, a better brain except for versatility of information and an interest in trifles." To his brother Thomas, who also had literary aspirations, he confided, "My wife read your pieces and her conclusion was that you today have a better mind than I have. I bopped her on the snout and let it go at that." His rage at adverse criticism, his almost shameful hunger for recognition, his clumsy and dogged self-promotion all testify to a gap of self-doubt that never healed over. Compelled by his father's sudden death to forgo college and make his own way in the world, he supported himself by writing, and by the end of the Depression had a comfortable income and a national reputation; but, looking back upon this accomplishment, he saw only a string of prizes he didn't get. "When I was young, right up to prep school graduation, at which I was valedictorian and class poet (!) and top man in Spanish—I got used to getting badges and ribbons and prayerbooks and certificates . . . without trying very hard for them. I was brighter than most of my classmates, and I had a kind of Xerox memory. But from 1924 to 1952, I got nothing, and it took a revival of PAL JOEY to break that long string of defeats." On the two occasions when he did receive a considerable prize—the National Book Award for Fiction, in 1956, and the Award of Merit bestowed by the American Academy of Arts and Letters, in 1964—he broke down and cried in the middle of his acceptance speeches. Of the second occasion, he wrote to John Hersey, "I thought I was getting by, and then my eyes lit on two words—obsolescent, and love. Then I felt the effect of those thousands of nights-till-dawn, and I had no control."

Such naked neediness, in an Olympian, is endearing. These letters, even when they scold and complain, turn outward, toward the social envelope. Though he strikes an egotistical pose, it is hard to think of another significant twentieth-century fiction writer who was less of an egoist, less of an autobiographical self-celebrator. His interest in other people and their lives is so unfeignedly keen that anything about them, any window-glimpse into their psychologies and social predicaments, will serve him for a story. The action in his stories is often surprisingly slight; he considerately refuses to manipulate characters beyond what their systems will naturally stand. A doctor's son, he was proud to hear that "a Dr. Nathan Brandon . . . reads everything I write and has said that I never make a mis-

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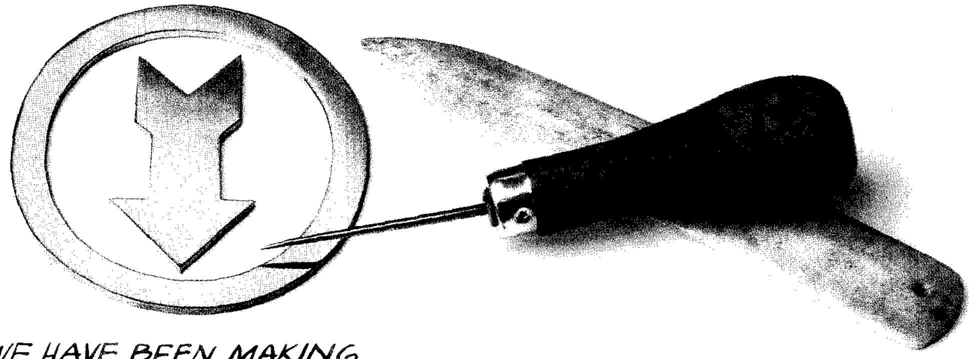

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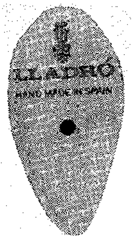

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Exclusive Importers Weil Ceramics & Glass, Inc., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010 ake about the psychological treatment f my characters." O'Hara's strange iocturnal working hours echoed, periaps, his father's night calls, and his rritation with booksy folk stemmed rom a disappointment that he wasn't ccorded, in the literary community, he respect and gratitude that Dr. Patick O'Hara had received in Pottsville. Iis father's death thrust him early and aw into a man's role. Had he renained secure in the upper middle class nd gone to Yale, he might have become a true snob, instead of the concious parody of a "rich and stylish ountry squire" he became. At an age vhen many writers leave their native nilieu for good, he was compelled to tay in town and with mature perceptions and experiences to regrasp the ealities he had grown up among. A mall city is an excellent microcosm of society—big enough to contain some f everything, yet all of it accessible to venturesome witness. The sloping treets of his Pennsylvania coal town et O'Hara an unforgettable lesson in lass distinctions. As Pottsville journalst and playboy, he became expert in he grimy anatomy of human transctions; the back rooms of bars and the ipstairs of mansions held few secrets rom him. Beneath the epidermis of ocial nuance, the same tough, broad nuscles of money, sex, and group loylty operated. By the time, at the age f twenty-three, O'Hara graduated rom Pottsville and went to New York City, he had a diagnostic framework or any American situation, a framevork in which he placed his ambitious iovels and which decades of prosperity nd cosmopolitan living could not dim: Gibbsville for him was no less than the iuman condition.

His postgraduate struggles, his enders and affairs and firings, his not ery profitable sojourns in Hollywood "I regret to report that since returnng to California I have been living at he bottom of a bottle") are reflected n his early letters, along with two olar themes: his obsession with clubs, nd his skill at eliciting rejection. His ery first letters, to his boyhood friend Robert Simonds, brim with frat talk. "'When I get to college I want to ate a good national social, a drinking lub, a minor varsity letter, varsity lay, and 'The Lit.' I would also like o be a political boss." Shut off from his world, he invents a name for himelf: "The ΨΥ Type," which a letter to Joseph Bryan III twenty years later choes as Phi Upsilon, whose initials tand for his favorite phrase of defiance nd whose pin shows "clasped hands,

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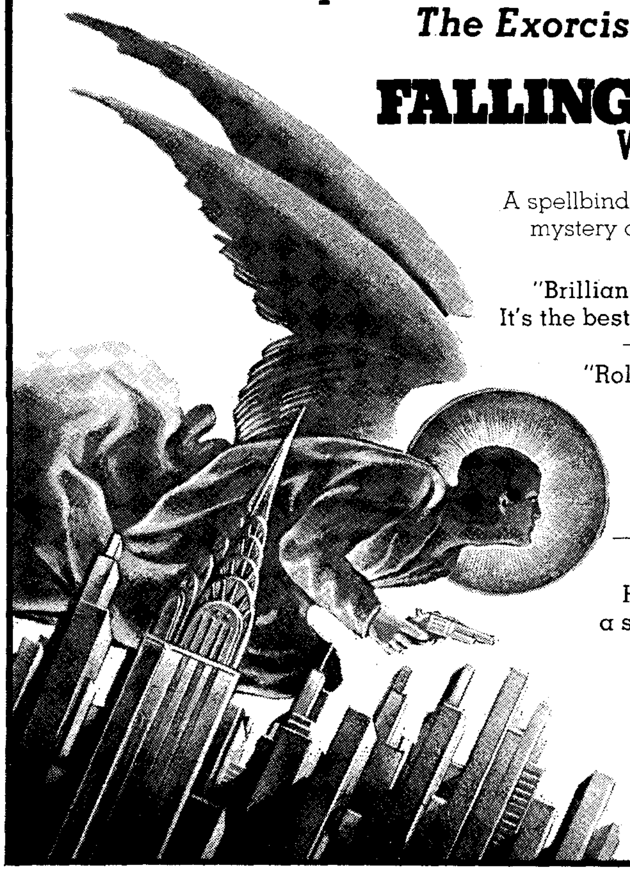

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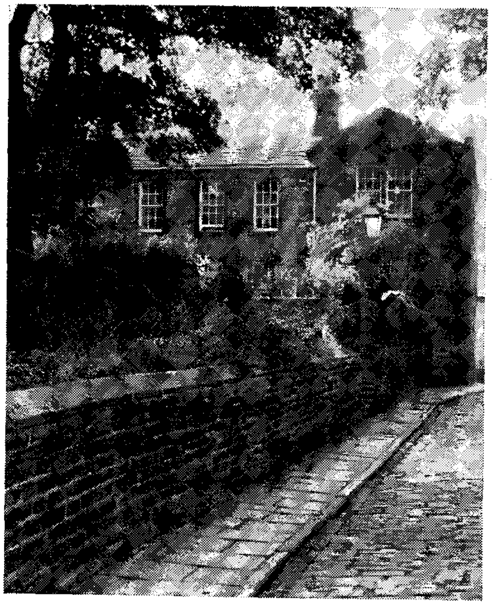

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only in this case both hands will be mine." In his youth, he made up clubs for himself and a few others to belong to; in his maturity, he kept trying to turn professional associations—with his editors, his critics, his Hollywood employers—into fraternities, and winding up with more hurt feelings to nurse. He always came on a little too strong. He who leads with his puss gets slapped; shame and exclusion lurk at the edge of every O'Hara page. He was an overcompensatory joiner. To Edgar Scott in 1956 he wrote:

> The favor: do you still belong to the Philadelphia Racquet Club? If you do, would you consider putting me up for non-resident membership? I now belong to The Century, The Leash, the Coffee House, the Nassau Club, the Quogue Field Club, the Shinnecock Yacht Club, the National Press Club and The Beach Club of Santa Monica, which makes me the William Rhinelander Stewart of Pottsville, Pa.

A month later he is writing Scott, "If the word seeps back to you that I am not going to make it at the Philadelphia R.C., I am going to ask you another favor of more or less the same kind. Do you think you could get me in the Klein Klub?" Six years later, he has Scott put him up for the Brook:

> The two reasons I wanted to join it are, first, it is a prestigious club; and, second, I am disheartened by the number of creeps who have been creeping into the Century. . . . They will not get in The Brook, and maybe I won't either, but I had to make the try.

As it turned out, he did get into the Philadelphia R.C., but not into the Racquet & Tennis Club of New York, or the Brook; nor did he succeed in getting a commission in the Army or Navy, win a writing fellowship at the University of Minnesota, win the Pulitzer Prize, get the honorary degrees he wanted, or have a single one of his many plays produced on Broadway—though he did write the book of "Pal Joey." He was regularly fired from jobs he held, and countless in these pages are the projects he proposed that came to nothing. Long after he needed the money, he was attempting to engineer futile movie deals, including, according to a footnote by Mr. Bruccoli, "an original screenplay for Ingrid Bergman about the 'fascinating life of the ore and wheat boats on the Great Lakes.'" Writing to John Steinbeck, he proposes himself for yet another club: "*Writing.* You and Ernest and Faulkner only. Me, of course. But room for all of us." It speaks well for both men that from this forward, chummy, and perhaps

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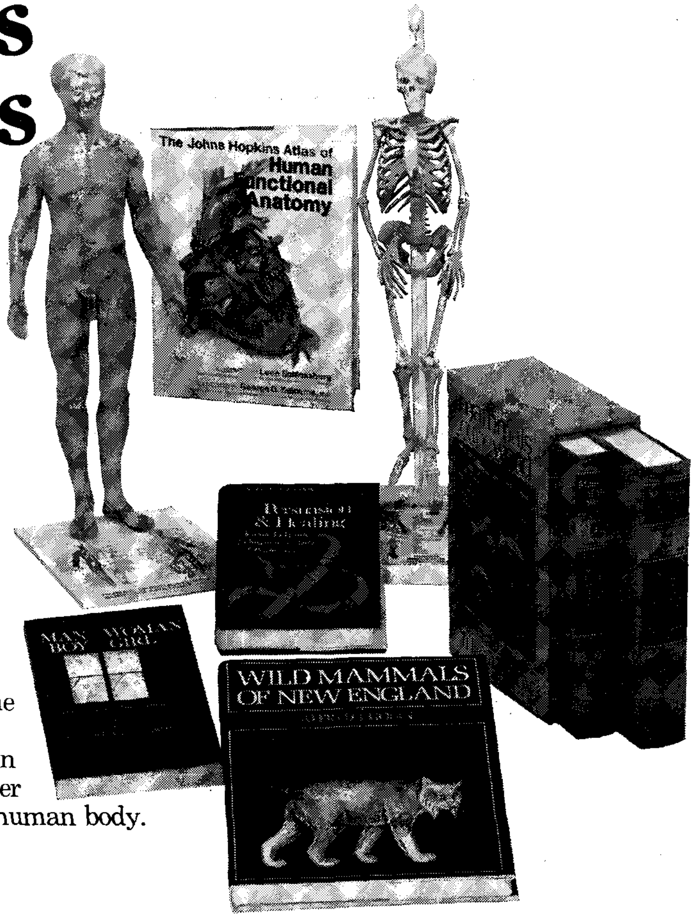
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boozy overture of 1949 a friendship developed. In 1963, Steinbeck was operated on for a detached retina, and O'Hara offered to read to him in the hospital. This offer was accepted.

Certain acceptance and security he found, finally, in the little club of his immediate family. The parents of his first love, Margaretta Archbald, and his first wife, Helen Ritchie Petit, had not thought him quite acceptable socially, and "Pet" had divorced him after two years. But his second marriage, to Belle Wylie, who died at only forty-one, and his third, to Katharine Barnes Bryan, were happy. "I just go on, in these lucky years of contentment, trying to avoid the slings and arrows by ducking behind my work, loving my wife and child and a few friends, hoping that some day I'll win the Nobel." This was written to John Hayward in 1960, seven years after O'Hara gave up drinking for good, five years after his third marriage, and not long after he had rediscovered "the ease with which I write and sell short stories." In 1959, his only child, a daughter, Wylie, went off to boarding school in Maryland, and O'Hara's beautifully paternal letters to her form the supreme document of these "lucky years" and of his affectionate, honorable nature. "Responsibility, and responsibilities, can be a pleasure. The greatest pleasure I have in life is the responsibility of being your father. It is a greater pleasure than my work, which is saying a lot because I love my work. . . . You and I are really very close, I think. I think we understand each other because we are both sensitive people. . . . When I was a young man (and not too young, too) I learned that girls liked two things about me: one, I was a good dancer; two, I made them laugh. . . . In the past week or so I have called you 'Kid' but subconsciously I have been doing that because your kid days are over, or just about. I suspect that you are going through the experience of first love, and no matter what else happens, after that experience you are never a kid again. . . . But you gain more than you lose. You gain in understanding, in appreciation of people, in understanding and appreciation of yourself. You begin to see the wisdom in that quotation I have so often repeated to you: to thine own self be true." This man who so freely and seriously entrusts his wisdom to his daughter had decades ago written his younger brother Thomas:

Here is the only piece of straight advice: never forget that your girl or your wife is every damn bit as much a person

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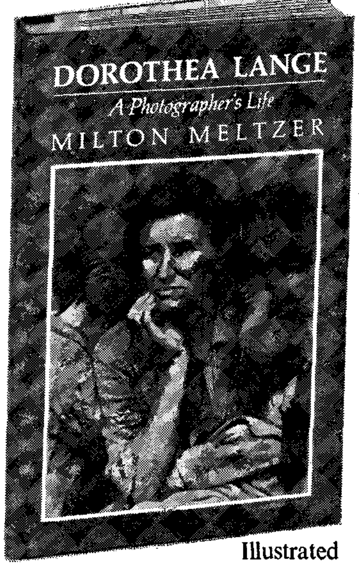

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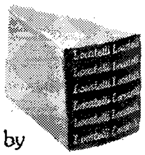

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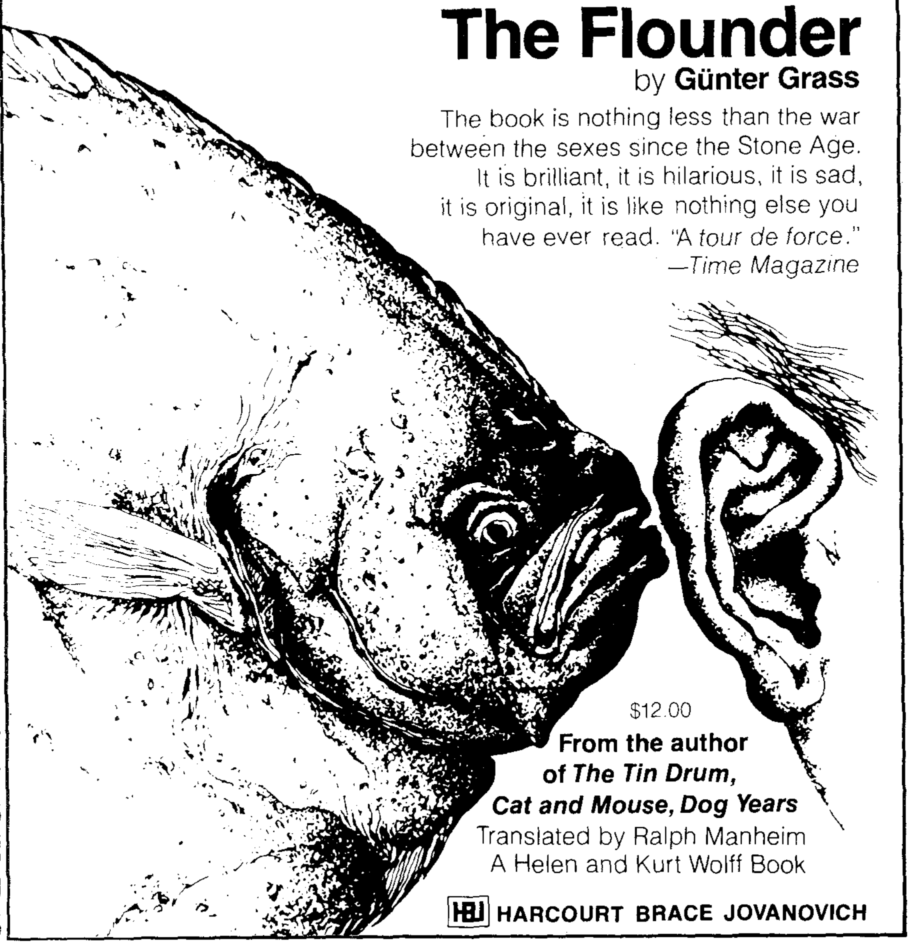
ote in life as well as in politics, she eats
nd sleeps and suffers and loves and
hinks (regardless of how badly you or
may think she thinks) like you and me.
he was born, she lives, she's got to die;
nd for you to attempt to dominate her,
o pinch her personality, is some kind of
in.

This was remarkable advice for one
nan to be giving another in 1934.
O'Hara's ability and willingness to por-
ray women has not been often enough
omplimented. Compared to the wom-
n of his fiction, Hemingway's are
nere dolls. Indeed, if there is an Amer-
can male author who has set a greater
ariety of believable women on the
age, or as effortlessly projected him-
elf into a female point of view, I
aven't read him. Their disadvantaged
osition and the strength of the strate-
ies with which they seek advantages
re comprehended without doctrine,
nd without a loss of heterosexual
varmth. To perceive the atrocity in
cott Fitzgerald's flirting with his in-
ane wife was an act of considerable
noral imagination; this sensitivity, one
uspects, set O'Hara a little apart from
he boys even during his roistering days.

Humanity in all its divisions was
resent to him; his gifts of curiosity and
mpathy were so strong that one must
sk what, if anything, his art lacked.
ove of language might be an an-
wer—language as a semi-opaque me-
ium whose colors and connotations
an be worked into a supernatural, su-
ermimetic bliss. He wrote rapidly, and
arely rewrote; his books were set from
irst-draft typescripts. Tuned to less
han highest pitch, his prose and dia-
ogue just run on. "One of my trou-
les may be that I *like* to write dialog;
like to hear my people talk." From
he length of these letters—reading
hrough them is like eating through a
ushel of very large salted peanuts—
ne guesses he liked to hear himself
alk, too. His prose was not uncon-
idered, as his responses to editorial
ueries among these letters show; he
efended every particularity. To Albert
rskine, his editor at Random House,
e snapped, "And don't cite dictionaries
o me, on dialog or the vernacular. Dic-
ionary people consult me, not I them."
But the interest of the human life in
is mind's eye was so self-evident to
im he saw no need to *make* it inter-
sting. A thing was itself, and rarely
eminded him of another. He is reso-
utely unmetaphorical, and language
eldom led him with its own music
leeper into the matter at hand. Hem-



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ingway's flatness had about it a willed point, a philosophical denial of depth; O'Hara's was serenely post-philosophical. His best short stories have a terrific delicacy, and the calm compositional weirdness of a Degas or an Oriental print. He wanted to be a Jules Romains or a Balzac but more suggests a Hokusai, the prolific Japanese printmaker who would sometimes sign himself Old-Man-Crazy-About-Drawing. O'Hara was crazy about writing, and his writing has the innocence of enthusiasm. He continued to claim Booth Tarkington as an influence long after Tarkington had ceased to be fashionable. "Much as I admired Hemingway and Fitzgerald's work, my considered opinion is that I was more strongly influenced by Tarkington, Galsworthy, and Lewis than by the younger men." What innovations his art contains—including his once scandalous sexual frankness—were forced upon him, one feels, by his reverence before the facts of life. O'Hara's inward delicacy and chaste impressionability consorted uncomfortably with his burly body, his frank appetites, his uneven education, his blockbuster aspirations. His "thousands of nights-till-dawn" became, he recognized in a letter to Wylie, a way of "not participating in life," taking dictation from his characters ("I *hear* the dialog before I put it down on paper") in the still, pre-dawn hours of Quogue and Princeton. "Dorothy Parker told me I would never be happy because I am a genius": this is recorded in a letter to Tom in 1932. A letter of 1964, to Bennett Cerf, describes an earlier diagnosis:

> I will be 60 next month and have lived twice as long as my father said I would. I am trying to achieve peace of mind. I went in to see my father on his deathbed and my mother said to him, "John has a sore knee." My old man said (and they were his last words to me), "Poor John."

—John Updike

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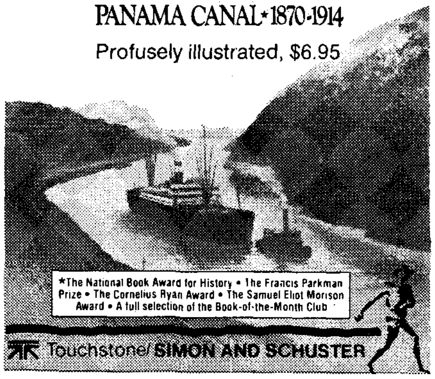

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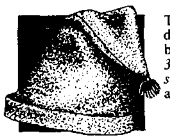

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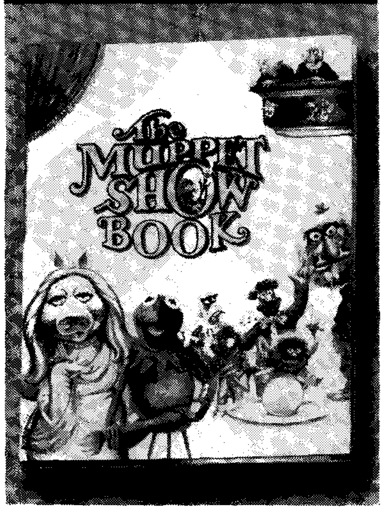

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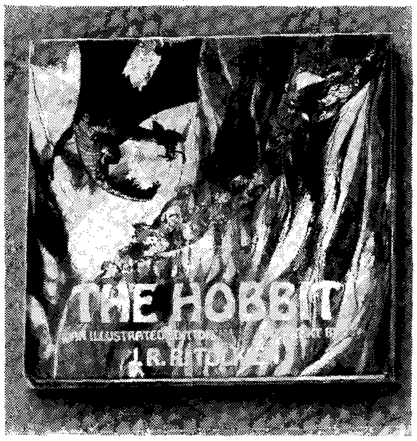

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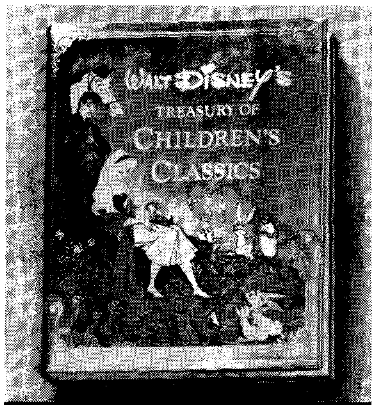

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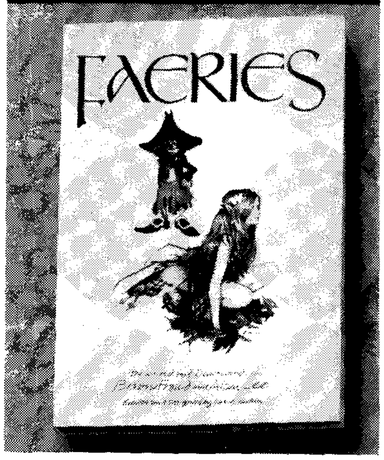

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abruptly: Blanchard's expensive new Black Angus bull is found to have Bang's disease, the source of brucellosis in human beings, and will have to be destroyed, along with the several cows and calves with whom he has been in contact; Blanchard's wife, sick of the country life, decides to go back to St. Louis, taking their son; Blanchard's bank refuses to renew his loan; Blanchard's old advertising friend, a brilliant, alcoholic doomster, drops in for a visit; Blanchard's brother, we discover, is amiable but retarded; Blanchard has helplessly taken up with a waitress at a nearby roadhouse. This is, of course, the stuff of gothic soap opera, but Mr. Thornburg has the power, the sensitivity, the keenness of contemporary vision to wrench it into reality, into a horror story of modern Middle America.

A KINGDOM, by James Hanley (Horizon; $8.95). The novel opens with the death of a widowed English blacksmith, who moved late in life to a tiny farm in a remote corner of Wales, compelling his first daughter to move there with him. Because she could not bear the comfortless solitude, she soon eloped to England with a middle-aged post-office employee, and her younger sister then took her place, managing the meagre land with stoical competence. On the death of the father, the younger sister summons the older one, who brings her husband. As the sisters prepare for the funeral, they fearfully explore the untouched time that lies between them. They could not be more different in shape and temperament, but the husband, who is generous and patient, manages to make the visit bearable. James Hanley is interested in how far these three people can come in understanding and describing what they mean to one another, and he makes his reader interested, too. Like James Joyce and V. S. Pritchett, he has an ear for the simple voices of people of modest means, and he finds nothing quaint in drudge work, whether in country or town, that confines people so strictly that it takes a funeral to disturb their mutual mistrust.

ARTHUR REX, by Thomas Berger (Delacorte; $10.95). Mr. Berger here reduces the Round Table to camp because, he appears to think, earlier versions now seem too arcane or naïve to be significant, or even entertaining. He tampers with just the peripheries of Malory's plot and

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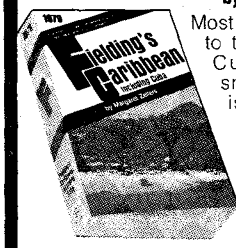

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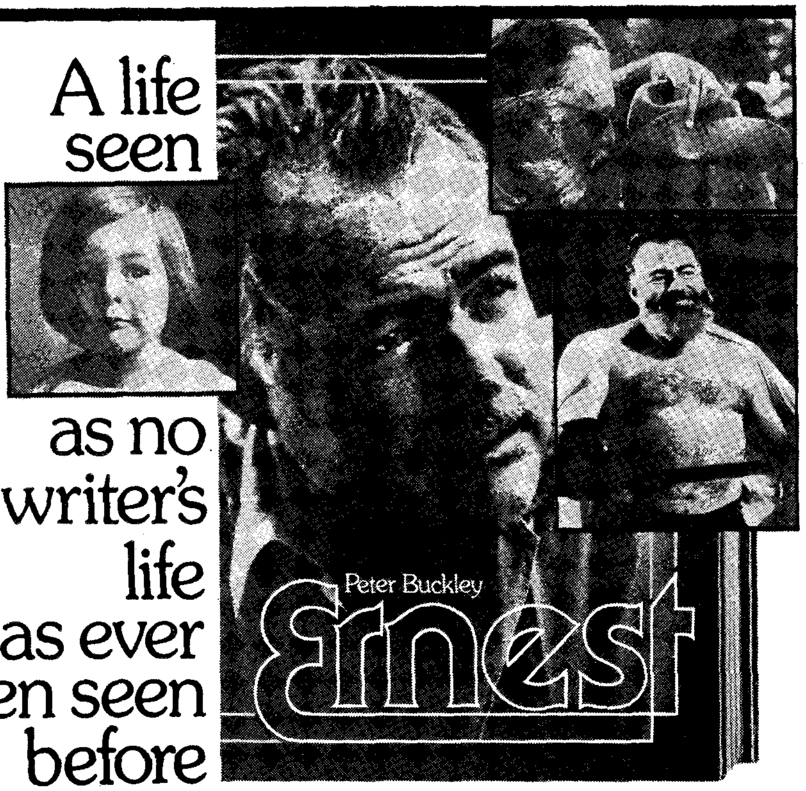
characters, and he owes little—Merlin, mostly—to T. H. White or Tennyson. His version of archaic English is loose and erratic; it jolts and clatters through medieval figures of speech, Renaissance expletives and puns, and modern slang. Every episode is rife with slapstick and dirty jokes: armor squeaks, fundaments are scorched, and sodomy is considered gauche only by Arthur's men—a crowd of foolhardy prigs, in the opinion of their cruder contemporaries. The reader soon longs for T. H. White's bittersweet humor, Tennyson's lush lyricism, and Malory's regal delivery.

HE LAST MAGIC, by N. Richard Nash (Atheneum; $10.95). A pope is dying, and the Church is racked by dissension from within and terrorism from without. A conservative cardinal in New York is planning to convoke his own synod to promote his candidate for the papacy—a virulent reactionary—and the Vatican's liberal Secretary of State sends his assistant, a young American priest, to New York to try to dissuade him. The young man is a strong and articulate peacemaker, and the crises and dangers that he confronts confirm the unorthodox beliefs—deemed heretical by many—that he stated in "The Last Magic," a book he wrote when he was younger. Accidentally complicating his mission and testing his faith is a young woman, an agnostic but of Jewish descent, who has endured more than her share of afflictions. Predictable themes in the form of opposing creeds and stances serve to organize the novel's many interlocking subplots, but Mr. Nash's troubled and courageous characters prove these dilemmas to be everlastingly worthy of debate.

GENERAL

EOPLE AND POLITICS: THE YEARS 1960-1975, by Willy Brandt, translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn (Little, Brown; $16.95). Opening with a big bang (the sudden building of the Berlin Wall), these memoirs record a steady state of international tension. The author, who has been Mayor of West Berlin and Chancellor of West Germany, tells how the conduct of foreign policy requires a constant series of delicate personal as well as political readjustments: no sooner does Brandt get to know Heath, say, than Wilson becomes Prime Minister; Brezhnev, on suc-



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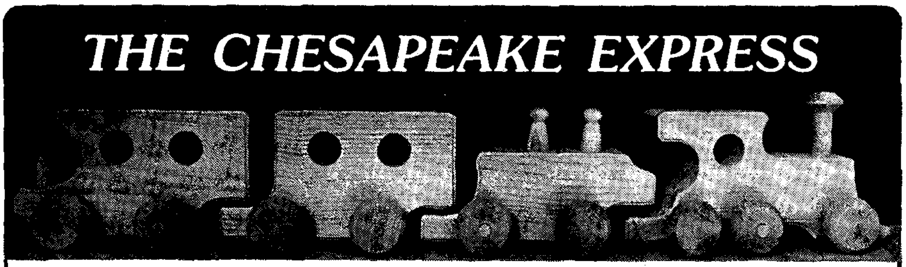

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ceeding Khrushchev, takes a year to go from uncertainty to assurance. Brandt is also explicit about the peculiar constraints on German foreign policy: while many West Germans feel that their country should do and count for more, most of Germany's neighbors are fearful lest Germany do too much.

A CHILDHOOD: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PLACE, by Harry Crews (Harper & Row; $8.95). Mr. Crews was born in Bacon County, in southeastern Georgia (the brutal scene of so much of his fiction), and grew up there in the thirties and forties on a succession of worn-out corn, cotton, and tobacco farms. He here looks back on those years of leaking roofs and half-empty plates and dawn-to-dark labor (a man and a mule and a plow), of evangelists and faith healers and an infinity of sternly loving family, of savage practical jokes and the Saturday-night (and sometimes Sunday and Monday and Tuesday) ritual of whiskey and touchy pride ("He was already old enough to come home drunk and bloody at daylight, for which we greatly admired him"), remembering them with an indelibility of detail and a sense of grateful escape and shattering loss which have the confusing certainty of truth.

TUTANKHAMUN: THE UNTOLD STORY, by Thomas Hoving (Simon & Schuster; $12.95). In the course of organizing the touring exhibition of the treasures of Tutankhamun, the author became curious about, and then suspicious of, some of the accepted accounts of the finding of the Pharaoh's tomb by Howard Carter and his patron, Lord Carnarvon. These would have us believe that the two men, on finding the tomb at last, after years of arduous and expensive labor, satisfied themselves with a quick peek and a wild surmise, and then sealed it up and went to bed. Mr. Hoving set out to do some detective work: he found right off that the story of the initial discovery was a fraud—that Carter and His Lordship, with two others, spent that whole first night prowling about with flashlights in the chambers of the tomb, revelling in and marvelling at the treasures they had unearthed, and, in fact, pocketing a few of the smaller items. Further researches of his threw new light on the politicking and infighting among governments and museums over disposition of the contents of the tomb, and on the tangled per-

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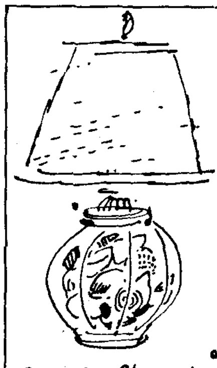

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sonal histories of Carter and Carnarvon themselves. Mr. Hoving's work would seem to be required reading for those who plan to see the exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum this December.

GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY, by B. H. Friedman (Doubleday; $14.95). We have here a six-hundred-and-eighty-four-page biography of the lady who endowed and founded the Whitney Museum of American Art, and we also have an embarrassment of riches. Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt II, was born in 1875, married Harry Payne Whitney in 1896, and took up sculpture in the early years of her marriage as an antidote to her boredom with the life of very high society. In 1930, she established the Whitney Museum, on Eighth Street; she died in 1942. In private, after early disillusionments in her marriage to a philanderer, she was often lonely and was starved for love and affection; that she found both with a number of men over the years is evident in the letters and journals that are transcribed here. All of which is interesting enough. What is of less interest are the detailed accounts of balls, parties, picnics, outings, shoots, yachting trips, European junkets, and the long legal hassle over the guardianship of her niece, Gloria Vanderbilt. They were part of her life, no doubt, but here they are remorseless.

NOTE: "Georgia: From Rabun Gap to Tybee Light," by E. J. Kahn, Jr., has been published by the Cherokee Publishing Company ($5.95). All the contents originally appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE EMPTY COPPER SEA, by John D. MacDonald (Lippincott; $8.95). This is the seventeenth installment of the adventures in contemporary knight-errantry of the inexorable Travis McGee, and it is as level-eyed, as full of life and lift, as "The Deep Blue Good-by," which opened the series in 1964. One good reason is that McGee stands alone in the self-serving world of most modern fictional heroes because of his "strange, tough, anachronistic sense of honor," his ability to "tiptoe past the edge of corruption." Another is that Mr. MacDonald is a good writer and a storyteller of the highest quality. The story here opens with the plight of a Florida fishing-boat captain who is wrongly deprived of

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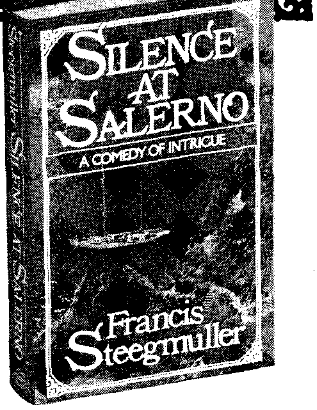

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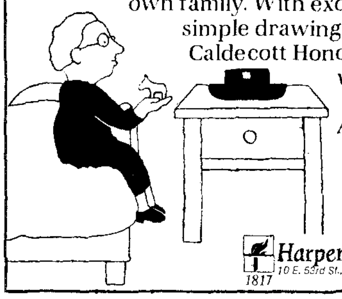

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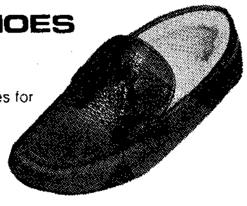

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APRIL THIRTIETH, by Bernard St. James (Harper & Row; $8.95). An appealing period piece. Mme. de Besancourt, the most beautiful and high-toned courtesan in Paris, whose admirers include ministers, financiers, scholars, and members of the nobility (and even, rumor whispers, the Emperor Napoleon himself), is found strangled in her gilded salon in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and Chief Inspector Blanc, protégé of the great Fouché, is flatteringly (and dangerously) entrusted with the conduct of the case. Blanc—quiet, reflective, an appreciator of Mozart, and the lover of a delicious actress—is an attractive man and a skilled and tactful detective, and his solution of this awkward murder is teasingly incomplete. Mr. St. James, whose first novel this is, tells his story in the dry, woodcut style of the Code Napoléon—the style that Stendhal is said to have set as his standard—and it is fully effective.

THE MOVING PICTURE BOYS, by Max Wilk (Norton; $9.95). Two ex-cons persuade a graying and neglected screenwriter, now reduced to giving tennis lessons in Beverly Hills, to tell and sell the story of the heist that they almost got away with in the nineteen-fifties. Once the screenplay has attracted some influential friends and a friendly press and the ex-cons are familiar figures on the lot, they invite him to join them in a million-dollar inside job, which has the added attraction of humiliating the producer who has treated the screenwriter shabbily for too many years, and who plans to cheat him once again. Their scheme is irresistibly neat, and the three of them pull it off, by the skin of their teeth. This is just the first nerve-racking ordeal for the screenwriter and the reader, who both wonder if he will ever see his share of the take; Max Wilk lets them worry and fret together through each hairpin turn of the plot. This ingenious thriller—obviously an inside job—is literate and lean, and it is a pleasure to be stung by such a crafty writer.

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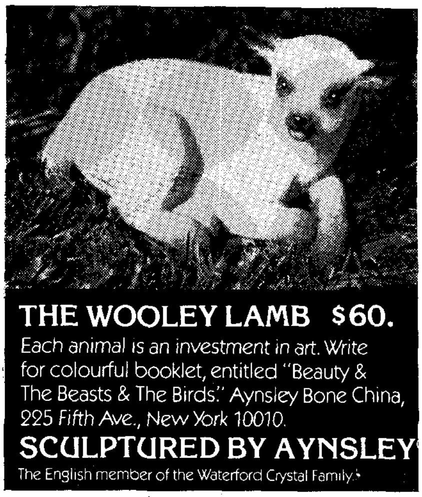

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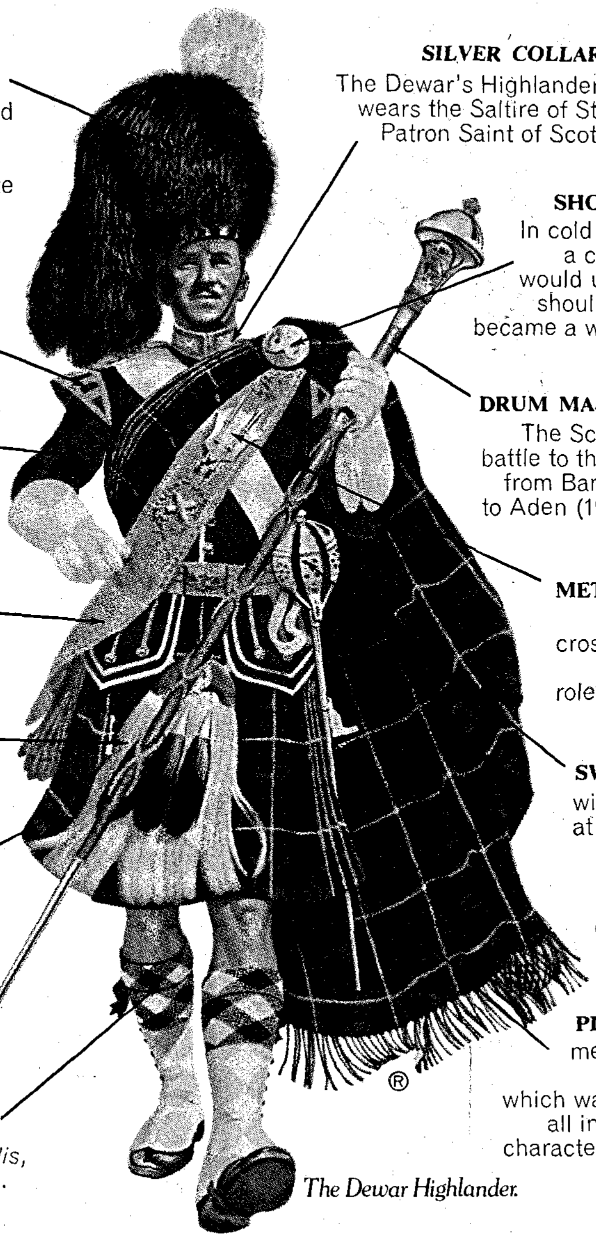

FEATHER BONNET
With white hackle (feather). Coloured hackles are used in the British Army to differentiate between regiments.

"WING" EPAULETS
To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

SCARLET DOUBLET
Known the world over as the Scottish and British soldier's colour.

GOLD SASH
Always worn over the left shoulder.

SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

HOSE TOPS
Gaelic name, *caddis*, meaning striped.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

SHOULDER PIN
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

DRUM MAJOR'S BATON
The Scots have marched into battle to the skirl of the pipes, from Bannockburn (1314) to Aden (1967).

METAL "BREASTPLATE"
Worn where belt and sash cross, and carrying the drumsticks symbolic of the role of the Drum Major.

SWORD
with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg*, (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

PLAID
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

The Dewar Highlander. ®

DEWAR'S®
"WHITE LABEL"®

Certain fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label."

Before blending, every one of these selected whiskies is rested and matured in its own snug vat.

Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

Dewar's never varies.

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